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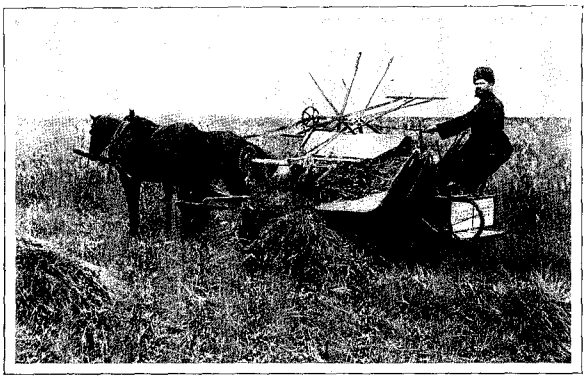

An American Binder on the Steppes of Russia.

THE AMERICAN "COMMERCIAL INVASION" OF EUROPE

BY FRANK A. VANDERLIP

Formerly Assistant Secretary of the Treasury

FIRST PAPER

"ENGLAND has been hard hit by the Transvaal War, but is still the richest country in the world; France is without initiative, satisfied with returns on past achievements; Germany shows the greatest energy and initiative in Europe, but has travelled too fast; America has an unparalleled combination of natural resources and initiative, and will go on to greater achievements."

This was a summing up of national qualifications in the world's industrial struggle, by the Russian Minister of Finance, M. de Witte.

I had asked M. de Witte to give his views of the relative positions of the great nations in the world-wide industrial contest. There is no man whose answer to such a question may be listened to with more interest. Sergius de Witte is a man of whom we have heard much, but from whom we have heard little. In the minds of many he is Europe's foremost statesman. He shapes the policies of Europe's mightiest empire. He watches with greatest care the varying financial currents, and is in the closest touch with commercial and industrial tendencies.

His Excellency was in his private office in the Finance Ministry in St. Petersburg seated at a great flat-topped desk, piled high with official problems, neatly sorted and tagged ready for his examination. It was Sunday, but he had been hard at work all the morning. While I was with him I heard him make appointments as late as eleven o'clock that night. It is easy to see why he has gained the reputation for being the hardest worked man in Europe. Broad, strong, forceful, but with the repose and atmosphere of reserve power which mark most great men, his personality gave added interest to his reputation. He reached for a fresh cigar-

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ette, from a case he had been steadily depleting, and touched it to an odd electrical contrivance on his desk, which automatically lighted it. Then he leaned back reflectively and spoke with a freedom in refreshing contrast to the reserve of many lesser officials.

"England is still the richest country in the world," he said. "This Transvaal trouble has had marked effect on the rities, representing past achievements and present investments, and cut off the coupons. France is not looking for new industrial fields; she is building no new railroads; she is making no commercial conquests. France is satisfied now simply to sit down at home, contented to reap the small rewards that are naturally hers. While those rewards may seem small, however, they become in the aggregate

An American-equipped Electric Line which Passes the Pyramids of Egypt.

finances of that country, and indirectly has affected the finances of every country in Europe. If Mr. Chamberlain will stop here, if he does not put the burden of any more such campaigns on England, she may be able to maintain her pre-eminent position. Should she have too many Chamberlains and too many Transvaal campaigns she might be ruined. But up to the present time English pre-eminence is not seriously shaken. The nation is still in the strongest financial position of all the great powers, and may reasonably expect to continue there. France is like a small *rentier*. She is contented with a modest income; contented to sit with her lap filled with secu- great enough to place her in the fore-front financially. Germany, in her natural resources, is poorer than England or France, but she is rich in initiative and energy. The German nation offers the most striking example of initiative and energy that can be found in Europe. Industrially, she has made astonishing strides. But along many lines the progress has been unnatural and too rapid, and trouble may come of that.

"America is already one of the richest countries of the world; perhaps, in natural resources, quite the richest. There we find not only remarkable natural richness, but combined with that wealth the most pronounced initiative met with anywhere.

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Drawn by René Lelong.

The City Collectors' Room in the Bank of France.

In this room there are 200 desks enclosed in wire cages, which are occupied by the collectors.

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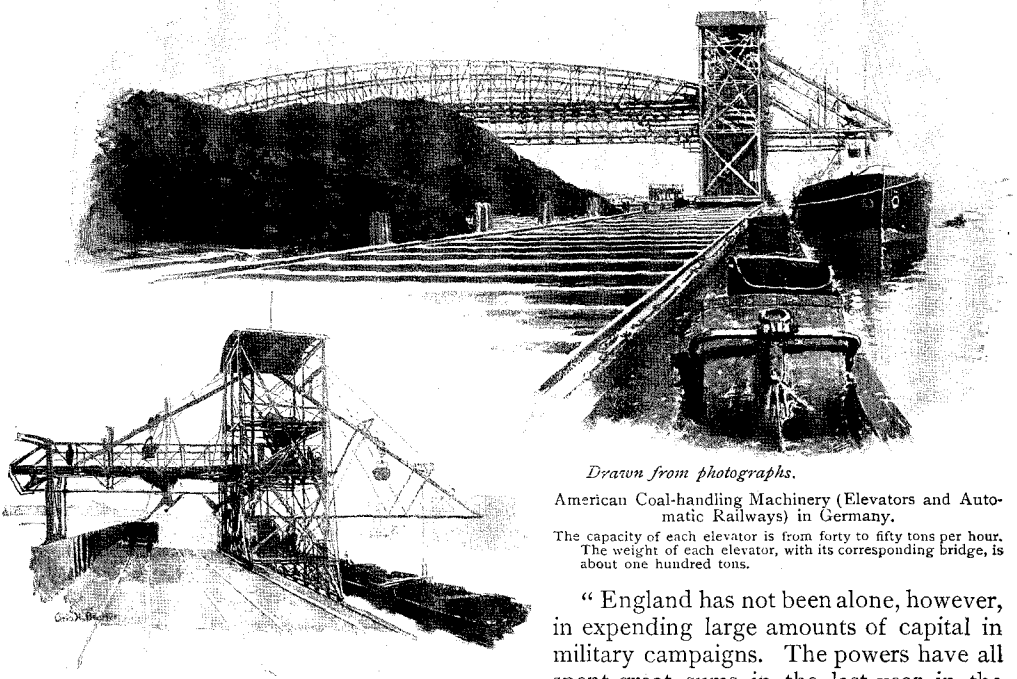

Drawn from photographs.

American Coal-handling Machinery (Elevators and Automatic Railways) in Germany.

The capacity of each elevator is from forty to fifty tons per hour. The weight of each elevator, with its corresponding bridge, is about one hundred tons.

The span of the bridge for the automatic railways is 328 feet, and the bridge is movable for about one thousand feet on the wharf.

With such a combination the country is bound to make the very greatest progress. It will go on and on, and will be greater and still greater. America is especially fortunate in that she has no great military burden. Militarism is the nightmare and the ruin of every European finance minister.

"The industrial crisis which you find here in Russia is not confined to this country. You will find it more or less pronounced all over Europe. Many enterprises have depended largely upon English capital. England's Transvaal war has forced her to draw in her wealth, and that contraction has had a marked effect upon the industries of all Europe. People who were carrying on business with the aid, directly or indirectly, of English loans, have been forced to make other financial arrangements, and frequently have been compelled to curtail their operations. That reduction of credit and withdrawal of capital have acted and reacted until they have become important factors in bringing about widespread industrial depression.

"England has not been alone, however, in expending large amounts of capital in military campaigns. The powers have all spent great sums in the last year in the military operations in China. The floating of loans in that connection has made demands upon capital that have further embarrassed industrial affairs. Here in Russia we have had, in addition to those unfavorable influences, other embarrassing conditions. The Government has been building less railroad than has been constructed at any time during the last ten years. As the Government is the chief customer for railroad supplies, depression has naturally followed in all industries depending upon railroad construction. Then there have been industrial enterprises organized here on a not too sound financial basis. But as we get farther away from some of these special causes of depression, I think the industrial crisis will end."

There can be no doubt of the interest of M. de Witte in the subject he was discussing. Russia's need for capital is like Sahara's thirst for water. There is probably no man in Europe more anxious than he to see the whole earth smile under the blessings of peace, the particular blessings in which he is interested being a low rate of interest and a market hungry for bonds.

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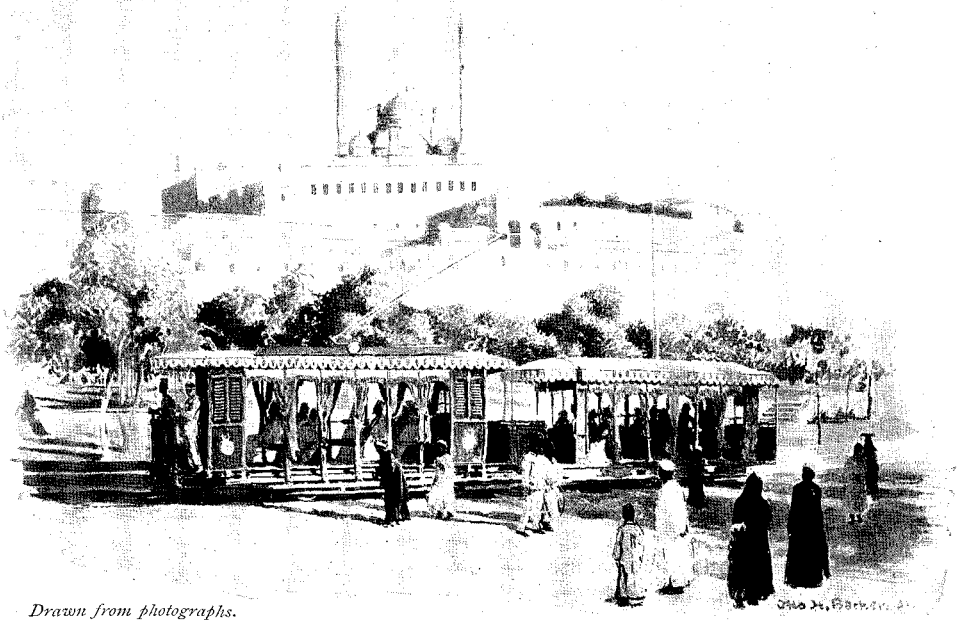
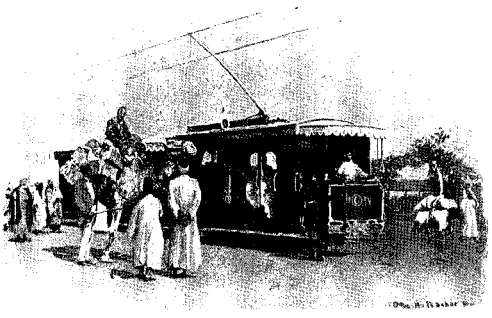


Drawn from photographs.

American-equipped Electric Cars in Cairo.



I met M. de Witte, as I met all the other finance ministers of Europe, on a tour which I made last year to obtain the European point of view regarding America's industrial expansion. The European view of the competitive positions which the great nations occupy in the struggle for international trade development is just now a matter of keen interest to the people of the United States. As an officer in the financial department of the Government, during the period of the most extraordinary development in the whole history of our foreign trade relations, I was especially interested in this subject. I wanted the point of view and conclusions of some of the men who were equally interested observers, but who were looking at the development from without rather than from within. For four years I had seen at close range the growth of a favorable trade balance which had assumed a total in that brief period greater than had been the net trade balance from the founding of the Government up to that time. That was a phenomenon which had had few parallels in our economic history, and the desire to study it from the European point of view led me to visit nearly all the countries of Europe. I was offered rather unusual facilities for obtaining the views of men most influential in political life and commercial affairs. The diplomatic representatives at Washington introduced me to the finance ministers of their home governments, and through the foreign treasury officers I was able to meet the heads of all the imperial and state banks; through other channels, prominent bank officers and industrial leaders. It is my purpose to give some of the observations and deductions which resulted from this tour.

The subject I discussed with these distinguished foreigners is one regarding which our public has been pretty thoroughly enlightened in the last five years, and it is one of which the European public has heard almost as much in the Eng-

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lish and Continental newspapers, but from quite an opposite point of view. When the amount of our sales to foreign countries passed the $1,000,000,000 mark in 1897, we began to congratulate ourselves on the strides we were making in the markets of the world. The record was followed by steadily growing totals, until now we have, in a twelvemonth, sent to other nations commodities to the value of $1,500,000,000. The meaning of that total is emphasized if we look back and find it compares with an average during the ten years ending 1896 of $825,000,000.

An American Type-writer in Uganda.

While our sales to foreign countries have grown so prodigiously, the other side of our financial account during these last five or six years has shown no proportionate increase. We have bought from the foreigners an average of only $800,000,000 a year, and that total has shown little tendency to expand. It was this fact, this mighty development of our sales, while our purchases were, comparatively, on a declining scale, which piled up in half a dozen years a favorable trade balance so enormous as to startle the world. In the last six years we have sold in merchandise, produce, and manufactures $2,000,000,000 more than we have bought; while in all our history, from the beginning of the Government up to six years ago, the foreign trade balance in our favor had aggregated a net total of only $383,000,000.

Drawn from Photographs.

An American Cash-register in Durban.

The significance of these surprising totals was recognized on both sides of the Atlantic. An analysis of them brought out features more important than the vastness of the aggregate. Heretofore our sales had been made up almost wholly of foodstuffs and raw materials. Europe was the workshop. But that has changed, and we find, year after year, an astonishing increase in our exports of manufactured articles, an increase that in the last two or three years reached totals which gave ample basis for the popular talk of our invasion of the European industrial fields. Our exports of manufactured articles in the decade prior to 1897 averaged $163,000,000 annually. In 1898 our sales of manufactured articles to foreign customers jumped to $290,000,000, the next year to $339,000,000, the next to $434,000,000.

These figures, showing a steady invasion by our manufacturers of foreign industrial fields, have a natural corollary. As exports of manufactures increased, our imports of the handiwork of foreign shops showed an even more rapid decline. Our manufacturers were not only invading the foreigner's own markets, meeting him at his threshold with a new competition, but they were taking away from him his greatest market—the United States. We have in the last half-dozen years been manufacturing for ourselves a vast amount of goods, such as we have been accustomed to buy abroad.

One can turn from a contemplation of these great totals to an examination of the records made in recent years by individual industries, and find in detail facts upon which to base a belief that the United States has acquired, or is acquiring, supremacy in the world's markets. So many industries have been sending rapidly increasing contributions to swell the rising tide of our foreign commerce that it is dif-

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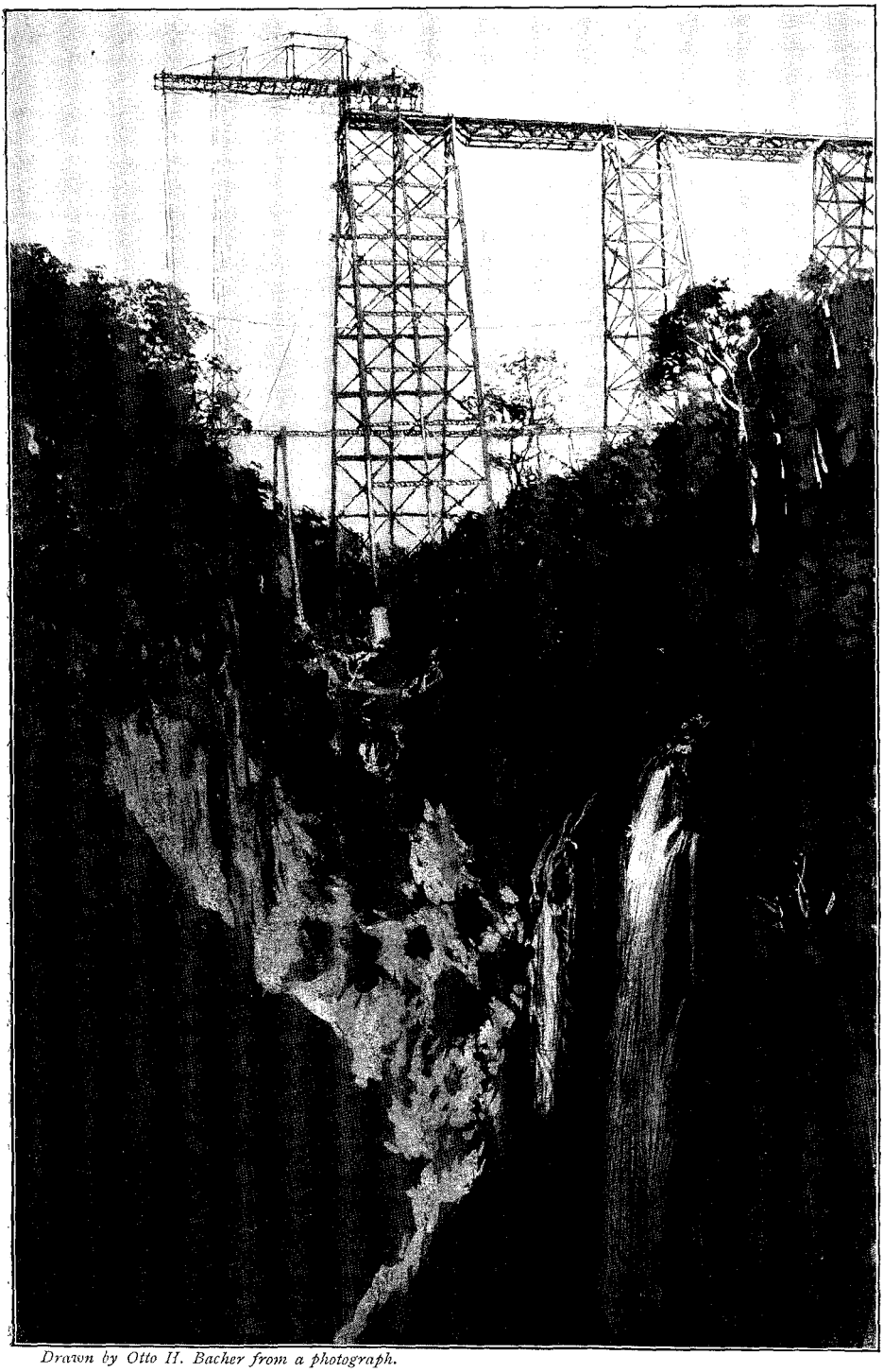

Drawn by Otto H. Bacher from a photograph.

An American Bridge in Burma in the Course of Construction.

The Gotkeik Viaduct over the Chungzoune, Burma. The completed viaduct is 2,260 feet long, and at this point is 820 feet high. It was made in sections in America and shipped a distance of 15,000 miles.

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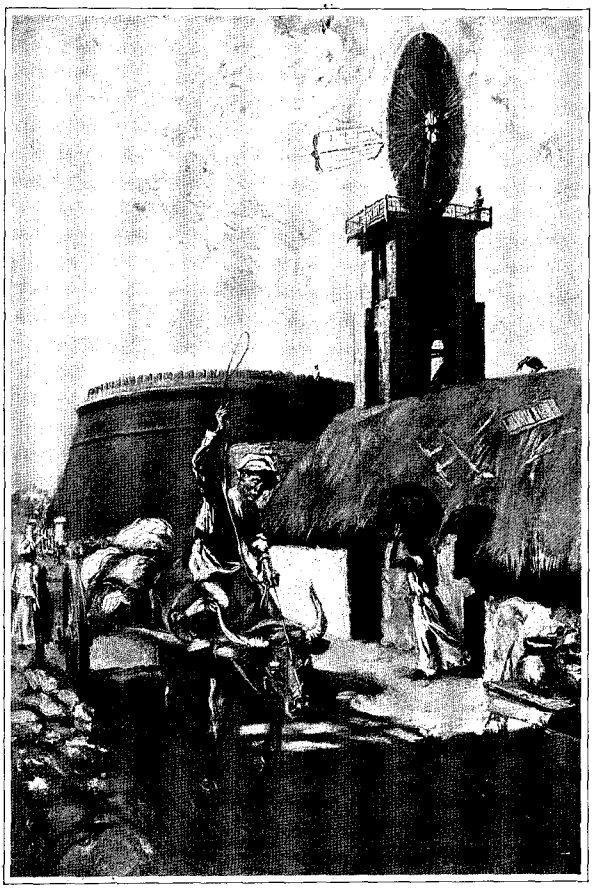
ficult to tell any detailed story of American commercial expansion without making it read like a trade catalogue. The increase in our exports of manufactured articles can, in the main, be traced to advances made in the manufacture of iron and steel, and to the display of inventive talent in the making of machinery. The development of our grasp on the world's markets for articles manufactured from iron and steel has been no surprise to those who early recognized the position of America in respect to the raw materials from which those articles are produced. America unquestionably possesses advantages, in respect to her iron ore and her coal mines, far superior to those of any other country, and, based solidly upon that superiority, has already become the greatest producer of iron and steel in the world.



Drawn from a photograph.

An American Windmill Pumping Equipment for Irrigation at Bombay.

The windmill is thirty feet in diameter.

American locomotives, running on American rails, now whistle past the Pyramids and across the long Siberian steppes. They carry the Hindoo pilgrims from all parts of their empire to the sacred waters of the Ganges. Three years ago there was but one American locomotive in the United Kingdom; to-day there is not a road of importance there on which trains are not being pulled by American engines. The American locomotive has successfully invaded France. The Manchurian Railway, which is the real beginning of oriental railway-building, bought all its rails and rolling-stock in the United States. American bridges span rivers on every continent. American cranes are swinging over many foreign moles. Wherever there are extensive harvests there may be found American machinery to gather the grain. In every great market of the world tools can have no better recommendation than the mark "Made in America."

We have long held supremacy as a producer of cotton. We are now gaining supremacy as makers of cloths. American cottons are finding their way into the markets of every country. They can be found in Manchester, as well as on the shores of Africa and in the native shops of the Orient. Bread is baked in Palestine from flour made in Minneapolis. American windmills are working east of the Jordan and in the land of Bashan. Phonographs are making a conquest of all tongues. The Chrysanthemum banner of Japan floats from the palace of the Mikado on a flag-staff cut from a Washington forest, as does the banner of St. George from Windsor Castle. The American type-setting machines are used by foreign newspapers, and our cash-registers keep ac-

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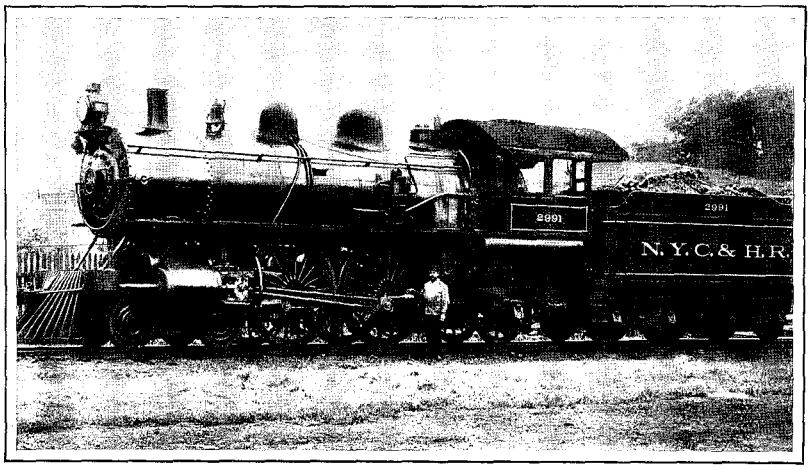
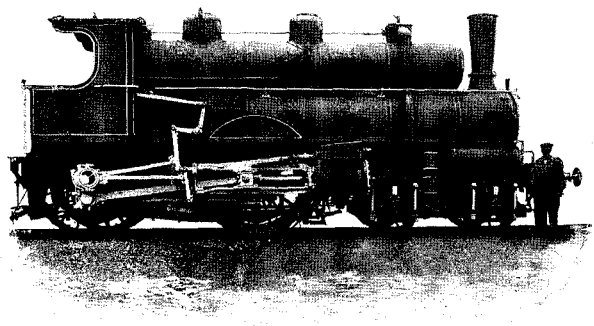


Type of Passenger Locomotive Used on an American Railroad—Weight Eighty-eight Tons (without tender).

counts for scores of nations. America makes sewing-machines for the world. Our bicycles are standards of excellence everywhere. Our type-writers are winning their way wherever a written language is used. In all kinds of electrical appliances we have become the foremost producer. In many European cities American dynamos light streets and operate railways. Much of the machinery that is to electrify London tram lines is now being built in Pittsburg. The American shoe has captured the favor of all Europe, and the foreign makers are hastening to import our machinery that they may compete with our makers. In the Far East, in the capital of Korea, the Hermit Nation, there was recently inaugurated, with noisy music and flying banners, an electric railway, built of American material, by a San Francisco engineer, and now it is operated by American motormen.



Type of Passenger Locomotive Used on the Orient Express Paris to Constantinople—Weight about Fifty-eight Tons.

One might go on without end, telling in detail the story of American industrial growth and commercial expansion. In the list of our triumphs we would find that American exports have not been confined to specialties nor limited as to markets. We have been successfully meeting competition everywhere. America has sent coals to Newcastle, cotton to Manchester, cutlery to Sheffield, potatoes to Ireland, champagnes to France, watches to Switzerland, and "Rhine wine" to Germany.

Our public has generally looked upon the development of our foreign trade as only one of the incidents in the remarkable period of prosperity which we have been enjoying, and has not, perhaps, clearly analyzed its full significance. The European, I found, had come nearer to a real understanding of the situation.

A distinguished Berlin economist outlined an idea which seemed to me interesting. "Two or three generations ago," he said, "there were families in America living a life of almost complete industrial independence. Not only was all the necessary food raised, but within the household there were spinning and weaving and the application of all necessary trades. The invention of machinery, the development of factory life, the specialization of industry, made such independence impossible. That which happened to the family a hundred years ago has

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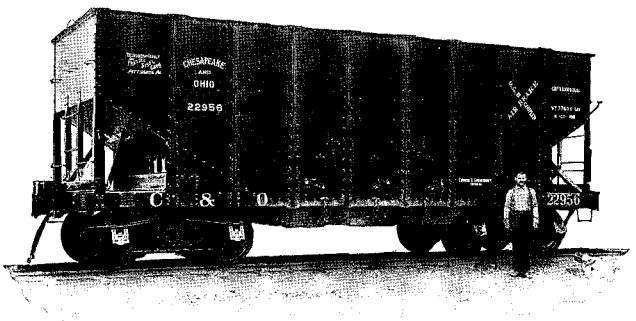
happened now to the nation. Specialization has gone on, and concentration, combinations, and trusts have made it as impossible for the small manufacturer to compete with the great as it was for the hand-loom and the spinning-wheel to compete with the factory. The perfect and instant communication between distant parts of the world, the cheapening of transportation, the wider knowledge of every country, its products and its needs,

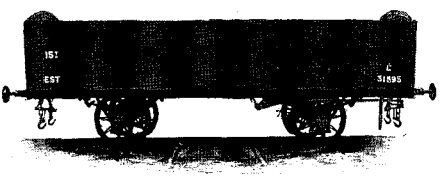


An American Steel Hopper-bottom Coal Car.
Capacity 100,000 pounds.

have brought about an interdependence of nations that is now almost as great as the dependence of one class of industrial workers on another. This national dependence, this necessity of every country to more and more largely buy and sell in foreign markets, is forcing every nation, whether it wills or not, into participation in an international industrial struggle. That is the key-note of the new century. Whoever will forecast the future of nations can now make no more useful study than an examination of their comparative industrial equipment.

"History is becoming more and more the story of industrial development," he continued. "The strength of a nation becomes more nearly measured by its wealth, its importance in the world's progress by its relative commercial position. History will more and more be written in ledgers and balance-sheets, in trade statistics, and in the figures which show the results of industrial conquests or defeats. Modern ironclads and smokeless powder have largely taken out of warfare the element of personal bravery, and have substituted technical skill and executive ability. Many of the same qualities which win great industrial battles are to-day potent in deciding the results of military campaigns. Commercialism in its highest sense has been the real object back of half the military movements of the last decade. It may all seem very sordid and unromantic, but I believe that a study of the comparative price-currents of nations, an analysis of trade balances, an understanding of the statistics of production and consumption, will give the *data* which are now needed in making a forecast of a nation's history."

There are two phases to the significance of the American grasp of the world's markets. The obvious phase is the development of our own industries which must follow such a conquest. If our factories are to be great enough to supply our own wants and in addition turn out a surplus so large in volume and so low in price as to become one of the most important factors in the



A Type of Freight Car in Use on French Railroads.

world's markets, we can count on an industrial growth of which we have heretofore hardly dreamed.

There is another phase to our conquest of foreign markets, however, and that is its effect upon the other nations of the world. If a much larger share of the world's manufacturing is to be done in America, it means a lesser share will be done elsewhere. The pictures which some enthusiastic observers of our foreign trade delight to draw, of a time when our exports have so increased and our imports so diminished, that we will not only make everything we want for ourselves, but a very large part of what the world wants besides, is a picture which offers neither a probable forecast nor a desirable result. Naturally we cannot go on selling to the world a great surplus of food products and manu-

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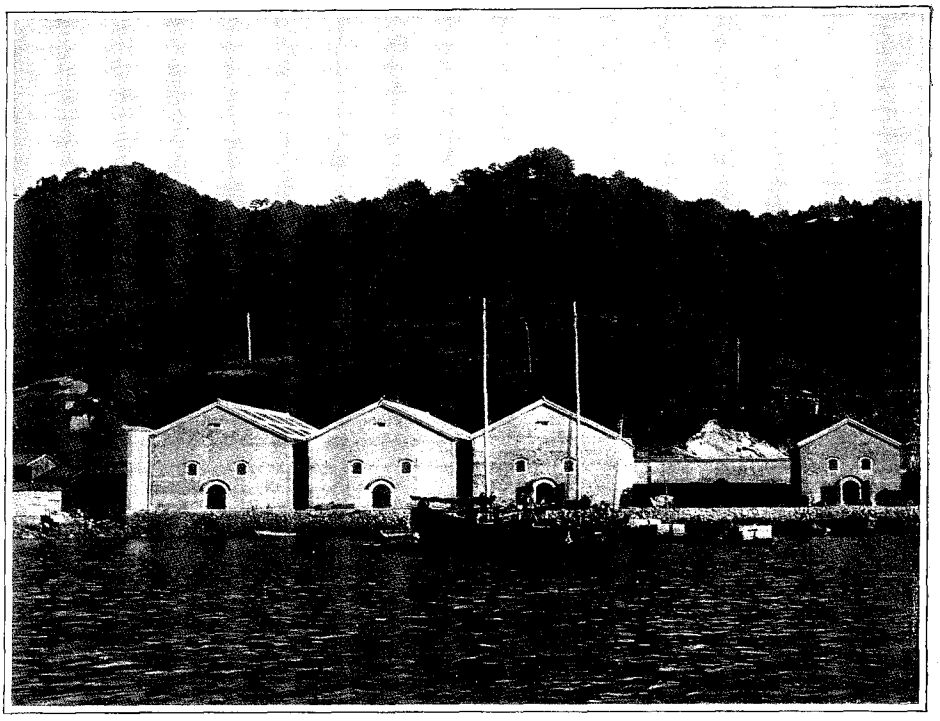

An American Oil Company's Godowns at Nagasaki, Japan.

factured articles without buying from the world in return. Statistics indicate that we have for the last two or three years been sending Europe annually something like $600,000,000 more than we have been buying. Europe has not been paying for this in gold. During the six years in which we built up a surplus foreign trade balance of $2,744,000,000, we have received from the rest of the world a net balance in gold of only $132,000,000.

One of the most unanswerable of financial conundrums is how the world has settled its debt to us in the past and is to settle it in the future. If these statistics of our foreign trade are to be depended upon, it would seem as if we had placed the world in our debt in the last six years to such an extent that we ought to be about ready to foreclose our lien. As a matter of fact international finances do not show that we have any unusual command in the world's money markets; our bankers have no extraordinary credits with their foreign correspondents. There seems to be no vast accumulation of funds upon which we can draw at will, nor is there other evidence that any large part of this balance is still unsettled.

The question of how a $600,000,000 annual trade balance is to be settled has been a rather interesting puzzle to our financiers; to European finance ministers and bankers, to manufacturers and workmen, it is a subject of the most intense and immediate interest.

The answer as to how that trade balance has so far been settled requires a good deal of explanation which must be based on very unsatisfactory *data*. The prediction as to how it is to be settled in the future leads to most interesting speculation regarding financial conditions.

In the first place the problem is not so difficult as it looks on its face. While Government reports show that we have sold to Europe roundly $600,000,000 a year more than we have bought, it may be certain that the total is considerably below those figures. I have been close enough to the making of Government customs statistics to know something of the difficulties. No fault can be found with the thoroughness of the work, but it is quite impossible to strike any accurate international trade balances when the figures on one side of the ledger must come from

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American Binders on a Hungarian Estate.

importers, who have the strongest motives for undervaluing imports in their statements. I would hardly like to make a guess regarding the average percentage of undervaluation for all our imports, but it can, at the outset of the consideration of this problem, be set down as a very large amount. Then there are items of great importance of which our customs statistics can take no note. Our European tourists are generally supposed to spend $100,000,000 a year. We pay for freights to the owners of foreign steamship lines perhaps $75,000,000 more. There is a great stream made up of numberless small remittances, sent home by prosperous immigrants. And lastly, and most important of all, there has been going on a repurchase by American investors of our securities which have been held in foreign markets. This, in the aggregate for the last ten years, assumes enormous proportions. The best of statisticians can do nothing more than guess at the amount, but it has been great enough, in the main, to counterbalance the excess of our foreign sales over our purchases, after the totals of travellers' expenses, ocean freights, and the home contributions of immigrants have been deducted. This return of our securities cannot go on forever; indeed, there is pretty good reason to believe it cannot go on much longer, for the reason that there are now few American securities held in Europe to return.

It is the practice of the great banks of Europe, particularly of Germany, to take charge of the securities owned by a vast clientage of investors. When in the Imperial Reichsbank and in the Deutsche Bank in Berlin, I was taken into great vaults whose walls and floors were covered with cases like an immense library, containing stocks and bonds belonging to clients of the banks and held there for the collection of coupons and for safe-keeping. In each of the banks there were securities representing some 2,000,000,000 marks. It was interesting to be shown great cases of empty shelves which had formerly been set apart for American securities, and which now held only here and there scattered packages. This was the visible evidence of what an examination of investors' strong boxes would show in all those European countries which have in years past found in America the most profitable field for investment.

If our foreign trade is to continue to hold the same relation between imports and exports that has been ruling for the last few years—if we are to go on selling Europe, say, $600,000,000 a year more than we buy—there will be then, after liberal reductions for travellers' expenditures, ocean freights (an item which the development of American shipping may materially decrease), and immigrant remittances, a balance due us of $300,000,000 or $400,000,000 a year. How is that balance to be paid?

That question is, perhaps, the most interesting of any that can be propounded to-day in the field of international finance. I asked every finance minister of Europe and the head of every imperial bank for

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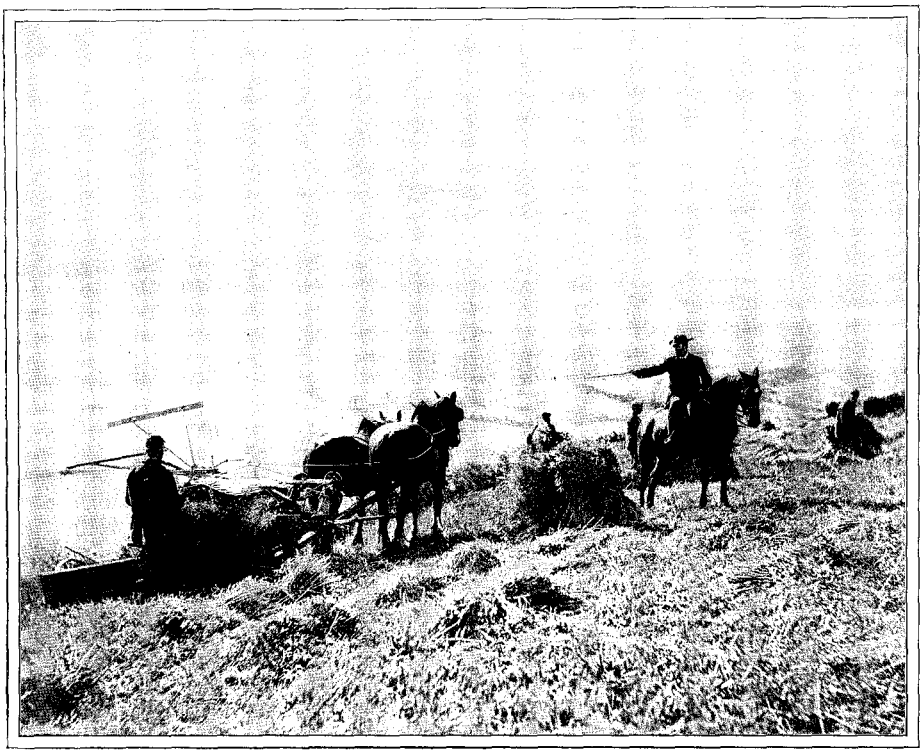
an answer to it. I found it a question over which they had pondered much and never with feelings of satisfaction. That Europe cannot pay such a balance in gold is obvious; that we would not desire to have it paid in that way is clear. The



A Harvest Scene in the Highlands of Scotland.
An American binder in the field.

conclusion which I found nearly every important European financier had already reached, was that America will sooner or later enter the European security markets; that the tables in international investments are to be completely turned; that we are to hear no more of the English or the German syndicate making investments in America, but rather of the American syndicate becoming a most important factor in the foreign investment field.

The low interest rates which for the most part have been ruling in America for several years, have everywhere attracted attention. The belief is growing that New York is to become the lowest money market in the world. There has been particular interest in the advances made in the market price of investment securities. The quotations which have been made for high-grade bonds have been the wonder of Europe. While market quotations have shown United States two per cent. bonds selling at 110, the three per cent. bonds of the Imperial German Empire were quoted at 88, English consols bearing two and three-quarters per cent. sold at 93, Russian four per cent. gold bonds at 96, and Italian Government issues at prices netting the investor over four per cent.

These comparisons are anything but pleasing to European treasury officials. They are quick to see, however, that such a comparison is not entirely fair. Our Government bonds are free from taxes, and, even more important than that, they have a special use and value to national banks. A national bank may issue circulation against deposits of these bonds with the United States Treasury, or may receive public deposits if it puts up Government bonds as security, and so the market value of our Government issues,

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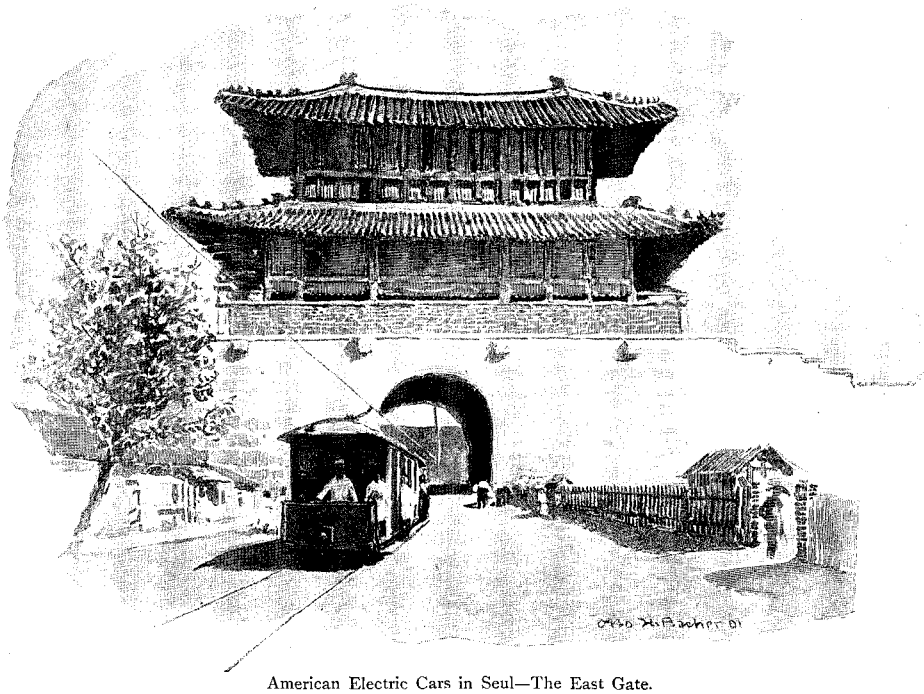

American Electric Cars in Seul—The East Gate.
An electric railway in the capital of Korea built of American material, by an American engineer, and operated by American motormen.

and particularly of our two per cent. bonds, cannot be taken as a measure of the investment return which capitalists are willing to take. It is a fact, however, that there are over $500,000,000 of our Government bonds not held by national banks to secure circulation or as a basis for public deposits. Those $500,000,000 are held solely for investment, and are maintained at market prices which net the investor less than one and three-quarters per cent., quotations which certainly put the credit of this Government far above that enjoyed by any other nation.

There are other evidences that the United States is becoming the best market in the world for the highest grade of industrial securities. First-class railroad bonds, as, for example, those of the Pennsylvania or New York Central, sell on a basis that nets the investor as low a rate as do English railroad bonds, while on the Continent the highest grade of corporate securities sell at prices to realize higher rates of interest to the investor than do our best securities.

That the United States gives promises of reaching a position of industrial supremacy in the world's trade, is acknowledged to-day the world over. Undoubtedly we have been too flamboyant in some of our claims. The industrial world as yet is by no means prostrate at our feet. We have before us a long campaign of hard work and intelligent prosecution of every advantage which we have, before we reach such a position of industrial supremacy as occasional newspaper writers on both sides of the Atlantic have given us credit for. That we have the foundation upon which to build such industrial supremacy, however, cannot be doubted by anyone who is familiar with the resources and abilities shown in our own industrial field, and makes intelligent comparison with the conditions that obtain abroad.

It ought clearly to be kept in mind that the road to the commercial domination of the world is not a clear one for us, and that as yet we are a long way from the end of it. Evidences of that will be found in studying current statistics of our manufactured exports. The rapid increase which has been going on for a number of years has halted, and for the last fiscal year reports show a decrease. That decrease can be accounted for by the fact that our shipments to Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines are no longer counted foreign exports, but it is, nevertheless, evident that a halt has come in the triumphant march of American manufact-

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ures toward European markets. An important reason for this is in the very force of the success we have made. There have been serious inroads made in the prosperity of many foreign manufactures by our successful competition. The depression has been reflected in lower wages and in decreased purchasing power, and a lower level of prices which has reacted on us in common with the foreign manufacturers.

In a good many directions we have much to learn in regard to a successful prosecution of foreign trade. The Germans could give us valuable lessons. They are strong in two particulars—strong in the line of technical education, though perhaps not superior to us, and strong in commercial training specially adapted to the needs of their representatives in foreign countries. In this last particular we are lamentably weak. We do not learn languages readily, and we have been too busy with our home affairs to cultivate what facility we have. It is a comparatively difficult thing to find trained business men, born in America, who speak fluently two or more Continental languages, and it follows from that difficulty that we send commercial representatives to Europe who are under the almost hopeless handicap of not speaking the language of a country in which they wish to do business. Were it not for the coming universality of the English language, the handicap would be far greater than it is. Unfortunately the bad equipment of many of the commercial representatives who are sent abroad is not confined to their lack of knowledge of languages. Frequently they have but vague ideas of the commercial geography of Europe. They are not at all clear as to what particular sections are given over to this form of manufacturing or that field of production. More than half the failures that have come to manufacturers who have tried to extend their foreign business have resulted from the lack of qualifications in the representatives they sent abroad.

Another condition that is not favorable to our development is one that is being thought of a good deal more in Europe than at home. We no longer are occupying the leading position in scientific investigation having special commercial application. Many of the most notable discoveries of the last few years in commercial chemistry, electricity, and other fields of scientific work having direct relation with industry have been made by foreigners. The x-ray and the wireless telegraph are illustrations which would occur to everyone, but there have been numberless important discoveries of great value in industrial operations for which we are obliged to pay royalty to foreign inventors. The United States Government is to-day paying a royalty to a German inventor for the use in the mints of a method of refining gold by electrolysis, a method which proved much cheaper than that which had been in common use in the Government and commercial refineries up to within a year or two ago. Many such illustrations could be given.

One of our particular points of strength has in it danger, when carried too far, of being an element of decided weakness. We have profited greatly by our genius for specialization, and our adoption of standard models of machines, which can be made in great quantities at extremely low cost. In holding closely to these standard designs, we have frequently lost sight of foreign prejudices. Small concessions to those prejudices might have meant large sales, but our manufacturers have declined to make them. In Moscow, for instance, I talked with a merchant who had branches all through Siberia, and who bought large consignments of ploughs in America. The Russians do not harness their horses as we do, and our method of hitching a team to a plough is not adapted to their use. This merchant found it impossible, however, to get our plough manufacturers to adopt the slight changes which he suggested, even when his orders were for very large quantities, and he had to have made in Germany the type of clevis which his customers demanded and attach it to his importations of American ploughs.

The most important of all obstacles that the development of our foreign trade is likely to encounter is the same one which has proved the most dangerous rock in the path of English industry—the growth of a spirit in trades-unions which attempts to regulate the business of employers in other matters than those relating to wages

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and hours of labor. I believe the decline of English industry can be attributed to the success of labor organizations in restricting the amount of work a man may be permitted to do, more than to any other single cause. We have encountered that spirit too frequently in our own labor field, and it is one which, if successfully persisted in, will cut the ground of advantage from under our manufacturers quicker than anything else I know of.

It is generally understood that our natural resources are in many important particulars unparalleled. We patriotically believe that the ability of the average American workman is superior to that of his competitor in other countries. We are all confident that our form of government offers the solidest foundation upon which to build national prosperity. Our industries are helped rather than hampered by our system of federal taxation, while an examination of the incidence of taxation in nearly every country abroad shows that a most depressing influence on industries is exerted by the national tax-gatherers.

There are other facts in our favor not quite so generally understood. We have, for instance, a financial system, particularly in the relation of our banks to every-day business transactions, which gives us as much of an advantage over most of the Continental countries as would some great labor-saving machine. The American business man whose operations are even of the most modest extent is certain to have a bank account. He pays his bills with checks or drafts. When he wishes to extend his operations he does not borrow actual currency, but he borrows bank credit. In all his transactions he has to aid him the most fully developed credit system to be found anywhere in the world except in Great Britain.

It is almost beyond belief how little development there has been in this direction in some of the foreign countries. A bank check is looked upon with suspicion in Italy. Practically no small tradesmen would take a check, and none of them keep a bank account. It was still more surprising to me to find that such a statement would be almost literally true of Paris itself. I was studying the mechanism of the Bank of France under the guidance of one of the officers. We went into one great room in the old building in which there were 200 desks enclosed in wire cages, all empty at the moment. I asked what these were for.

"These cages are for our city collectors," I was told. "When a small merchant borrows from the Bank of France, he does not, as with you in America, borrow a bank credit and have his loan merely added to his balance on the books of the bank. With us the merchant, when he makes a loan, gets the actual money and takes it away. He probably has no bank account with us. He writes no checks. When the loan is due he does not, as would be the case in your banks, come in and pay his indebtedness with a check; instead of that we send a collector to him, and that collector is repaid the loan in actual currency. Two hundred men start out from the Bank of France every morning to collect matured loans. Several days each month it is necessary to send out 400 men, and on the first and the fifteenth of each month 600 collectors go out."

These collectors were uniformed men carrying leather pouches in which they have the matured notes and which are later filled with currency as the collections are made from the bank's borrowers.

I stood at the paying-teller's desk as I went farther along in my tour of the Bank of France. As I halted there the man who happened to be at the window at the moment presented a check for 50,000 francs. The money was counted out and handed over to him, stored away in a big wallet, and he passed on. I asked if it were not unusual for a man to draw out so much currency, and was told that it was not. It was but another illustration of how undeveloped is the banking system of Continental Europe in its uses by the general public.

A story that was told me on the highest authority in Vienna sounds ludicrously incredible, but it is true. The Austrian Government bought a telephone line from an English company. There was a payment of 1,000,000 guldens (about $400,000) to be made by the cabinet officer corresponding to our Secretary of the Interior. The representative of the English

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company wished to be paid by merely receiving a credit at the Austro-Hungarian State Bank. The minister regretted that there was no precedent for such a method and insisted on sending to the bank, which is the government's fiscal agent, bringing the actual money to his office, and counting it out to the Englishman, who in turn took it back to the same bank, where it was again counted and put back in the vault from which it had been taken an hour before.

As one gets farther east the methods of banking become more primitive. The Russian peasant frequently becomes a man of very considerable property, but he is apt to cling to his early financial method of banking in his boots. He wears boots with high felt tops, and the leg of one is the receiving-teller's cage, and the top of the other is the paying-teller's. He will start out in the morning with his right boot-leg full of money. His day's payments are made out of that boot, and his receipts are deposited in the other. At night he checks up on his day's financial operations and strikes a balance.

The banking methods of Continental Europe are cumbersome and time-consuming, and the people generally have learned but the first lessons in the uses of credit machinery. That forms a handicap upon industry that is just as real as that caused by their persistence in using out-of-date machines and methods of manufacture which we have long ago abandoned as slow-going and expensive.

One of the important factors in the strength of our industrial position is the unquestioned superiority in our transportation system. If one has fresh in mind the picture of our luxurious trains, mammoth engines, and, more important still, our standard fifty-ton freight-cars, it makes the Europeans seem like amateurs in the science of transportation when we see their toy cars, small locomotives, and generally slow-going administration. If one looked into the matter with the eye of an expert, studying the unit of cost, the freight charges per ton per mile, or the mileage rate for passenger service, and made comparative statistics of the tonnage of freight-trains and the cost of moving them, he would discover a startling lack of efficiency, both in Great Britain and on the Continent. Perhaps it is not quite fair to make comparisons of the average cost of freight traffic per ton per mile in America and in Europe, because the average haul is much shorter there, and terminal expenses of a haul are practically the same whatever its length. The average charge per ton per mile on all American railroads for all classes of freight is now less than three-quarters of a cent. If we take the statistics of the Eastern trunk lines alone, that figure would be cut to about one-half cent per ton per mile. It compares with 2.4 in Great Britain, 2.2 in France, 1.6 in Germany, and 2.4 in Russia. One of the most remarkable illustrations of the failure of European managers of industries to keep pace with the times is to be found in a comparison of the efficiency of their railroads with ours. English railroads charge three times as much to move a ton of freight as it can be moved for in America. English railroad managers have failed to grasp the economies that are made possible by heavy traffic, by the use of engines of enormous capacity and freight-cars that will carry fifty tons. But if the English railroads have failed to keep pace with ours, what can be said of most of the Continental roads? Short trains with pygmy freight-cars, each car holding only eight tons, make clear to any layman the handicap which high transportation charges have laid on industry all over Europe.

In the little town of Abo, in Finland, I was waiting one day for a steamer to go to Stockholm. In strolling about the town I ran across another American. I learned that he was the representative of a great engine manufactory, and that he had been covering Europe from Spain to Russia. He had been able to sell his engines in competition both with the domestic manufacturers and with the makers in Great Britain and Germany, who had before practically controlled the trade. I asked him to analyze for me the conditions that enabled him to come into these markets and sell in successful competition in spite of custom duties, in spite of 4,000 or 5,000 miles of transportation charges, and in spite of the fact that his factory paid workmen average wages two or three times as large as were paid by his competitors.

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"Our success in coming into this field," he said, "is very largely due to what in our manufacturing parlance we call the making of 'standards.' We believe we know how to make a type of engine which will give the maximum efficiency for a certain class of work. We develop our standard type and then we stick to it. We are enabled to manufacture an enormous number of engines all exactly alike because we have in our home market an enormous field. The American public has been taught that a builder of engines knows better how to design an engine than does the individual who only occasionally buys one. Our best manufacturers absolutely refuse to vary from their standards. In making a great number of engines exactly alike we can turn out work at a price that is simply beyond the possible competition of the ordinary European maker. Our labor-saving machines largely compensate for the higher wages we pay. The English and German manufacturers are harassed by consulting mechanical engineers. A man who wants to buy an engine employs an independent consulting engineer. The engineer invariably feels that he must earn his fee by suggesting a change. If a dynamo is adjusted to make 112 revolutions a minute he wants an engine built that will turn it 113. The result is that English and German manufacturers make an endless number of types. What is more, they cannot get away from the thraldom that they are in, and adopt our system of standard types, because they have not the great broad, homogeneous market which America offers to its own manufacturers. I doubt if our manufacturers appreciate the great advantage which they have in this home market where the inhabitants, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, are very much the same kind of people, with very much the same needs and desires. In Europe every manufacturer has a sharply circumscribed field. He is met by new tariffs and new tongues only a short distance from home in whatever direction he goes. The type of article which can be sold in one district may find no market in another close by. With us the man in Los Angeles wears just the same kind of a hat as the man in Boston, and the people through all that stretch of 3,000 miles are dressed the same, and buy, generally speaking, similar commodities. This broad basis of our own unparalleled market, which permits a manufacturer to successfully work out a standard article, and then produce an enormous quantity of that exact type, is the most secure basis upon which to build a foreign trade. We alone have that advantage. No European manufacturer can successfully follow in our lead."

When M. De Witte said that militarism is the nightmare and the ruin of every finance minister, he spoke a truth that has an application to this question of industrial rivalry. The evidence of militarism is one of the most obvious things in Europe. In Russia one is never out of sight of a line of brown-coated, stolid-faced soldiers. A tremendously effective display of military strength is everywhere encountered in Germany. One is impressed by the cost of the brave attempts of poor Italy to keep up military appearances in the company of first-class powers, a company to which she has not the natural right to aspire. No one can see this universal display without contrasting its cost and the burden which that cost throws on industry, with the comparative freedom from that weight in the United States.

Europe spends annually for military and naval establishment $1,380,000,000. With our army on something of a war footing, as it is at present, we have only spent in the last year for the army and navy $205,000,000.

Marked as is this difference of cost, it by no means measures the real weight which militarism puts on the European powers; it is not alone that Europe spends $1,380,000,000 a year to maintain the military establishment, but very much more important, from the industrial standpoint, is the fact that Europe takes out of her productive capacity 4,000,000 men. These millions are just in the fulness of their youth and would be a tremendous factor in industrial production. The male industrial population of Europe, men between the ages of twenty and sixty, may be estimated at about 100,000,000. To withdraw from productive industry for military purposes 4,000,000 men means a loss of four per cent., and

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that is in addition to the taxes necessary to raise the $1,380,000,000 for the annual maintenance of the military establishments. When we perceive the full weight which militarism has hung upon the neck of industry in Europe, we see another enormous handicap which is acting year after year in our favor.

In the course of a conversation with one of the most eminent of European financiers, a man who has added the distinction of notable public service to a business career which made his name familiar in every financial centre, I said that one of the things which had occurred to me in my observation of European affairs, after seeing the tremendous effect upon England herself and through her upon all the countries of Europe of the expenses of the Transvaal War, was that if a small war under modern conditions was to cost so much as the Transvaal War had cost, and was to produce such an effect upon industry and commercial conditions throughout Europe, no great war would in the future be possible.

"You are wrong," he said.

"That is not clear to me," I replied. "Let us take Russia for illustration. Suppose Russia was to begin a great war. Where is she to get the money?"

"Let me tell you a little of a war of which I know something," he said. "I happen to control nearly all the railways of Turkey. Turkey had a war with Greece. Now let us see how she paid the expenses. She raised an army; she paid her army nothing. She transported that army of 60,000 men from the interior of Asia Minor to the Greek border. How did she do that? She commanded our railroads to carry them. Did we carry them? Yes. Have we any pay for it? No; nor will we ever have. So she paid nothing for the transportation of her army. Then she had to arm it. What did she do? She bought arms in Germany. Has she paid for them? No. So she raised her army, transported it, and armed it. The whole cost of that campaign, in fact, was managed without any real expenditure of money.

"So it would be with Russia. I was once in the interior of Persia. I met there, 2,000 miles from the sea, two German tramps. I asked them where they were going. They said: 'The Pacific Ocean is off here somewhere, and we are making our way toward the Pacific Ocean.' I asked them, 'What can you do?' One said, 'I can play a trombone.' The other said: 'I can weave straw baskets.' 'Well,' I said, 'how have you got here?' 'We can walk, and the people are good,' was the answer.

"So it is with the army. They can walk, and the people are good. If the people are not good, the army gets its provisions any way. The expenses of a war in Russia, so long as it was in Russia, would be to that nation very small, and the financial situation is not a commanding condition in any considerations of peace or war."

"What is the future of the world with respect to America?" I asked. "If America is to go on in anything like the way she has been going in the last three or four years with her foreign trade—if America is to sell to Europe $600,000,000 a year more than she buys—what is to be the outcome?"

"Something always happens, and something will happen here. I do not know what it is; I cannot foresee it. America so far seems to be making no mistake, but something will happen. Things cannot go on as they are going. It may be that it is your colonial policy. At present there are 4,000,000 soldiers in Europe, the best of her young manhood, who not only are taken away from production, but are paid for being taken away from production, and Europe is paying six milliards a year to support them. That six milliards does not measure the cost. It is that, plus the loss to production, which hampers commercial Europe, and it is there that you have the great advantage. But what of your future? We are glad to see you going into the Philippines. We will welcome the time if you are going to measure strength with us as a military power. Commercially you are supreme, but if it comes to a test of military strength, if you are going to weight yourselves with the militarism which is the burden of Europe, then we can see some light."

I asked if the tendency in Europe is in the direction of a reduction of military forces. "Not at all," he said. "France hates England, and England hates France; Germany detests France, and France de-

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tests Germany; Russia hates Germany, and Germany hates Russia. There it is all around. There is no hope of reduction. It is impossible. England has hoped to come to some understanding with Russia. I spent some time at the home of Mr. Chamberlain not long ago, and there was a strong hope in his mind that England could come to a better understanding with Russia. But it is impossible, just as it is impossible for France and Germany to come to an arrangement. We are no longer afraid of France. We beat her from a military stand-point. We have beaten her now from a commercial stand-point, and there is nothing else. Commercially we hold a pretty strong position with France. After the war we had a treaty which provided that we should be equal to the most favored nation. France began making special treaties, but as soon as she concluded one we took a place equally favored and strengthened our commercial position. We have beaten her commercially, and I see nothing to fear from France."

I asked what he thought of the great consolidations of America, such as the steel combinations.

"An autocracy is good or bad according to the autocrat. If he is a good autocrat it is the very best thing possible. If he is a bad autocrat, it is the worst. Who is going to control your trusts? That is the whole question. It is true you have managed your Standard Oil in a way that is creditable, and that has brought satisfaction to the country. The Sugar trust has been in a measure managed as well. But what assurance have we that this great Steel trust is to be managed so well? That is the whole problem. It is the question of men. Undoubtedly it makes you a much more formidable competitor, because it consolidates your interests. But you are a young nation. You are a young people. You are young in this business of consolidation. What has been the world's history when you put great power into the hands of young men? It has sometimes been abused. We shall watch with great interest the course with you in this enormous combination."

And that is what all Europe is doing—watching with the keenest interest our course as it affects our position in the world's industrial contest.

SUB UMBRA LILIORUM:

AN IMPRESSION OF PARMA

By Edith Wharton

PARMA at first sight lacks the engaging individuality of some of the smaller Italian towns. Of the picturesque group of ducal cities extending from Milan to the Adriatic—Parma, Modena, Ferrara, Urbino—it is the least easy to hit off in a few strokes, to sum up in a sentence. Its component features, however interesting in themselves, fail to blend in one of those memorable wholes which take instant hold of the traveller's imagination. The "sights" of Parma must be sought for; they remain separate isolated facts, and their quest is enlivened by few of those happy architectural incidents which give to a drive through Ferrara or Ravenna so fine a flavor of surprise. The devotee of the fourteenth century, trained by Ruskin to pass without even saluting any expression of structural art more recent than the first unfolding of the pointed style, must restrict his investigations to the Baptistery and the outside of the Cathedral; and even the lax eclectic who nurses a secret weakness for the baroque and rejoices in the last frivolous flowering of the eighteenth century, finds little immediate satisfaction for his tastes. The streets of Parma are in fact distinctly inexpressive, and its more important buildings have only the relative merit of suggesting happier examples of the same style. This absence of the superlative is, in many Italian cities, atoned for by the episodical charm of the streets: by glimpses of sculptured windows, pillared court-yards, and cornices projecting a perfecting curve upon the blue; but the houses of Parma are plain

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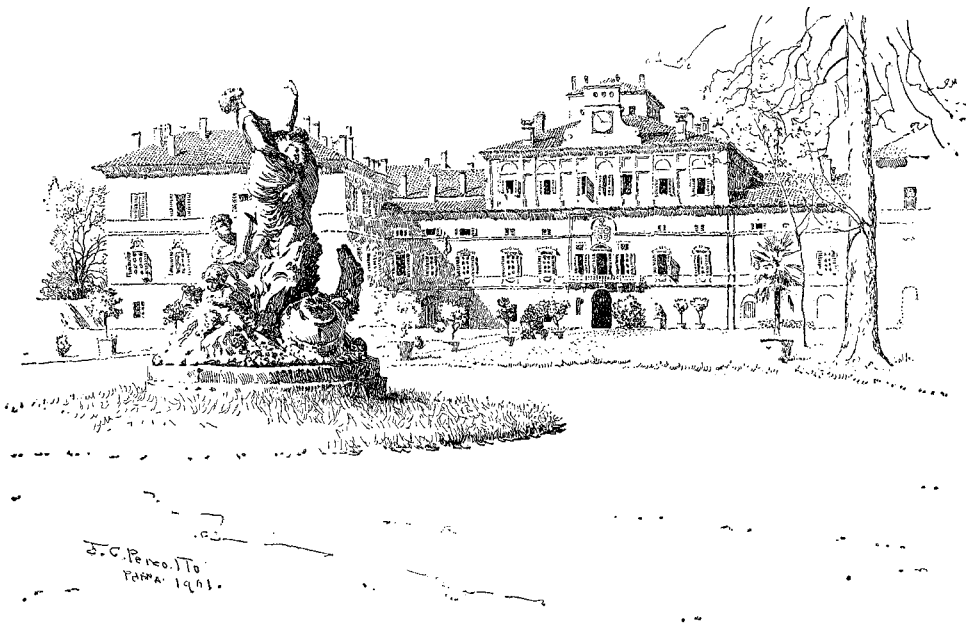

The "Little Palace of the Garden."

almost to meanness, and though their monotonous succession is broken here and there by a palace-front embroidered with the Farnese lilies, it must be owned that, with rare exceptions, these façades have few palatial qualities but that of size. Perhaps not short of Ravenna could be found another Italian town as destitute of the more obvious graces; and nowhere surely but in Italy could so uncommunicative an exterior hide such a prodigality of welcome. To the lover of Italy—the perennial wooer whom every spring recalls across the Alps—there is a certain charm in this surface dulness. After being steeped in the mediævalism of Siena, Perugia, or Pistoja, after breathing at Vicenza, Modena, and Bergamo the very air of Goldoni, Rosalba, and the *commedia dell' arte*, it is refreshing to come upon a town that holds back and says: "Find me out." Such a challenge puts the psychologist on his mettle and gives to his quest the stimulus of discovery.

It may seem paradoxical to connect the emotions of the explorer with one of the most familiar centres of artistic influence, but it is partly because Parma is still dominated by Correggio that it has as it were dropped out of the emotional range of the modern traveller. For though it is scarce a hundred years since our grand-parents posted thither to palpitate over Correggio, their æsthetic point of view is as remote from ours as their mode of locomotion. By an odd perversity of fate Correggio, so long regarded as the leading exponent of "sentiment," now survives only by virtue of his technique, and has shrunk to the limited immortality of the painter's painter. A new generation may rediscover his emotional charm, but to the untechnical picture-lover of the present day his prodigious manipulations of light and color seldom atone for the Turveydrop attitudes of his saints and angels, the sugary loveliness of his Madonnas. Lacking alike the frank naturalism of such masters as Palma Vecchio and Bonifazio, the sensuous mysticism of Sodoma and the fantastic gayety of Tiepolo, Correggio seems to typify that phase of cold sentimentality which dwindled to its end in the *Keepsakes* of sixty years ago. Each generation makes certain demands on the art of its own period and seeks certain affinities in the art of the past; and a kind of personal sincerity is perhaps what modern taste has most consistently exacted: the term being understood not in its technical sense, as applied to execution, but in its imaginative significance, as qualifying the

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"message" of the artist. It is inevitable that the average spectator should look at pictures from a quite untechnical standpoint. He knows nothing of values, brushwork and the rest; yet it is to the immense majority formed by his kind that art addresses itself. There must therefore be two recognized ways of judging a picture; by its technique and by its expression: that is, not the mere story it has to tell, but its power of rendering in line and color the equivalent of some idea or of some emotion. There is the less reason for disputing such a claim because, given the power of *seeing soul*, as this faculty may be defined, the power of embodying the impression, of making it visible and comprehensible to others, is necessarily one of technique; and it is doubtful if any artist not possessed of this insight has received, even from his fellow-craftsmen, a lasting award of supremacy.

Now the sentiment that Correggio embodied is one which, from the present point of view, seems to lack the preserving essence of sincerity. It is true that recent taste has returned with a certain passion to the brilliant mannerisms of the eighteenth century; but it is because they are voluntary mannerisms, as frankly factitious as the masquerading of children, that they have retained their hold upon the fancy. As there is a soul in the games of children, or in any diversion entered into with conviction, so there is a soul, if only an inconsequent spoiled child's soul, in the laughing art of the eighteenth century. It is the defect of Correggio's art that it expresses no conviction whatever. He offers us no clew to the *état d'âme* of his celestial gymnasts. They do not seem to be honestly in love with this world or the next, or to take any personal part in the transactions in which the artist has engaged them. In fact they are simply models, smirking and attitudinizing at so much an hour, and so well trained that even their individuality as models remains hidden behind the fixed professional smile. The conclusion is that if they are only models to the spectator it is because they were only models to Correggio; that his art had no transmuting quality, and that he was always conscious of the wires that held on the wings.

It may, indeed, be argued that devotional painting in Italy had assumed, in the sixteenth century, a stereotyped form from which a stronger genius than Correggio's could hardly have freed it; and that the triumphs of that day should rather be sought in the domain of decorative art, where conventionality becomes a strength and where the æsthetic imagination finds expression in combinations of mere line and color. Many of the decorative paintings of the sixteenth century are indeed among the most delightful products of Italian art; and it might have been expected that Correggio's extraordinary technical skill and love of rhythmically whirling lines would have found complete development in this direction. It is, of course, permissible to the artist to regard the heavenly hosts as mere factors in a decorative composition; and to consider Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers only in their relation to the diameter of a dome or to the curve of a spandril; but to the untechnical spectator such a feat is almost impossible, and in judging a painter simply as a decorator the public is more at its ease before such frankly ornamental works as the famous frescoes of the convent of St. Paul. It might, in fact, have been expected that Correggio would be at his best in executing the commission of the light-hearted abbess, who had charged him to amplify the symbolism of her device (the crescent moon) by adorning her apartments with the legend of Diana. There is something delightfully characteristic of the period in this choice of the Latmian goddess to typify the spirit of monastic chastity; and equally characteristic is Correggio's acceptance of the commission as an opportunity to paint classic bas-reliefs and rosy flesh and blood without much attempt to express the somewhat strained symbolism of the myth.

The vaulted ceiling of the room is treated as a trellised arbor, through which rosy loves peep down on the blonde Diana emerging from gray drifts of evening mist: a charming composition with much grace of handling in the figure of the goddess and in the *grisailles* of the lunettes below the cornice; yet lacking as a whole just that ethereal quality which is supposed to be the distinctive mark of Correggio's art. Compared with the delicate trellis-work

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Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

The Cathedral Interior.

The dusky magnificence of the interior.—Page 29.

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The worn red lions of the ancient porch.—Page 29.

and flitting cupids of Zucchero's frescoes at the villa Papa Giulio, Correggio's design is heavy and dull. The masses of foliage are too uniform and the *putti* too fat and stolid for their skyey task. This failure of the decorative sense is rendered more noticeable by the happy manner in which Araldi, a generation earlier, had solved a similar problem in the adjoining room. Here the light arabesques and miniature Olympians of the ceiling and the biblical and mythological scenes of the frieze are presented with all that earnest striving after personal truth of expression that is the ruling principle of fifteenth century art. It is this faculty of personal interpretation, always kept in strict abeyance to the laws of decorative fitness, which makes the mural

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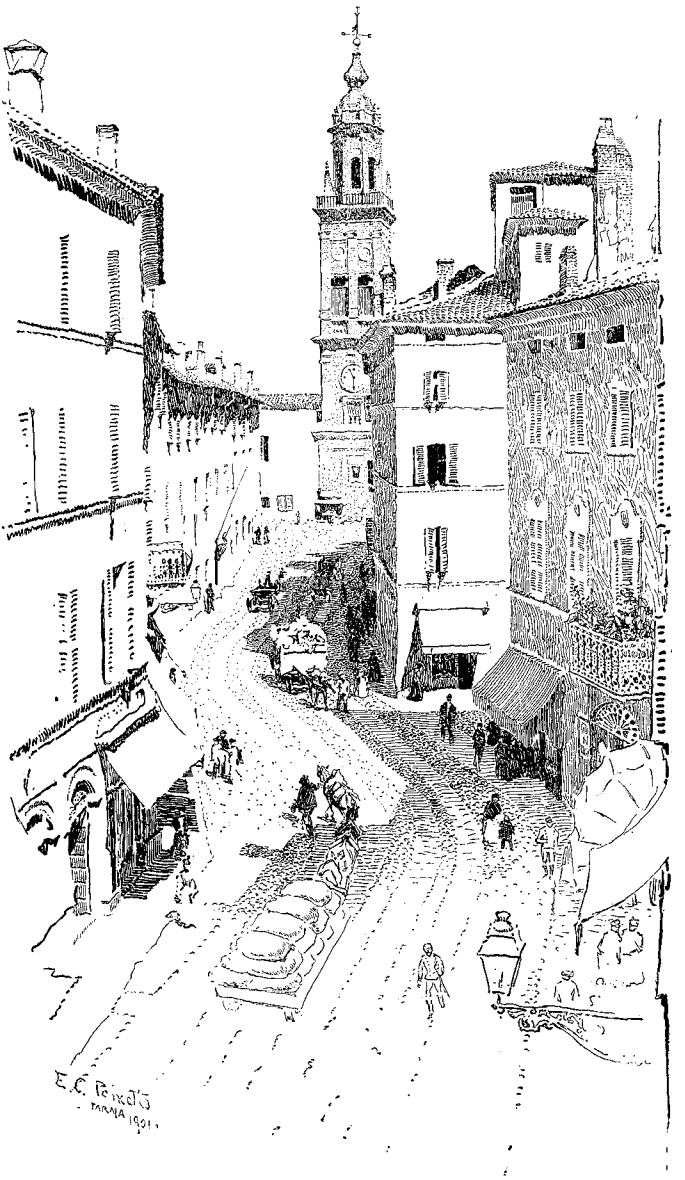

A Characteristic Street.

painting of the quattrocento so satisfying that, compared with the Mantegna room, at Mantua, the Sala del Cambio at Perugia, the Sala degli Angeli at Urbino, and the frescoed room at the Schifanoja, all the later wall-decorations in Italy (save perhaps the Moretto room at Brescia) seem to fall a little short of perfection.

Of a much earlier style of mural painting Parma itself contains one notable example. The ancient octagon of the Baptistery, with its encircling arcade and strange frieze of leaping, ramping, and running animals, is outwardly one of the most interesting buildings in Italy; while its interior has a character of its own hardly to be matched even in that land of fiercely competing individualism. Downward

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from the apex of the dome the walls are frescoed with figures of saints in rigid staring attitudes, interspersed with awkward presentments of biblical story. All these designs are marked by a peculiar naïveté of composition and vehemence of gesture and expression. Those in the dome and between the windows are attributed to the thirteenth century, while the lower frescoes are of the fourteenth; but so crude in execution are the latter that they combine with the upper rows in producing an effect of exceptional decorative value, to which a note of strangeness is given by the introduction, here and there, of high-reliefs of saints and angels, so placed that the frescoes form a background to their projecting figures. The most successful of these sculptures is the relief of the flight into Egypt; a solemn procession led by a squat square-faced angel with unwieldy wings and closed by two inscrutable-looking figures in Oriental dress.

Interior of the Baptistery.

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Seen after the Baptistery, the Cathedral is perhaps something of a disappointment; yet to pass from its weather-beaten front, between the worn red lions of the ancient porch, into the dusky magnificence of the interior, is to enjoy one of those contrasts possible only in a land where the humblest wayside chapel may disclose the stratified art of centuries. In the cupola, Correggio lords it with the maelstrom of his heavenly host; and the walls of the nave are covered with frescoes (by Mazzola and Gambara) to which time has given a golden-brown tone, as of sumptuous hangings, that atones for the pretentious nullity of their design. There is a venerable episcopal throne attributed to Benedetto Antelami, that strangely dramatic sculptor to whom the reliefs of the Baptistery are ascribed, and one of the chapels contains a magnificent Descent from the Cross with his signature; but except for these works the details of the interior, though including several fine sepulchral monuments and a ciborium by Alberti, are not exceptional enough to make a lasting impression.

The Cathedral Tower and Baptistery.

On almost every Italian town, whatever succession of masters it may have known, some one family has left its dominant mark; and Parma is distinctively the city of the Farnesi. Late-comers though they were, their lilies are everywhere, over gateways, on palace-fronts, and in the aisles of churches; and they have bequeathed to the town a number of its most characteristic buildings, from the immense unfinished Palazzo della Pilotta to the baroque fountain of party-colored marbles which enlivens, with its graceful nymphs and river-gods, the grassy solitude of the palace-square. To Rannuccio I., the greatest of these ducal builders, Parma owes the gigantic project of the Pilotta, as well as the Farnese theatre and the University. To this group Duke Ottavio, at a later date, added the charming "Little Palace of the Garden," of which the cheerful yellow façade still overlooks the pleached alleys of a formal pleasance adorned, under the Bourbon rulers who succeeded him, with groups of statuary by the court sculptor, Jean Baptiste Boudard. Ottavio commissioned Agostino Carracci to decorate the interior of the ducal villa, and even now, after years of incredible neglect and ill-usage, the walls of several rooms show remains of the work executed, as the artist's pious inscription runs, *sub umbra liliorum*. The villa has been turned into barracks, and it is difficult to gain admission; but the persistent traveller may succeed in seeing one room, where large-limbed ruddy immortals move, against a background of bluish sum-

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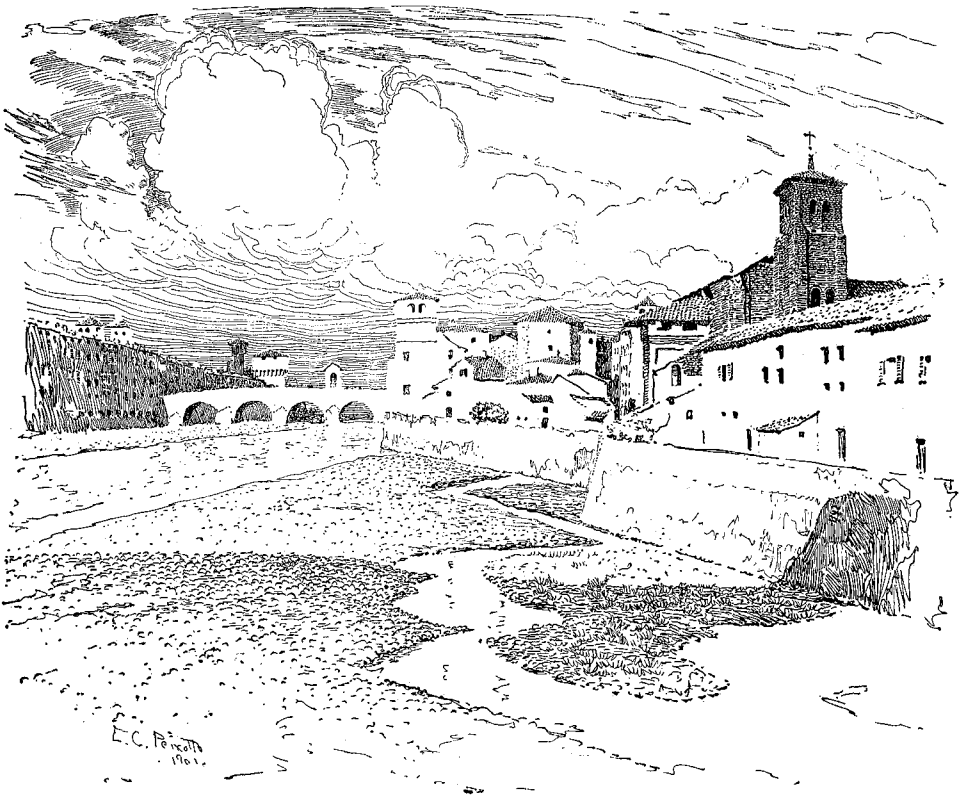

Parma from the River.

mer landscape, through the tranquil episodes of some Olympian fable. This apartment shows the skill of the Caracci as decorators of high cool ceremonious rooms, designed to house the midsummer idleness of a court still under the yoke of Spanish etiquette, and living in a climate where the turbulent mirth of Tiepolo might be conducive to apoplexy.

The most noteworthy building which arose in Parma under the shadow of the lilies is, however, the famous theatre built by Aleotti for Duke Rannuccio and opened in 1620 to celebrate the marriage of Odoardo Farnese with Margaret of Tuscany. Externally it is a mere outgrowth of the palace ; but to those who feel a tenderness for the vivacious figures of the *commedia dell' arte* and have followed their picturesque wanderings through the pages of Casanova, Gozzi, and Goldoni, the interior is an immediate evocation of the strolling theatrical life of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries — that strange period when players were summoned from duchy to principality to perform at wedding-feasts and to celebrate political victories ; when kings and princes stood sponsors to their children, and the Church denied them Christian burial.

The Farnese theatre is one of those brilliant improvisations in wood and plaster to which Italian artists were trained by centuries of hurriedly organized *trionfi*, state processions, religious festivals, returns from war, all demanding the collaboration of sculptor, architect, and painter in a rapid evocation of triumphal arches, architectural perspectives, statuary, chariots, flights of angels, and galleons tossing on simulated seas : evanescent visions of some *pays bleu* of Boiardo or of Ariosto, destined to crumble the next day like the palace of an evil enchanter. To those who admire the peculiarly Italian gift of spontaneous plastic invention, the art of the *plasticatore*, to borrow an untranslatable term, such buildings are of peculiar interest, since,

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owing to the nature of their construction, so few have survived ; and of these probably none is as well preserved as Aleotti's theatre. It is true that the painted ceiling is gone, and that the splendid Farnese dukes bestriding their chargers in lofty niches on each side of the proscenium are beginning to show their wooden anatomy through the wounds in their plaster sides ; but the fine composition of the auditorium, and the Olympus of plaster divinities peopling the niches and balustrades and poised above the arch of the proscenium, still serve to recall the original splendor of the scene. The dusty gloom of the place suggests some impending transformation, and when fancy has restored to the roof the great glass chandeliers now hanging in the neighboring museum, their light seems to fall once more on boxes draped with crimson velvet and filled with lords and ladies in the sumptuous Spanish habit, while on the stage, before a perspective of fantastic colonnades and terraces, Isabel and Harlequin and the Capitan Spavento, *plasticatori* of another sort, build on the scaffolding of some familiar intrigue the airy superstructure of their wit.

In the adjoining palace no such revival is possible. Most museums in Italy are dead palaces, and none is more inanimate than that of Parma. Many of the ducal treasures are still left—family portraits by

The Farnese Theatre.

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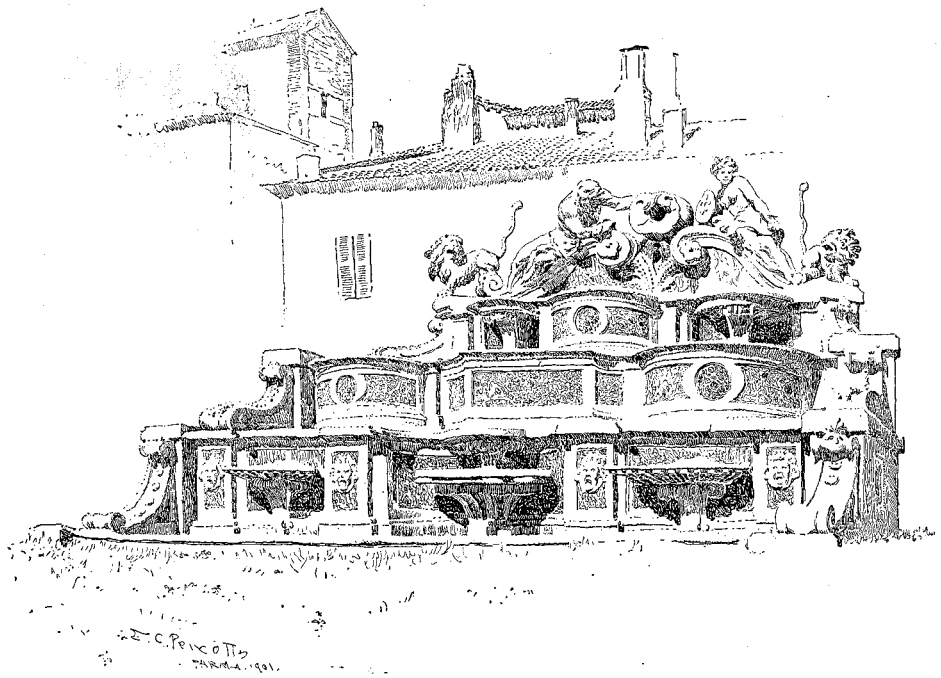
Suttermans and Sir Antony Mor, Berninesque busts of the Bourbon dukes, with voluminous wigs and fluttering steinkerks; old furniture, old majolica, and all those frail elaborate trifles that the irony of fate preserves when brick and marble crumble. All these accessories of a ruined splendor, catalogued, numbered, and penned up in glass cases, can no more evoke the life of which they formed a part than the contents of an herbarium can revive the scent and murmur of a summer meadow. The transient holders of all that pomp, from the great Alexander to Marie Louise of Austria, his last unworthy successor, look down with unrecognizing eyes on this dry alignment of classified objects; and one feels, in passing from one room to another, as though some fanciful heroic poem, depicting the splendid vanities of life, and depending for its effect on the fortunate collocation of words, had been broken up and sorted out into the different parts of speech.

This is the view of the sentimentalist; from that of the sightseer the museum of Parma is perhaps more interesting than the palace could ever have been. The Correggios are in themselves a priceless possession; the general collection of pictures is large and varied, and the wealth of bronzes and marbles, of coins, medals and architectural fragments of different schools and periods, would be remarkable in any country but Italy, where the inexhaustible wealth of the small towns is a surprise to the most experienced traveller.

On the whole, the impression carried away from Parma is incomplete and confusing. The name wakes as many scattered images as contradictory associations. It is doubtful if the wanderer reviewing from a distance his Italian memories will be able to put any distinct picture of the place beside the concrete vision of Siena, Mantua, or Vicenza. It will not hang as a whole in the gallery of his mental vignettes; but in the mosaic of detached impressions some rich and iridescent fragments will represent his after-thoughts of Parma.



The baroque fountain of party-colored marbles.—Page 29.

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THE TREATY-MAKING POWERS OF THE SENATE

By Henry Cabot Lodge

Senator from Massachusetts

THE action of the Senate upon the Hay-Pauncefote treaty last December gave rise to much discussion not only in regard to the merits of the treaty and of the Senate amendments but also as to the rights and functions of the Senate as part of the treaty-making power. That there should be differences of opinion as to the merits of the questions involved in the treaty is entirely natural, but it seems strange that there should be any misapprehension as to the functions and powers of the Senate, because those are not matters of opinion but well-established facts, simple in themselves and clearly defined both by law and precedent. Yet such misapprehension not only existed but was manifested here and there in the United States by statements and arguments as confident as they were erroneous. The English newspapers as a rule, of course, did not know anything about the powers of the Senate, but seemed to have a general belief that the Senate amendments were in some way a gross breach of faith, a view not susceptible of explanation but very soothing to those who held it, and quite characteristic. It is, however, a much more serious matter when misapprehension of this kind is found among those who are charged with the conduct of government. It is their duty and their business to understand thoroughly the institutions, constitutional provisions, and political methods of other countries with which they are obliged to have dealings and to maintain relations. We have a right to expect that Lord Lansdowne, a statesman of long experience, who has held some of the highest offices under the British Crown, who has just been advanced from the great post of Secretary of War to the still greater one of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, should understand thoroughly the constitutional provisions and modes of governmental procedure in the United States. Yet we find in Lord Lansdowne's note to Lord Pauncefote of February 22, 1901, in reference to the Senate amendments the following statement:

"The Clayton-Bulwer treaty is an international contract of unquestioned validity; a contract, which, according to well-established international usage, ought not to be abrogated or modified save with the consent of both the parties to the contract. His Majesty's Government find themselves confronted with a proposal communicated to them by the United States Government, without any previous attempt to ascertain their views, for the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty."

The meaning of this passage, taken as a whole, is not very clear, and in the last clause it contains at least one singular proposition. Admitting the international usage to be as Lord Lansdowne states it, the Hay-Pauncefote negotiation conformed to it strictly. The sole purpose of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty was to modify, by amicable agreement, the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. So far as the Hay-Pauncefote treaty went it modified the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and to that extent superseded it. How far it superseded it was a disputed point. It was strongly argued here that the Hay-Pauncefote treaty *ex necessitate* superseded entirely the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and those Senators who advocated the insertion of the words "which is hereby superseded" were generally held to be over-cautious. It was in fact this division of opinion as to the extent to which the Clayton-Bulwer treaty had been superseded which led to the adoption of the first Senate amendment. It would now appear from Lord Lansdowne's note that those who desired a specific statement of the supersession of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty were right in their construction, that

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the supersession was not complete as the Hay-Pauncefote treaty originally stood.

The point, however, to which I wish to draw attention here is quite different from the question of the supersession of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty in whole or in part, and is contained in the last sentence of the passage I have quoted. Lord Lansdowne there complains that his Government is confronted by a proposal from the United States without any previous attempt to ascertain their views. Here is where his misapprehension of our Constitution appears. If Mr. Hay had proposed to Lord Pauncefote, at any stage of their discussion, to insert clauses like the Senate amendments the proposal might have been accepted or rejected, but no complaint would or could have been made that His Majesty's Government was confronted by a proposal upon which their views had not been previously ascertained. Such propositions, coming from Mr. Hay, would have been entirely germane to the purpose of the negotiation, even if they had extended to a simple abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and would have been so recognized. What actually happened was that these propositions were offered at a later stage of the negotiation by the other part of the American treaty-making power in the only manner in which they could then be offered, and are therefore no more a subject of just complaint on account of the manner of their presentation than if they had been put forward at an earlier stage by Mr. Hay. If we follow the negotiation through its different phases, what has just been stated becomes apparent. Mr. Hay and Lord Pauncefote open a negotiation for the modification of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty in such manner as to remove the obstacles which it may present to the construction of the Central American Canal by the United States. After due discussion they agree upon and sign a treaty. That agreement, so far as Great Britain is concerned, requires only the approval of the King for its completion, but with the United States the case is very different, because no treaty can be ratified by the President of the United States without the consent of the Senate. The treaty so called is therefore still inchoate, a mere project for a treaty, until the consent of the Senate has been given to it. That all treaties must be submitted to the Senate, and obtain the Senate's approval before they can be ratified and become binding upon the United States was, we may assume, well known to Lord Lansdowne. But he does not seem to have realized that the Senate could properly continue the negotiation begun by Mr. Hay and Lord Pauncefote by offering new or modified propositions to His Majesty's Government. Of this he was clearly not informed, or he would not have made the complaint about being confronted with new propositions as if something unusual and unfair had been done. No one expects the "man in the street" or the London editor to remember that so long ago as 1795 the Senate made an entirely new amendment to the Jay treaty, and that England accepted it, or that so recently as March, 1900, the Senate made amendments to the treaty regulating the tenure and disposition of the property of aliens, and that England accepted them, or that it has been the uniform practice of the Senate to amend treaties whenever it seemed their duty to do so. But a British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs is of course familiar with all these things and ought, therefore, to realize that the Senate can only present its views to a foreign government by formulating them in the shape of amendments which the foreign government may reject or accept, or meet with counter propositions, but of which it has no more right to complain than it has to complain of the offer of any germane proposition at any other stage of the negotiation.

With misapprehension like this existing not only in the British Foreign Office and the London Press, but also in the minds of one or two exceptionally "able" editors and correspondents in this country, who spoke of the Senate's action in amending the Hay-Pauncefote treaty as a modern usurpation, it seems not amiss to explain briefly the nature and history of the treaty-making power in the United States. The explanation is easy. It rests indeed on constitutional provisions so simple and on precedents so notorious that one feels inclined to begin with an apology for stating anything at once so familiar and so rudimentary. Yet it would appear that the circumstances just set forth fully

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justify both the explanation of the law and the statement of the facts of history.

The power to make treaties is at once a badge and an inherent right of every sovereign and independent nation. The thirteen American colonies of Great Britain, as part of the British Empire and as dependencies of the British Crown, were not sovereign nations and did not possess the treaty-making power. That power was vested in the British Crown, and when exercised the colonies were bound by the action and agreements of the British Government. When the thirteen colonies jointly and severally threw off their allegiance to the British Crown and became independent, all the usual rights of sovereignty which they had not before possessed, vested, without restriction, in each one of the thirteen States. The treaty-making power was exercised accordingly by the Continental Congress which represented all the States and where the vote was taken by States. Under the subsequent Articles of Confederation the treaty-making power could not be exercised by any State alone or by two or more States without the consent of the United States in Congress and was vested in the Congress of the Confederation, where, as in the Continental Congress, each State had one vote and where the assent of nine States was required to ratify a treaty. From this it will be observed that this sovereign right which had vested absolutely in each State, although it was confided to the Congress of the United States, was kept wholly within the control of the States as such, and was never permitted to become an executive function. This was the practice and this the precedent which the Convention found before them when they met in Philadelphia in 1787 to frame a new constitution, and they showed no disposition to depart from either. The States were very jealous of their sovereign rights, among which the power to make treaties was one of the most important, and having so recently emerged from a colonial condition, they were also very suspicious and very much afraid of dangerous foreign influences, especially in the making of treaties. At the outset, therefore, it seems to have been the universal opinion that the relations of the United States with other nations should be exclusively managed and controlled by the representatives of the States, as such, in the Senate. The strength and prevalence of this feeling are best shown by the various plans for a constitution presented to the Convention. The Virginian plan so-called was embodied in resolutions offered by Mr. Randolph, which proposed to enlarge and amend the Articles of Confederation and passed over without mention the treaty-making power, accepting apparently the existing system which vested it in the States voting as such through their representatives. The plan offered by Mr. Pinckney provided that:

"The Senate shall have the sole and exclusive power to declare war; and to make treaties; and to appoint ambassadors and other ministers to foreign nations, and judges of the Supreme Court."

The New Jersey plan offered by Mr. Patterson, which aimed only at a mild amendment of the Articles of Confederation, left the treaty-making power, as under the Confederation, wholly within the control of the States voting as such in Congress.

Hamilton, who went to the other extreme from the New Jersey plan, gave the treaty-making power in his scheme to the President and the Senate, but conferred on the Senate alone the power to declare war.

All these plans, as well as the general resolutions agreed upon after weeks of debate, went to a committee of detail which on August 6th reported through Mr. Rutledge the first draft of the Constitution.

Section 1 of Article 9 of this first draught provided that: "The Senate of the United States shall have power to make treaties, and to appoint ambassadors and judges of the Supreme Court."

The manner in which this clause as reported by the Committee of Detail was modified is best described by Mr. George Ticknor Curtis in his "Constitutional History of the United States." *

The power to make treaties, which had been given to the Senate by the Committee of Detail, and which was afterward transferred to the President, to be exercised with the advice and consent of two-thirds of the senators present, was thus

* Vol. i., pp. 579-581. Last Edition.

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modified on account of the changes which the plan of government had undergone, and which have been previously explained. The power to declare war having been vested in the whole legislature, it was necessary to provide the mode in which a war was to be terminated. As the President was to be the organ of communication with other governments, and as he would be the general guardian of the national interests, the negotiation of a treaty of peace, and of all other treaties, was necessarily confided to him. But as treaties would not only involve the general interests of the nation, but might touch the particular interests of individual States, and, whatever their effect, were to be part of the supreme law of the land, it was necessary to give to the Senators, as the direct representatives of the States, a concurrent authority with the President over the relations to be affected by them. The rule of ratification suggested by the committee to whom this subject was last confided was, that a treaty might be sanctioned by two-thirds of the Senators present, but not by a smaller number. A question was made, however, and much considered, whether treaties of peace ought not to be subjected to a different rule. One suggestion was, that the Senate ought to have power to make treaties of peace without the concurrence of the President, on account of his possible interest in the continuance of a war from which he might derive power and importance. But an objection, strenuously urged, was that, if the power to make a treaty of peace were confided to the Senate alone, and a majority or two-thirds of the whole Senate were to be required to make such a treaty, the difficulty of obtaining peace would be so great that the Legislature would be unwilling to make war on account of the fisheries, the navigation of the Mississippi, and other important objects of the Union. On the other hand, it was said that a majority of the States might be a minority of the people of the United States, and that the representatives of a minority of the nation ought not to have power to decide the conditions of peace.

The result of these various objections was a determination on the part of a large majority of the States not to make treaties of peace an exception to the rule, but to provide a uniform rule for the ratification of all treaties. The rule of the Confederation, which had required the assent of nine States in Congress to every treaty or alliance, had been found to work great inconvenience; as any rule must do which should give to a minority of States power to control the foreign relations of the country. The rule established by the Constitution, while it gives to every State an opportunity to be present and to vote, requires no positive quorum of the Senate for the ratification of a treaty; it simply demands that the treaty shall receive the assent of two-thirds of all the members who may be present. The theory of the Constitution undoubtedly is, that the President represents the people of the United States generally, and the Senators represent their respective States, so that, by the concurrence which the rule thus requires, the necessity for a fixed quorum of the States is avoided, and the operations of this function of the Government are greatly facilitated and simplified. The adoption, also, of that part of the rule which provides that the Senate may either "advise or consent," enables that body so far to initiate a treaty as to propose one for the consideration of the President—although such is not the general practice.

The obvious fact that the President must be the representative of the country in all dealings with foreign nations, and that the Senate in its very nature could not, like the Chief Executive, initiate and conduct negotiations, compelled the convention to confer upon him an equal share in the power to make treaties. This was an immense concession by the States, and they had no idea of giving up their ultimate control to a president elected by the people generally. Here, therefore, is the reason for the provision of the Constitution which makes the consent of the Senate by a two-thirds majority necessary to the ratification of any treaty projected or prepared by the President. The required assent of the Senate is the reservation to the States of an equal share in the sovereign power of making treaties which before the adoption of the Constitution was theirs without limit or restriction.

The treaty clause, as finally agreed to by the convention and ratified by the States, is as follows: "He (the President) shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur, and he shall nominate and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate shall appoint ambassadors," etc.

I have quoted the provision in regard to appointments in order to define more fully the previous one relating to treaties. The use of the words "advice and consent" in both provisions has given rise to misapprehension in some minds, and even in one instance at least to the astounding proposition that because the Senate cannot amend a nomination by striking out the name sent in by the President and inserting another, it therefore, by analogy, cannot amend a treaty. It is for this reason well to note that the carefully phrased section gives the President absolute and unrestricted right to nominate, and the Senate can only advise and consent to the appointment of, a given person. All right to interfere in the remotest degree with the power of nomination and the consequent power of selection is wholly taken from the Senate. Very different is the wording

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in the treaty clause. There the words "by and with the advice and consent of" come in after the words "shall have power" and before the power referred to is defined. The "advice and consent of the Senate" are therefore coextensive with the "power" conferred on the President, which is "to make treaties," and apply to the entire process of treaty making. The States in the Convention of 1787 agreed to share the treaty power with the President created by the Constitution, but they never thought of resigning it, or of retaining anything less than they gave.

The Senate being primarily a legislative body cannot in the nature of things initiate a negotiation with another nation, for they have no authority to appoint or to receive ambassadors or ministers. But in every other respect under the language of the Constitution, and in the intent of the framers, they stand on a perfect equality with the President in the making of treaties. They have an undoubted right to recommend either that a negotiation be entered upon, or that it be not undertaken, and I shall show presently that this right has been exercised and recognized in both directions. As a matter of course the President would not be bound by a resolution declaring against opening a negotiation, but such a resolution passed by a two-thirds vote would probably be effective and would serve to stop any proposed negotiation, as we shall see was the case under President Lincoln. In the same way the Senate has the right to advise the President to enter upon a negotiation, and has exercised this right more than once. Here, again, the President is not bound to comply with the resolution, for his power is equal and co-ordinate with that of the Senate, but such action on the part of the Senate, no doubt, would always have due weight. That this right to advise or to disapprove the opening of negotiations has been very rarely exercised is unquestionably true in practice, and the practice is both sound and wise, but the right remains none the less, just as the Constitution gave it, not impaired in any way by the fact that it has been but little used.

The right of the Senate to share in treaty making at any stage has always been fully recognized, both by the Senate and the Executive, not only at the beginning of the Government, when the President and many Senators were drawn from among the framers of the Constitution and were, therefore, familiar with their intentions, but at all periods since. A brief review of some of the messages of the Presidents, and of certain resolutions of the Senate, will show better than any description the relations between the two branches of the treaty-making power in the United States, the uniform interpretation of the Constitution in this respect, and the precedents which have been established.

On August 21, 1789, President Washington notified the Senate that he would meet with them on the following day to advise with them as to the terms of a treaty to be negotiated with the Southern Indians. On August 22, in accordance with this notice, the President came into the Senate Chamber attended by General Knox, and laid before the Senate a statement of facts, together with certain questions, in regard to our relations to the Indians of the Southern District, upon which he asked the advice of the Senate. On August 24, 1789, he appeared again in the Senate Chamber with General Knox, and the discussion of our relations with the Southern Indians was resumed. The Senate finally voted on the questions put to it by the President, and in that way gave him their advice.

On August 11, 1790, President Washington, in a written message, asked whether it was the judgment of the Senate that overtures should be made to the Cherokees to arrange a new boundary, if so, what compensation should be made, and whether the United States should stipulate solemnly to guarantee the new boundary. The Senate by resolution replied to these inquiries in the affirmative.

On January 19, 1791, President Washington laid before the Senate the representation of the Chargé des Affaires of France in regard to certain acts of Congress imposing extra tonnage on foreign vessels, and asked the advice of the Senate as to the answer he should make. On February 26, 1791, the Senate, by resolution, replied to this message, stating their opinion as to the meaning of the

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fifth article of the treaty in relation to the acts of Congress which had been called in question, and advising that an answer be given to the Chargé des Affaires of France, defending the construction put upon the treaty by the Senate.

On February 14, 1791, a message was sent in which illustrates, in a very interesting way, how close the relations were between the Senate and the President in all matters relating to treaties, and how completely Washington recognized the right of the Senate to advise with him in regard to every matter connected with our foreign relations. In this message he explained his sending Governor Morris in an unofficial character to England in order to learn whether it were possible to open negotiations for a treaty, and with the message he sent various letters, so that the Senate might be fully informed as to all this business, which was, in its nature, entirely secret and unofficial.

On November 10, 1791, the Senate ratified the treaty made by Governor Blount with the Cherokee Indians, and the report of the committee begins in this way: "that they have examined the said treaty and find it strictly conformable to the instructions given by the President, that these instructions were founded on the advice and consent of the Senate on the 11th of August, 1790," etc.

It is not necessary to multiply instances under our first President. These cases which have been quoted show how Washington interpreted the Constitution which he had so largely helped to frame. It is clear that in his opinion, and in that of the Senate, which does not appear to have been controverted by anybody, the powers of the Senate were exactly equal to those of the President in the making of treaties, and that they were entitled to share with him at all stages of a negotiation.

On April 16, 1794, Washington consulted the Senate on a much more important matter than any of those to which I have referred. On that day he sent in the name of John Jay to be an Envoy Extraordinary to England, in addition to the Minister already there. He gives in the message his reasons for doing this, and in that way caused the Senate to pass, not only upon the appointment of Mr. Jay, but also upon the policy which that appointment involved.

On May 31, 1797, President Adams, in nominating his Special Commission to France, followed the example of Washington when he nominated Jay, and explained his reasons for the appointment of this commission, in that way taking the advice of the Senate as to opening the negotiations at all.

On December 6, 1797, President Adams, in submitting an Indian deed, which was the form taken by the treaty, suggested that it be conditionally ratified; that is, that the Senate should provide that the treaty should not become binding until the President was satisfied as to the investment of the money, and the resolution was put in that form. This is interesting, because it is the first case where the President himself suggests an amendment to be made by the Senate.

On March 6, 1798, in ratifying the treaty with Tunis, where the Senate had made an amendment, they recommended that the President enter into friendly negotiations with the Government of Tunis in regard to the disputed article.

February 6, 1797, President Adams nominated Rufus King, Minister to Russia, and stated that it was done for the purpose of making a treaty of amity and commerce with that country.

When President Adams reopened negotiations with France, an action which signalized the fatal breach in the Federalist party, he sent in the name of William Vans Murray to be Minister to France, explained that it was to renew the negotiation, and stated further what instructions he should give if Murray was confirmed by the Senate. So much opposition was aroused by this step that in order to secure the assent of the Senate to his policy Mr. Adams sent in the names of Chief Justice Ellsworth and Patrick Henry to be joined with Murray in the commission, and stated more explicitly the conditions on which alone he would allow them to embark.

President Jefferson, on January 11, 1803, sent in a message nominating Livingston and Monroe to negotiate with France, and Charles Pinckney and Monroe to negotiate with Spain in regard to Louisiana, setting forth fully his reasons for opening negotiations on this subject, so that the

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Senate in advising and consenting to the appointments assented also to the policy which they involved.

President Madison, on May 29, 1813, sent in a nomination for a minister to Sweden, to open diplomatic relations with that country. The Senate, on June 14, appointed a committee to confer with the President upon the subject. Madison declined the conference on the ground that a committee could not confer directly with the Executive, but only through a department. His statement of the relations of the President and Senate in his message of July 6, 1813, is interesting as showing how he, one of the principal framers of the Constitution, construed it in this respect :

> Without entering into a general review of the relations in which the Constitution has placed the several departments of the Government to each other, it will suffice to remark that the Executive and Senate, in the cases of appointments to office and of treaties, are to be considered as independent of and co-ordinate with each other. If they agree, the appointments or treaties are made; if the Senate disagree, they fail. If the Senate wish information previous to their final decision, the practice, keeping in view the constitutional relations of the Senate and the Executive, has been either to request the Executive to furnish it, or to refer the subject to a committee of their body to communicate, either formally or informally, with the head of the proper department. The appointment of a committee of the Senate to confer immediately with the Executive himself appears to lose sight of the co-ordinate relation between the Executive and the Senate which the Constitution has established, and which ought therefore to be maintained.

On April 6, 1818, President Monroe laid before the Senate correspondence with Great Britain making an arrangement as to naval armaments on the Great Lakes. He asked the Senate to decide whether this was a matter which the Executive was competent to settle alone, and if they thought not, then he asked for their advice and consent to making the agreement.

President Jackson, on March 6, 1829, asked the consent of the Senate to make with the Chargé d'Affaires of Prussia, an exchange of ratifications of the treaty with that country, the time for the exchange having passed before the Prussian ratification was received. The request was repeated on January 26, 1831, under similar circumstances in regard to the Austrian treaty.*

May 6, 1830, President Jackson, in a message relating to a treaty proposed by the Choctaw Indians, asked the Senate to share in the negotiations in the following words : " Will the Senate advise the conclusion of a treaty with the Choctaw Nation according to the terms which they propose ? Or, will the Senate advise the conclusion of a treaty with that tribe as modified by the alterations suggested by me ? If not, what further alteration or modification will the Senate propose ? " President Jackson then goes on to give his reasons for thus consulting the Senate. The passage is of great interest because it not only states the change of practice which had taken place since Washington's time in regard to consulting the Senate before or during a negotiation, but recognizes fully that although reasons of convenience and expediency had led to the abandonment of consultation with the Senate prior to a negotiation, yet it was an undoubted constitutional right of the President to so consult the Senate, and of the Senate to take part, if it saw fit, at any stage of a negotiation. President Jackson says :

> I am fully aware that in thus resorting to the early practice of the Government, by asking the previous advice of the Senate in the discharge of this portion of my duties, I am departing from a long and for many years unbroken usage in similar cases. But being satisfied that this resort is consistent with the provisions of the Constitution, that it is strongly recommended in this instance by considerations of expediency, and that the reasons which have led to the observance of a different practice, though very cogent in negotiation with foreign nations, do not apply with equal force to those made with Indian tribes, I flatter myself that it will not meet the disapprobation of the Senate.

Under President John Quincy Adams, a convention had been made with Great Britain referring to the decision of the King of the Netherlands, the points of difference between the two nations as to our Northeastern boundary line. On January 10, 1831, the King of the Netherlands rendered his decision, against which our Minister at The Hague pro-

* This became the universal practice in cases where the time for exchanging ratifications had expired by accident, or otherwise, before the exchange had been effected. It is not necessary to cite other instances.

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tested. On December 7, 1831, President Jackson submitted the decision and protest to the Senate, asking whether they would advise submission to the opinion of the arbiter and consent to its execution. The President took occasion to say in this connection: "I had always determined, whatever might have been the result of the examination by the sovereign arbiter, to have submitted the same to the Senate for their advice before I executed or rejected it."

On March 3, 1835, the Senate passed the following resolution:

Resolved, That the President of the United States be respectfully requested to consider the expediency of opening negotiations with the governments of other nations, and particularly of the governments of Central America and New Grenada, for the purpose of effectually protecting, by suitable treaty stipulations with them, such individuals or companies as may undertake to open a communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by the construction of a ship canal across the isthmus which connects North and South America, and of securing forever, by such stipulations, the free and equal right of navigating such canal to all such nations, on the payment of such reasonable tolls as may be established, to compensate the capitalists who may engage in such undertaking and complete the work.

On January 9, 1837, President Jackson replied to this resolution, stating that in accordance with its terms an agent had been sent to Central America, but that from his report it was apparent that the conditions were not such as to warrant entering upon negotiations for treaties relating to a ship canal.

President Van Buren, on June 7, 1838, sent in a message announcing that he intended to authorize our Chargé d'affaires to Peru to go to Ecuador, and as agent of the United States, negotiate a treaty with that Republic. Before doing so, however, he thought it proper, in strict observance of the rights of the Senate, to ask their opinion as to the exercise of such a power by the Executive in opening negotiations and diplomatic relations with a foreign state.

President Polk, on June 10, 1846, sent to the Senate a proposal in the form of a convention in regard to the Oregon boundary submitted by the British Minister, together with a protocol of the proceedings, and on this he asked the advice of the Senate as to what action should be taken. The message then continues as follows:

In the early periods of the Government the opinion and advice of the Senate were often taken in advance upon important questions of our foreign policy. General Washington repeatedly consulted the Senate and asked their previous advice upon pending negotiations with foreign powers, and the Senate in every instance responded to his call by giving their advice, to which he always conformed his action. This practice, though rarely resorted to in later times, was, in my judgment, eminently wise, and may on occasions of great importance be properly revived. The Senate are a branch of the treaty-making power, and by consulting them in advance of his own action upon important measures of foreign policy which may ultimately come before them for their consideration the President secures harmony of action between that body and himself. The Senate are, moreover, a branch of the war-making power, and it may be eminently proper for the Executive to take the opinion and advice of that body in advance upon any great question which may involve in its decision the issue of peace or war.

On August 4, 1846, President Polk, by message, consulted the Senate as to entering on peace negotiations with Mexico and advancing to that country a portion of the money to be paid as consideration for the cession of territory.

On July 28, 1848, President Polk sent to the Senate a message explaining his refusal to ratify an extradition treaty with Prussia, to which the Senate had agreed. When the treaty was sent to the Senate, on December 16, 1845, the President stated his objections to the third article. The Senate ratified the treaty with the third article unamended, and, thereupon, and because the Senate had not amended or stricken out the third article, the President refused to ratify the treaty himself.

On April 22, 1850, President Taylor invited the Senate to amend either the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty or that with Nicaragua so that they might conform with each other.

On February 13, 1852, President Fillmore pointed out certain objectionable clauses in the Swiss Treaty and asked the Senate to amend them.

On June 26, 1852, President Fillmore sent a letter from Mr. Webster calling attention to the non-action of the Senate upon an extradition treaty with Mexico and asked that, if it was thought objectionable in any particular, amendments

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might be made to remove the objections, such amendments to be proposed by the Executive to the Mexican Government.

On February 10, 1854, President Pierce sent to the Senate the Gadsden Treaty, signed by the plenipotentiaries on December 30, 1853, and with it certain amendments which he recommended to the Senate for adoption before ratification. It would be difficult to find a better example than this, not merely of the right of the Senate to amend, but of the fact that Senate amendments are simply a continuance of the negotiation begun by the President.

President Buchanan, on February 12, 1861, asked the advice of the Senate as to accepting the award made by commissioners under the Convention with Paraguay, following therein the precedent set by President Jackson.

On February 21, 1861, President Buchanan asked the advice of the Senate as to entering into a negotiation with Great Britain for a treaty of arbitration in regard to a controverted point in the Ashburton-Webster Treaty of 1846. His own words are: "The precise questions I submit are three: Will the Senate approve a treaty," etc.

On March 16, 1861, President Lincoln, in his first message to the Senate, repeated the questions of his predecessor as to entering upon this negotiation for an arbitration with Great Britain and said, "I find no reason to disapprove the course of my predecessor on this important matter, but, on the contrary, I not only shall receive the advice of the Senate therein cheerfully, but I respectfully ask the Senate for their advice on the three questions before recited."

On December 17, 1861, President Lincoln sent to the Senate a draught of a convention proposed by the Mexican Government and asked, not for ratification but merely for their advice upon it.

On January 24, 1862, he asked again for advice as to entering upon the treaty for a loan to Mexico so that he might instruct Mr. Corwin in accordance with the views of the Senate.

On February 25, 1862, the Senate passed a resolution to the effect "that it is not advisable to negotiate a treaty that will require the United States to assume any portion of the principal or interest of the debt of Mexico or that will require the concurrence of European powers." Meantime Mr. Corwin, not having received instructions, had made and signed two treaties for the loan, and President Lincoln, on sending them in on June 23, 1862, said in his message: "The action of the Senate is, of course, conclusive against acceptance of the treaties on my part," but the importance of the subject was such that he asked for the further advice of the Senate upon it.

March 5, 1862, President Lincoln sent a message repeating President Buchanan's request for the advice of the Senate as to accepting the Paraguayan award.

February 5, 1863, President Lincoln sent in for ratification a convention with Peru and suggested an amendment which he wished to have made by the Senate.

January 15, 1869, President Johnson sent in a protocol agreed upon with Great Britain and asked the advice of the Senate as to entering upon a negotiation for a convention based upon the protocol submitted.

April 5, 1871, President Grant transmitted a despatch from our Minister to the Hawaiian Islands, and asked for the views of the Senate as to the policy to be pursued.

May 13, 1872, President Grant sent a message to the Senate relating to differences which had arisen under the Treaty of Washington and said: "I respectfully invite the attention of the Senate to the proposed article submitted by the British Government with the object of removing the differences which seem to threaten the prosecution of the arbitration, and request an expression by the Senate of their disposition in regard to advising and consenting to the formal adoption of an article such as is proposed by the British Government.

"The Senate is aware that the consultation with that body in advance of entering into agreements with foreign states has many precedents. In the early days of the Republic, General Washington repeatedly asked their advice upon pending questions with such powers. The most important recent precedent is that of the Oregon Boundary Treaty, in 1846.

"The importance of the results hanging upon the present state of the treaty with

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Great Britain leads me to follow these former precedents and to desire the counsel of the Senate in advance of agreeing to the proposal of Great Britain."

June 18, 1874, President Grant sent in a draught of a reciprocity treaty relating to Canada, and asked the Senate if they would concur in such a treaty if negotiated.

President Arthur, on June 9, 1884, asked the advice of the Senate as to directing negotiations to proceed with the King of Hawaii for the extension of the existing reciprocity treaty with the Hawaiian Islands.

On March 3, 1888, the Senate passed a resolution asking President Cleveland to open negotiations with China for the regulation of immigration with that country. President Cleveland replied that such negotiations had been undertaken.

From these various examples it will be seen that the Senate has been consulted at all stages of negotiations by Presidents of all parties, from Washington to Arthur. It will also be observed that the right to recommend a negotiation by resolution was exercised in 1835 and again in 1888, and was unquestioned by either Jackson or Cleveland, who were probably more unfriendly to the Senate and more unlikely to accede to any extension of Senate prerogatives than any Presidents we have ever had. It will be further noted that the Senate in 1862 advised against the Mexican negotiation, and that President Lincoln frankly accepted their decision and did not even ask that the treaties which had been actually made meantime should be considered with a view to ratification.

The power of the Senate to amend or to ratify conditionally is of course included in the larger powers expressly granted by the Constitution to reject or confirm. It would have never occurred to me that anyone who had read the Constitution and who possessed even the most superficial acquaintance with the history of the United States could doubt the right of the Senate to amend. But within the last year I have seen this question raised, not jocosely, so far as one could see, but quite seriously. It may be well, therefore, to point out very briefly the law and the facts as to the power of the Senate to amend or alter treaties.

In 1795, the Senate amended the Jay Treaty, ratifying it on condition that the twelfth article should be suspended. Washington accepted their action without a word of comment as if it were a matter of course and John Marshall, in his life of Washington, has treated the Senate's action on that memorable occasion in the same way. From that day to this, from the Jay Treaty in 1795 to the Alien Property Treaty with Great Britain in 1900, the Senate has amended treaties, and foreign governments, recognizing our system and the propriety of the Senate's action, have accepted the amendments. A glance at the passages which have been cited from the messages of the presidents is enough to disclose the fact that no President has ever questioned the right of the Senate to amend, and that several presidents have invited the Senate to make amendments as to the best method of continuing the negotiations. In this case, however, we are not left to deduce the obvious right of the Senate to amend from an unbroken line of precedents and the unquestioned recognition of the right by the Chief Executive. On this point we have a direct and unanimous declaration by the Supreme Court of the United States. In Haver *vs.* Yaker, Mr. Justice Davis, delivering the opinion of the Court, said: "In this country a treaty is something more than a contract, for the Federal Constitution declares it to be the law of the land. If so, before it can become a law, the Senate, in whom rests the authority to ratify it, must agree to it. But the Senate are not required to adopt or reject it as a whole, but may modify or amend it, as was done with the treaty under consideration." * This decision of the Court is conclusive if any doubt had ever existed as to the amendment powers of the Senate, but the following list of treaties, amended by the Senate and afterward ratified by the countries with which they were made, exhibits the uniform and unquestioned practice which has prevailed since the foundation of our Government.

Algiers, 1795; Argentine, 1885 (amity and commerce), 1897 (extradition); Austria, 1856; Baden, 1857; Bavaria, 1845, 1853; Belgium, 1858, 1880 (consular); Bolivia, 1859, 1900 (extradition); Brunswick and Luneburg, 1854;

* 9 Wallace, pp. 34 and 35.

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Chile, 1900 (extradition); China, 1868, 1887 (exclusion); Columbia, 1857; New Grenada, 1888 (extradition); Congo, 1891 (relations); Costa Rica, 1852, 1861; France, 1778, 1843, 1858, 1886 (claims), 1892 (extradition); Great Britain, 1794, 1815, 1889 (extradition), 1891 (Bering Sea), 1896 (Bering claims), 1899 (real property); Guatemala, 1870 (amity and commerce); Hawaii, 1875 (reciprocity), 1886 (reciprocity); Italy, 1868; Japan, 1886 (extradition), 1894 (extradition), 1894 (commerce and navigation); Mexico, 1843, 1848, 1853, 1861, 1868, 1883 (reciprocity), 1885 (reciprocity), 1886 (boundary), 1888 (frontier), 1890 (boundary); Netherlands, 1887 (extradition); Nicaragua, 1859, 1870 (amity and commerce); Orange Free State, 1896 (extradition); Peru, 1863, 1887 (commerce and navigation), 1899 (extradition); Russia, 1889 (extradition); Saxony, 1845; Siam, 1856; Sweden, 1816, 1869 (naturalization); Switzerland, 1847, 1850, 1900 (extradition); Tunis, 1797; Turkey, 1830, 1874 (extradition); Two Sicilies, 1855; Venezuela, 1886 (claims).

From this list it appears that there have been sixty-eight treaties amended by the Senate and afterward ratified.

The results of the preceding inquiry can be easily summarized. Practice and precedent, the action of the Senate and of the Presidents and the decision of the Supreme Court show that the power of the Senate in the making of treaties has always been held as the Constitution intended, to be equal to and co-ordinate with that of the President, except in the initiation of a negotiation which can of necessity only be undertaken by the President alone. The Senate has the right to recommend entering upon a negotiation or the reverse, but this right it has wisely refrained from exercising, except upon rare occasions. The Senate has the right to amend and this right it has always exercised largely and freely. It is also clear that any action taken by the Senate is a part of the negotiation, just as much so as the action of the President through the Secretary of State. In other words the action of the Senate upon a treaty is not merely to give sanction to the treaty, but is an integral part of the treaty-making and may be taken at any stage of a negotiation.

It has been frequently said of late that the Senate in the matter of treaties has been extending its powers and usurping rights which do not properly belong to it. That the power of the Senate has grown during the past century is beyond doubt, but it has not grown at all in the matter of treaties. On the contrary the Senate now habitually leaves in abeyance rights as to treaty-making which at the beginning of the government it freely exercised, and it has shown in this great department of executive government both wisdom and moderation in the assertion of its constitutional powers.

This is not the place to discuss the abstract merits of the constitutional provisions as to the making of treaties. Under a popular Government like ours it would be neither possible nor safe to leave the vast powers of treaty-making exclusively in the hands of a single person. Some control over the Executive in this regard must be placed in the Congress, and the framers of the Constitution intrusted it to the representatives of the States. That they acted wisely cannot be questioned, even if the requirement of the two-thirds vote for ratification is held to be a too narrow restriction. These, however, are considerations of no practical importance, and after all only concern ourselves. Our system of treaty-making is established by the Constitution and has been made clear by long practice and uniform precedents. The American people understand it and those who conduct the government of other countries are bound to understand it too when they enter upon negotiations with us. There is no excuse for any misapprehension. It is well also that the representatives of other nations should remember, whether they like our system or not, that in the observance of treaties during the last 125 years there is not a nation in Europe which has been so exact as the United States, nor one which has a record so free from examples of the abrogation of treaties at the pleasure of one of the signers alone.

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A REVELATION IN THE PENNYRILE

By Ewan Macpherson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. I. KELLER

MRS. GARRARD sighed, as she took her seat at the old polished mahogany table and busied herself with the coffee-pot. The Major was prying out hot beaten biscuits from under a snowy-white napkin, while Sue, like Patience done in black on a monument, stood holding the plate at his elbow.

"Them biscuits ain't cold, 'Tula. Thought you said they was all cold."

"No? Well, I'm glad, Honey. You was so late comin', you know."

But neither were his thoughts all on beaten biscuits or other supper delicacies.

"What I was sayin', 'Tula—look a-here, didn't you tell me you seen in the paper where an emperor made a prince of a painter, or somethin'? Wish I c'd ha' remembered that fellow's name when Doc Falk was a-pokin' his long nose into my boy's affairs. What's the matter with all the people around this section, they're too dorgorn ignorant." Then, after an interval of investigation on chipped beef and scrambled eggs, "It ain't as if I couldn't *afford* to give Charlton his four years——"

"Five, dadda."

"Well, his five years, if you like—five years in France. Why, what's that to ol' man Babcock keepin' that lump of a young un' of his seven years at college, learnin' to be a doctor, and him comin' back here and set a man's right arm when his left was broke? Eh? Remember that, 'Tula?"

They made very merry over the memory of old Babcock's humiliation. But the laughter stopped suddenly, and Garrard said, in a seriously anxious tone, "'Tula, don't you reckon Charlton will settle down, when he once finds himself back on the old place? Mabel Price ain't taken up partic'lar with any other chap, is she?"

"Charlie ain't said a word about Mabel in any of his letters this long time, dadda."

"Shuh! What's that? Why, he's forgotten the looks of her, that's what. You wait an' see when he sees how she's grown. You jus' wait, now!"

"But he talks like he wanted to go and have the same doin's in New York like he had in Paris."

"Huh! What's he know 'bout New York? They ain't no *bo-zahs* in New York—only he thinks they is. You jus' wait till he get's here, mother. You'll see, when Charlton's sowed his wild oats, he'll settle down here and be a credit to us—an' all the better for knockin' about the world a bit, and seein' different places."

This theory of wild oats was Farmer Garrard's peculiar consolation under the trial of Charlton's lingering in France, and of the wonder thereat of the neighbors. He meant it to console his wife, too; but the mother was less optimistic. Five long years she had seen the leaves on the oaks outside her garden-fence change their bright green to dull, and then to brown, and had longed to see her only remaining son come back, secretly wishing he could have been more like other sons in his tastes, even if his abilities had also been less transcendent. However, she had always let her husband go on his own way rejoicing in this theory of wild oats, saving up her own doubts and perplexities against Charlton's homecoming. And now Charlton was home—in America, at least, if not in his own native Pennyrile of Kentucky.

He was to have been with them the very next day, but in the morning there came a disappointment. The telegram was sent from some unheard-of place in New York State, called Rhinebeck-on-Hudson, and it said, "Cannot come for another week. Got an order. Big thing. Dead cinch. Will not wait. Charlton."

For at least five minutes the two sat in silence, staring at that telegram. Then the old man spoke. "Don't cry, 'Tula.

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Then the old man spoke. "Don't cry, 'Tula. What you cryin' for?"—Page 44.

What you cryin' for? They ain't nothin' to cry for, Honey."

"What's it *mean*, dadda?"

"Mean? Why, he's got an order, that's what it means. Business before pleasure, you know, Honey."

"Order for what?"

"Why, pictures."

"You think Charlton would stay away from home a week longer just on account o' sellin' some pictures?"

The old man grinned, and his eyes narrowed—as was their wont on occasion—to two cunning little slits. "Don't you make no mistake, 'Tula; Charlton's got his dadda's head for business."

"What's ten dollars, or even twenty, to stayin' East another week—when he's been away from us five years nex' month? He'll spend that much on his boa'd."

"Oh, well, business is business, 'Tula." He sat looking at the paper in silence a few seconds longer, combing back with his fingers the thick, stiff gray hair on his forehead that made him proud of his likeness to General Jackson. "And he might get a mighty sight mo' than twenty, 'Tula. He's been paintin' up some pooty good bits, I reckon, all this time, and now he has a chance to sell 'em."

That was only the telegram and its effect. Next came the letter designed to explain more fully.

"If I hadn't been dead afraid to miss the chance altogether, I would have put it off till later. These people are just made of money. I met them at a *vernissage* last year, and got solid with them from the word go. With them again on the steamer. They have a daughter—no color, no life, no shape. They want a head of her. Little seven-year-old is *my* sweetheart, and I'd give my ears to do her full length, but they only want Muriel's head, and your Charlie boy knows better than spoil his market with being too willing. Told them must do the job at once—not likely to have another spare day this summer. Am having a bully time here—river, woods, butterflies, fireflies, and Minnie (the seven-year-old), showed me more things in one day than I thought God had made in seven, especially fireflies. Hurrah for good old America! And hurrah for old Kentucky next Tuesday!

"Your affec. son,

"CHARLTON.

"P. S.—It would be all too good, if Muriel would only live."

"You bet, he's struck it rich," said

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Farmer Garrard, nodding wisely at the letter.

But she only sighed, looking pained and puzzled. "You think he's stopping there just to make that girl's picture?"

"Of course, 'Tula. Ain't that what the letter says?"

"And they're goin' to *pay* him, besides givin' him his boa'd?"

"Huh!—Prob'ly pay him as high as thirty or forty dollars. Don't you never read the papers? Don't you see where some o' them 'way-up painters gets over a thousand dollars for one picture?"

"Those are the ones that's dead, Major. That's why they pay so much; because they can't do any more like them these days."

Tuesday came, and—"Hurrah for old Kentucky!" The Americans of the Quarter would have seen a double meaning in Charlton's pæan. He himself was their "Kentuck"—had been so known to them for several winters. He had come to the Quarter, after two years of a Louisville studio, with unnumbered crudenesses and inconceivable enthusiasm, two long legs, two mighty arms, and a pair of brilliant gray eyes. The atelier manner and the peaked red beard grew on him in six weeks. Bonnat took the whim to teach him in good earnest, and soon compelled his native force into the channel of the school mill. Outside—on the boulevards, in the cafés, in the rooms of the Quarter, at the balls and fêtes—why, this was just "Kentuck." He told the other Americans, when they asked him, that most fellows in Kentucky were pretty much like him—"only with more life in them"—and the Americans proclaimed with one voice that "Kentuck" was the typical American of them all. They tacitly agreed to propagate this theory when Bonnat took to stopping longer at "Kentuck's" easel than at any other, and twice as often; their zeal for it greatly increased after a certain conflict with municipal authority, when Charlton was manifestly treated with more caution by the enemy than was any other student in the mob, although he had really done nothing particularly truculent. His last exploit on the Left Bank was his head of Rosette, of the Hole in the Wall. Rosette was the waitress who beamed on all the American patrons of that dingy resort. She beamed particularly on "ce gentil Kennetocque," and he vowed not to go without taking away with him a souvenir of that frank, heart-warming smile. The work of getting the smile of Rosette fixed on canvas was accomplished in one afternoon, while she fluttered in and out of the *salle*. When Charlton packed up his brushes, the incorrigible brute of the crowd muttered, "Now she can go drown herself as soon as she likes; her smile is safe."

The inanimate Miss Muriel Schlabinger made the memory of Rosette a sad thing for Charlton; wherefore, in spite of Minnie and other compensations of life on the Hudson, he came back to his own home with all the more joy for the delay. Like the shadows before a tropical sunrise, his mother's trouble seemed to vanish before his appearing—though shadows lurk in the folds of the hills, even after a tropical sunrise.

Before they had well and thoroughly discussed the new peaked beard, dadda broke in bluntly with the question, how much the boy had "got for that job up there on the Hudson." Charlton made them guess, fumbling inside his coat.

"Twenty," the mother softly ventured.

"Mother!—Do you take me for a sign-painter?"

"There, 'Tula! What'd I tell you?—I say fifty."

When Charlton produced from his letter-case a little white slip perforated "$500," a hush fell upon the group. Dadda nervously pulled out a bundle of the native raw material and bit off a piece. Mother turned pale.

"Just wait till I endorse it to your order, dadda."

"Endorse nothin'. I want that check jus' the way it is. Great Moses! if it ain't certified, too! 'To the order of Charlton M. Garrard.' I'll be dorgorn! 'Five—hundred—dollars'!"

The old man really seemed almost as much shocked as pleased. The mother was still more shocked, and apparently less pleased. Her bosom rose and fell quickly, her face was set in a helpless stare, the tears starting up in her eyes. "You mean to say they give you all that for one week's work, Charlie?"

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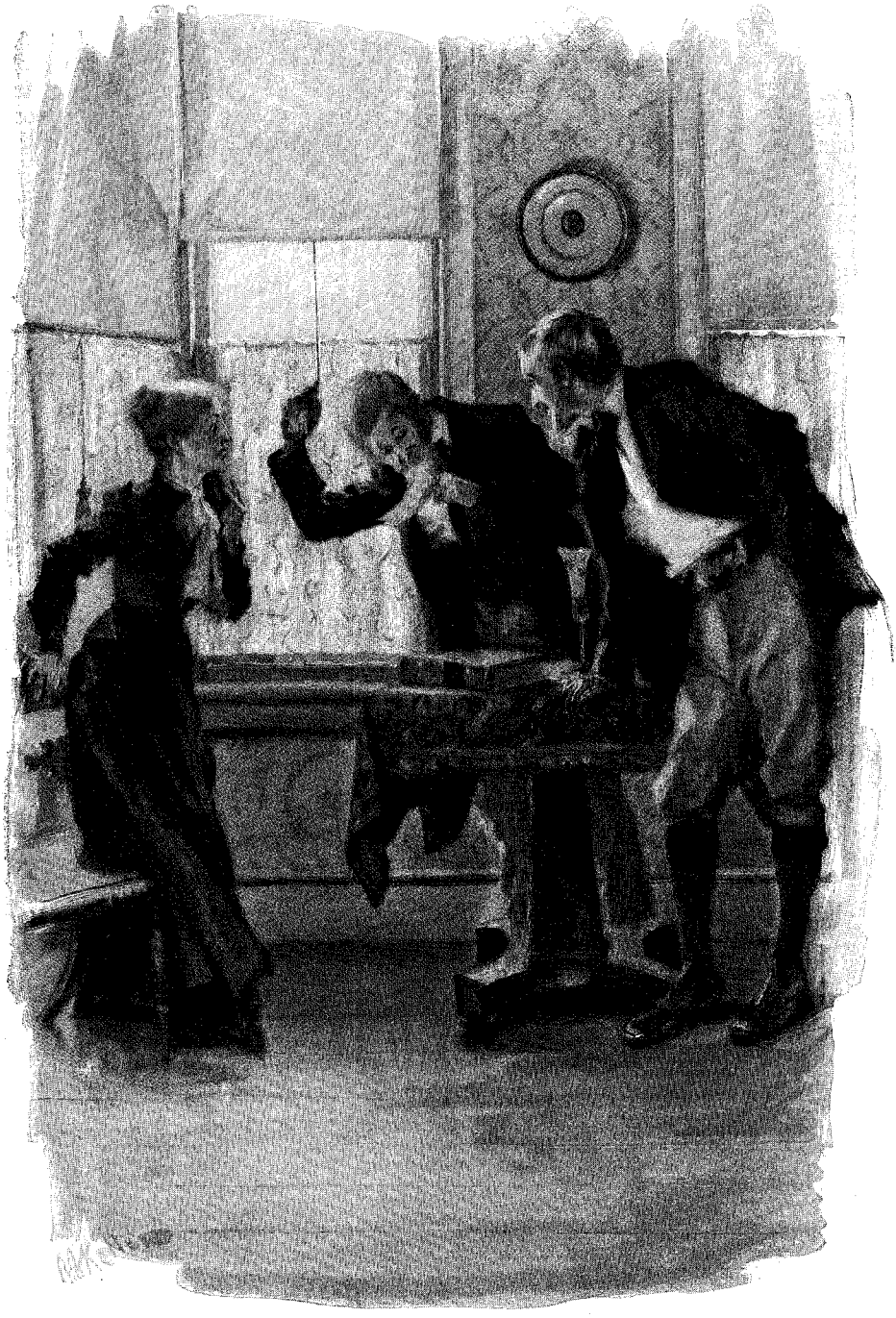

Drawn by A. I. Keller.

"Great Moses! if it ain't certified, too!"—Page 46.

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"Five days, ma'am. But it took me more than seven years to learn how."

Garrard, with puckered brow, still examined the check, repeating, "Certified! Certified! Thishyer Schlabinger—Dutch, ain't he? Sheeney?—I reckon he must be one o' them Wall Street gold-bugs, son."

"He's a Christian and a wagon-manufacturer. I don't think he's got any business in Wall Street."

"Shows how long you been out of the country. Of co'se he has. All them Eastern gold-bugs have, one way or 'nother. See here, Charlie, you len' me this check, will ye?"

"It's yours for keeps, Dadda. It's the first instalment——"

"Oh, instalment, you' foot! Mother, you talk to Charlie till I come. I got a little business I want to 'tend to at the post-office. Won't be gone long."

"Now I wonder what dadda's after," said Charlton, winding one long arm about his mother's neck.

"Let him go. I'm glad he's gone, and left you all alone to me. Come and sit out on the porch, Charlie, like we used to do—and tell mother all about your profession."

"But you don't seem to be pleased with it, mother." He smiled down at her, sitting beside him on the red garden-seat just outside the door. "No, you don't. When you saw that check, you looked as if it had been a spook."

She laughed softly, and laid her gray head on her big son's breast. "You don't understand, Charlie, boy. You know what these ignorant people here been sayin' about you? Least, they think it—they think you're not just right in your head."

"Well, perhaps I'm not. Anyway, I have spells."

"Oh, Charlie! Charlie! Don't, son; you scare me."

"Well, nothing shall scare you while I'm here. Just tell me all about it." He took her hand and patted it, quite in his old, childish fashion. "Go on, mother; tell me what they say."

"Oh, that? That was at the Shellbark County Fair, son — what kind o' scared me, and made me mad too. I never told your dadda. That was a year ago nex' fall. Our church set the dinner, and we was all wiping the dishes—all the church ladies. It was Mis' Bolton, she commenced askin' after you, and she looked so funny when she asked if you wasn't through school yet. Then Cordeely Breck, she screws up her mouth, kind o' smilin', and says, 'Well, art is long!' And you know, Charlie, they all think her so smart, because she was up to Cincinnati two years studyin' drawin' and sculpture. Then—that was what made me so mad—then I could see old Sallie Philips a-frownin' an' shakin' her head at Mis' Bolton, and she says, 'Every heart knoweth his own bitterness,' she says. 'And the Lord beholdeth all.' I was so outdone, I could hardly keep from flingin' the whole bundle of spoons right in her face."

"I'm glad it didn't come to a regular scrap, mother. No mistake about it, the church ladies think I'm crazy. Well, never mind, mother; they'll think differently in a week. I know dadda's gone to show that check all around the post-office, and in a week it'll be multiplied by ten. Oh, Lord!—now I *feel* I'm back in old Shellbark County!" And he laughed loudly, stretching his long legs, and patting his mother's hand again. "You don't mind all that now, do you? now you've got me back with you?"

She did not answer at once; she looked down, bashfully, like a girl, and laughed. "No, they can't say you're crazy now, Charlie."

"Then what's troubling you?"

"Troublin' me?"

"Yes. You've got to have it all out before dadda gets back. Come now!"

She leaned on his shoulder and said, plaintively, "I want to know all about your profession."

"So you shall, mother. What do you want me to tell you about it?"

"*Everything*—so's I can understand, same as all those people that paid you all that big money."

"Which means, *you* wouldn't have paid me, eh? Oh, mother, aren't you ashamed?"

"Don't make fun of me, Charlie. I tell you, it's mighty hard. When all them people act like they think you're crazy, I don't know what to say to them.

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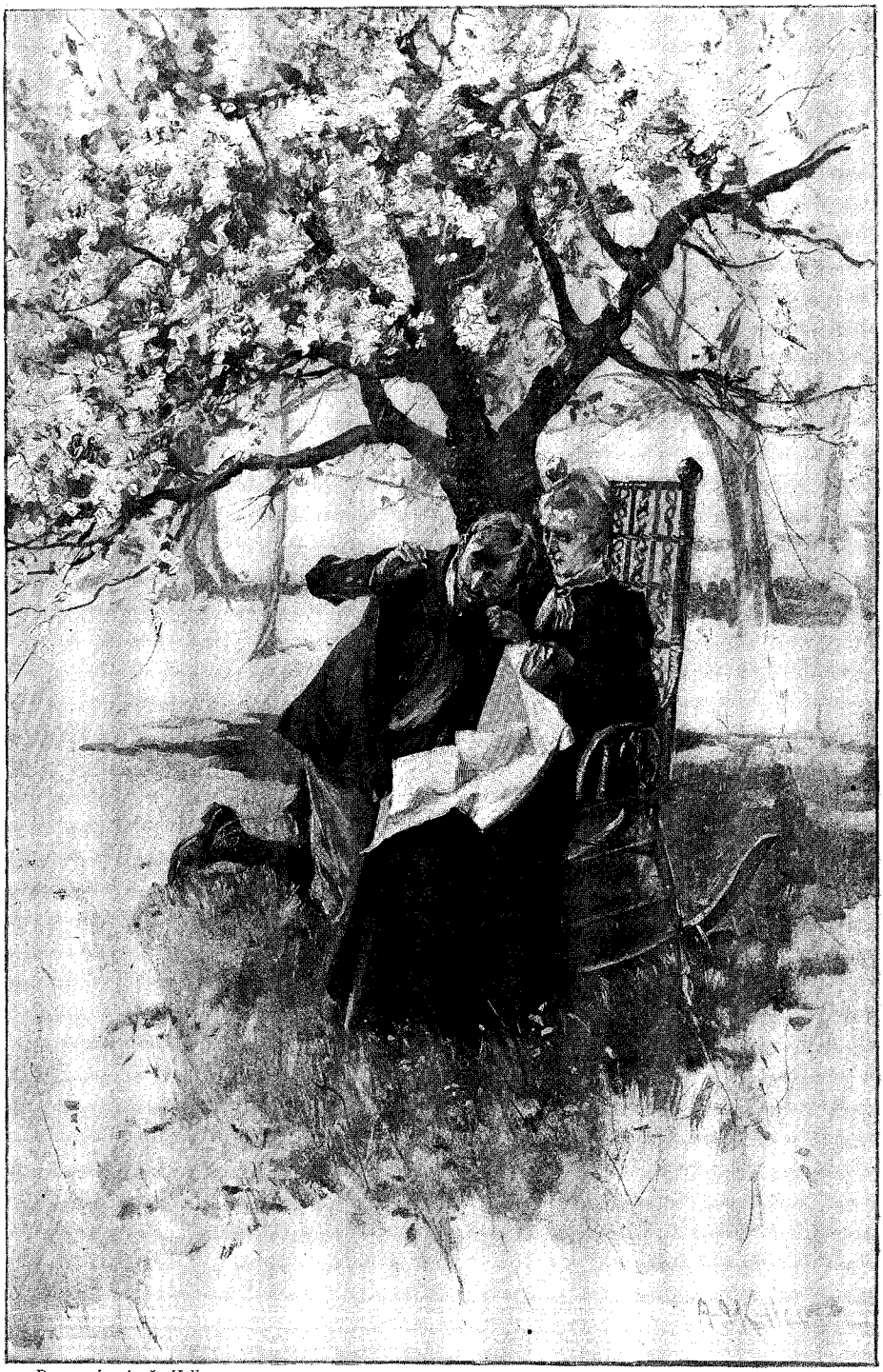

Drawn by A. I. Keller.

"Just watch the gold edging on the silver-brown trunk, mother."—Page 53.

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If it was you' friends on East, they'd just laugh at their ignorance, and me—your own mother—I'm jus' as bad myself."

"Yes, sweetness; I see now what you mean. But I never could talk art. I'm not what they call an art critic—don't know the theory."

"Can't you tell me what they is *to* it? Can't you make me *see*, like those people that say you're so smart? I know you're smart, son. But you must show me what it means, this paintin'—what they is *to* it. Strangers can understand, and I—it makes me feel so lonesome!"

"Yes, mother. I think I understand what you want. But it takes time. You wait till all my canvases and studies come. They're coming by freight. Then we'll go right through them, and I'll show you what an up-hill job I've had. You'll see what there is to it, I promise you."

"And it's all somethin' quite solid and —honest?"

"If I wasn't sure of that, mother, I'd —no, I wouldn't pitch myself in the river as long as there was you. And I'm going to do your portrait. Do you know, I haven't seen a face all this time with such delicate tints as yours? And the gray hair brings out the transparent pinks so."

She smiled up at the big son. "Aren't you goin' to do your dadda?"

"Sure! I'll do him first, if you like, to give you confidence. I see there's still a red note left in the old beard."

She looked away out at the bars of late sunlight between the locust-trees down in the pasture. "No, I won't never like any picture of your dadda as much as that one in the dinin'-room."

"You mean that crayon?"

"H'h'm. That was done from a photograph of him that was taken just after they come in and laid down their arms, after the war."

"I know, mother."

"And when I die, nobody must have it but you."

Charlton drew in his breath sharply, then hesitated before speaking again. "That's all right, good little mother. You just wait, and I'll make you see it all before the summer's over."

"I won't feel so cut off and lonesome, if I know you can make me understand just as well as anybody else."

Dadda came in from the post-office in time for supper, with his own peculiar smile of inward enjoyment working his thin lips. As he sat down at table, he was rubbing his beard with two fingers of his left hand. "Oh, my! Oh, my!" he kept saying to himself.

"Ain't you goin' to tell us, dadda?" the mother asked.

"Oh, nuthin' much to tell. I been bringin' light to a people that sat in darkness, that's all."

"Who, dadda?"

"Oh, well, if you mus' know, it was Doc Falk. You see, son, Doc Falk—you remember old Doc, don't you?—keeps the post-office? He's all right enough, only narrer-minded. Well, him an' me was havin' a little discussion las' week about art studentin' and things like that. Doc ain't in favor of a young man spendin' much time at the Paris *bo-zah*. So I thought I'd let him get a sight o' that check o' yours."

"So you've been showing that check about the cross-roads, father?"

"You hold you' horse, bud. I ain't no fat head. I took mighty good care to tell him he mustn't let it go no farther. 'Because,' I says, 'Doc, it might sort o' put the boy down in his p'fession, if the others got to thinkin' he made a circ'mstance o' gettin' a triflin' check like that.' Ho, ho! Wild oats! Oh, my Lordy! More like Burleigh, ain't it, mother?—and pooty dorgorn strong crop, too?"

Later, when Charlton was walking with his mother in the summer afterglow, he said, "I knew what the old man was after with that check. I shall have to steer clear of Doc and all the post-office crowd for some time. That won't be hard, either. I'm going to be awfully busy."

So the two of them began making plans, and soon dadda, with feet braced against a wooden pillar of the veranda, heard her laugh aloud, as she seldom did nowadays, and he took the corn-cob pipe from his mouth to ask, "What y'all laughing at?"

"Charlie wants a whole tobacco-barn to hang up his pictures in, dadda."

"Well, he can have two, if he likes. You must invite Doc Falk to you' show, son. He needs a lot of enlightenin'."

But instead of a tobacco-barn, the loft

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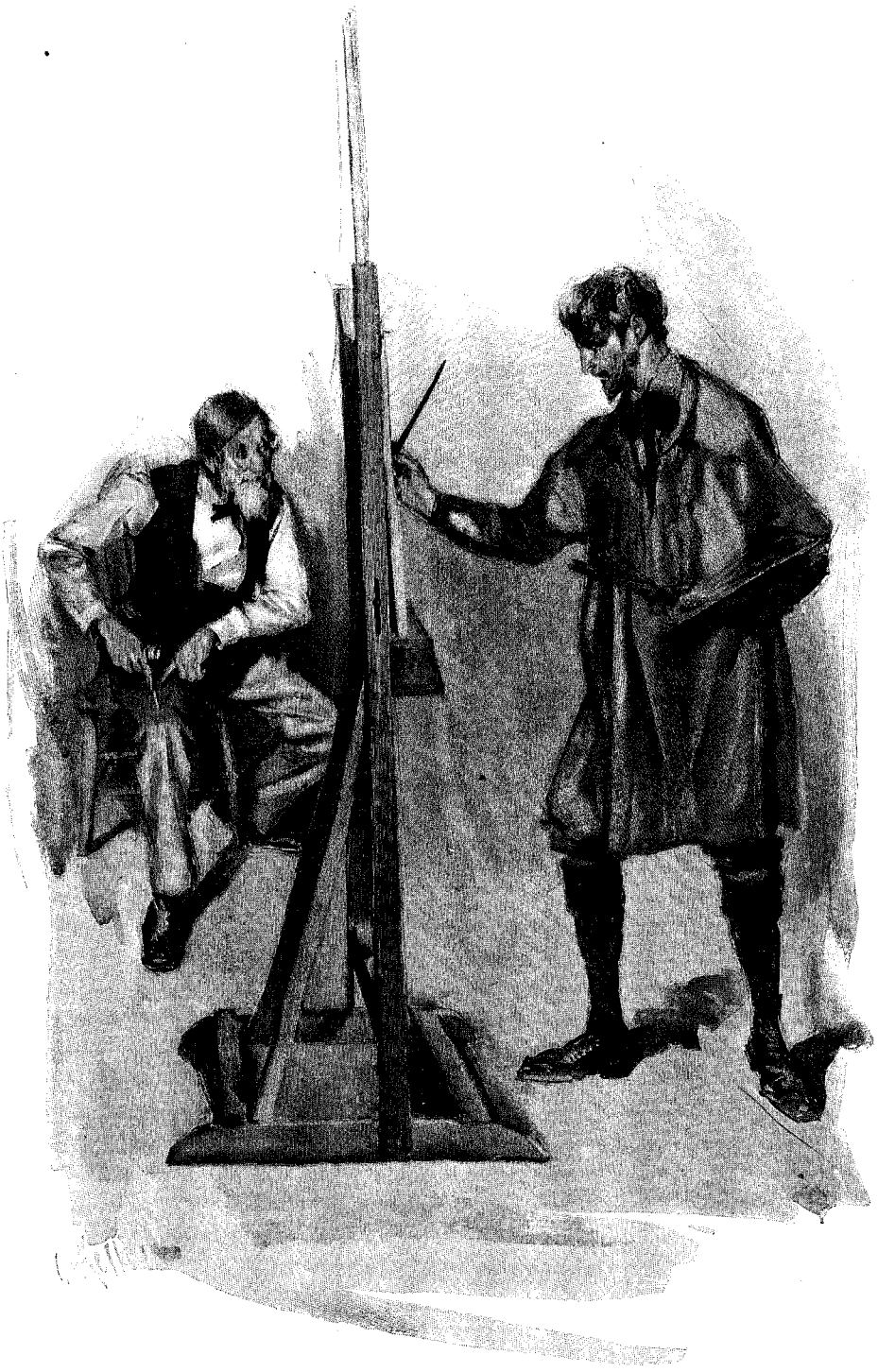

Drawn by A. I. Keller.

"Spoil the picture?"—Page 55.

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Drawn by A. I. Keller.

"*Now* I can see what they is to it, son—jus' as *plain!*"—Page 56.

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over the wagon-shed was finally decided on, and Charlton worked like a beaver at having it cleared out and fitted to all the purposes of a studio. The shingles were torn away from the sloping gable end to the north, leaving a big gap to be filled in with glass as soon as the glaziers could be got over from Paducah. This occupied most of his time for the next few days, while the freight-train was being waited for, and then there were minor pastimes, none of which took him beyond the boundaries of the farm. He did not ask for the buggy to go and renew his acquaintance with the face of the country and its inhabitants. He never even asked whether Mabel Price was married or still single, dead or alive. He barely mentioned the names of one or two of his old playmates. A gradual failure of his mother's high spirits after the first evening of his arrival seemed to come from the discovery of his earnestness in indulging tastes she could neither understand nor sympathize with. When he was tired of carpentering and acting as foreman, he would make for a particularly luxuriant patch of grass among the peach-trees, where he would lie at full length and look up at the falling blossoms. For a whole hour of one afternoon he lay there studying the way the sunlight caught the crooked stems of the trees, as it shifted and lowered, and he seemed to expect his mother to join him with enthusiasm in this idleness.

"Just watch the gold edging on the silver-brown trunk, mother. Look. It'll turn to copper presently."

As a concession to the returned prodigal, she had come to sit out there, in the orchard, in her wicker rocker, but kept busily sewing on a thing she called a "pillow-sham." "How can I watch the tree, Charlie, and attend to my work too?"

"This *is* your work, mother. This is some of 'what there is to it.'"

She said nothing, only trying to keep one eye on nature, in the gilded tree, and another on art, in the "pillow-sham," but Charlton's demands certainly seemed puerile. Neither did his enthusiasm for chasing fireflies, to be sent in cardboard boxes to Rhinebeck-on-Hudson, please her; he seemed too old for that sort of occupation. His attention to the Polk family well-nigh disgusted her. Leonidas Polk was a care-taker who occupied a cabin in the nearest tobacco-field, and his family of seven were exceptionally black. Among them was Churubusco, aged six, who did "buck-and-wing" dances to the music of a concertina and hand-clapping. The absorbed wonder in Charlton's bearded face, as he watched this performance, and the frenzy of his applause painfully reminded his mother of that passage with the church ladies at the County Fair.

"I don't see how you can make so much o' that little black nigger," she said.

"That's just it, mother. He's so gloriously black. He's like bog oak with a dancing devil inside. I'm going to try a sketch of him in sepia to send to Minnie. If I can once fix one of his diabolical attitudes, I shall be immortal."

"Immortal!" She looked at him open-mouthed, though he did not happen to be looking at her. Shades of Jackson and Crittenden! This was not any kind of immortality her people or his father's had worked and fought for. They had also made money, some of them, in strong, hard ways. Her own father had gone to immortality when the boiler of his steamboat burst, racing a close rival on the Mississippi River. And there had been distinguished lawyers in the family, one of whom, being a State Senator, had been translated in a misunderstanding with another legislator at Frankfort. His own father, before he courted her, had gone out on horseback, with a carbine and two six-shooters, to fight for a Cause; once, before they were married, he stole through the Yankee lines, wearing his butternut uniform, to visit her, then changed clothes with a brother rebel, who, for strategical reasons, had come without his uniform and then found himself face to face with the provost guard, and Charlton's future father had been within half a second of immortality in consequence; he had risked his life on a dozen other occasions for the cause, had dug his way out of prison once, and when the cause was lost, he had buckled down to hard work that any honest man could understand. Such ways to the stars Charlton's mother could appreciate. But Charlton's way seemed to lie among cardboards, canvases, and brushes, by drawing of little niggers and watching

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things that no grown-up white man of her acquaintance had ever had time to notice. How could the poor mother help it, if Charlton's profession seemed to her something like trimming hats?

But she knew that she *must* help it. If she felt inclined at times to care nothing whether she ever understood his work or not, she must remember that she *had* to understand it. It was her son's work, and his heart was in it, and so must hers be, or strangers would take her place.

And after all, Charlton had said all along that he needed that half-carload of his work to explain himself to her. She had that to look forward to, and very early on Saturday morning, after four days' waiting, notice came that the freight-train would be at the siding before noon. That was the day on which he had made all arrangements to begin on his father's portrait. She was afraid that he would leave the big ox wagon unpacked when it came, and so her enlightenment would not begin until Monday, but he promised to stop his work on the portrait and come to unpack as soon as he was called.

"I expect to be more than half through with dadda before that wagon gets here," he said. "If I get the face sketched good and strong, it won't take me two days' work altogether. It'll be more an affair of Rosette than Miss Muriel.—Who's Rosette, mother? You wait till that wagon comes."

So Charlton, in his summer working blouse, took the oak panel he had brought for this very purpose in his baggage—"Quarter-of-an-inch-thick, tough oak. That's where *you* belong," he told his father, tapping the wood with his knuckle—took it up the newly fitted step-ladder, and Major Garrard obediently followed, leaving the anxious mother to wander in unrest, attending to her household routine in a most perfunctory way, and sending successive couriers of the Polk tribe to the depot for news.

The pine floor of the loft was swept and bare. Rough timbers had been nailed in under the rafters on two sides, to make displaying screens, cutting off the two rows of unglazed dormer windows. The strong light of the summer morning came in between the stripped rafters at the north end, and there Charlton set his panel on the easel and spread his tools, whistling and looking happy.

"Do I sit down or stand up?" Dadda wanted to know. "This coat I got on feels pooty warm up here."

"Take your coat off, if you want to, dadda. I'm not going to paint your coat—not that one, anyway."—A Sunday frock, it was.—"Yes, take that chair; I got it up for that. I want plenty of light on your face, but you needn't face the glare all the time—there, that's good!"

In a very few minutes, while they were still talking about the best conditions for the work, Charlton was already busy striking out masses of brown, gold, and blue shadows on the panel. The old man lit his corn-cob pipe and talked away.

It was not difficult to start him on the early sixties, and what things occupied them in the Pennyrile in those days, though Charlton in vain manœuvred for a recital of his experiences on that chilly morning when he had stood for one critical moment, pinioned, looking into the musket barrels of a squad of Yankee soldiers; the Major considered that exclusively Mrs. Garrard's story—so he said. And as he smoked and talked, Charlton worked, only showing his appreciation by a nod, a smile, or a grunt, let into his continually hummed "Valkyrs' Ride" accompaniment. So the work went on for nearly two hours.

"Can't I have a peep now?" the old man begged at the end of that time.

"Lord, no! Make you sick to look at it at this stage. Not human yet. Looks like a fried egg overdone. Getting tired? Well, could you let up on that pipe a little?"

"All right. Don't like the smell?"

"Smell's all right. Makes a shadow on your jaw.—Ho-jo-to-ho-o-o-o!—I'm not going to have the pipe in it—Ho-jo-to-ho-o-o-o! Heia-ha!—What? Muriel Schlabinger? Oh, *she* sat as still as a bump on a log. Yes, she's a good sort enough. No life, though."

"But, look a-here, son. Th' old Dutchman ain't got no other children, 'cept that little one you like so much?"

"Minnie?—Yes, Minnie's a great girl."

"Well, I reckon Muriel will be consid-'ble of an heiress, eh?—What I was thinkin'—Now, mind yer, I ain't in favor

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o' no fortune-huntin' business. No, sir! —I was jus' wonderin' how you might like—how you might feel about—Huh?"

"Just a minute, dadda. What's that? Yes?—Heia-ha!—Ho-jo-to-ho-o-o-o!"

"Why, look a-here, son. You'll be wantin' to settle down 'fo' long. An' 'f co'se, you ain't no lame duck you'self. They ain't no mortgages and mighty few weeds on the Garrard Farm; anybody c'n tell you that. And you can make a right smart o' money you'self. But I was jus' a-thinkin', you *might* get so's to like—Well, anyway, they's the little one; first thing you know, she'll be grownup——"

"A-a-ah!—Dam—na—tion!"—This from the inmost depths of the windpipe, like the sudden escape of steam from an overpressed safety-valve. Charlton sprang back from the easel. Then a step forward and a vindictively aimed jab of heavy ultramarine on one spot of the panel. "See here, dadda, you're knocking the thing all to Hell-and-gone. Made me get that eye clear out of drawing."

"Spoil the picture?"

"Huh? Not yet. I can paint out that eye.—Where's that palette knife?—What were you talking about? Schlabingers? Oh, yes. H'h'm. You never met the old man, did you?"

"Meet him? Where?"

"Why, here, of course—in Kentucky. He was here in the war. Oh, yes. In a Michigan regiment. Told me on the steamer, coming over, that his regiment ran a whole brigade of Morgan's men out of Bardstown one Sunday morning."

"Run *us* out o' Bardstown? Sunday mornin', eh!" The Major fairly shouted this and then paused before adding, "What'd you tell him?"

"I? Oh, I said I never heard you mention it."

"Run *us* out! Ho, ho, ho-o-o! Wow-ow! You know what th' old Dutchman means, don't you?"

"No, I don't."

"Why, bud, *you* heard me tell about that Sunday mornin' in '62—no, '63. Co'se you did. Well, it was this way—Brigade! Oh, Lordy! They was about hund'ed an' twenty of us layin' for them very fellers, an' they was jus' a-pilin' along to ketch up with Buell's rear."

"H'm, that's better," the artist muttered, painting for dear life. "Yes? Well?"

"Co'se we didn't know they was two whole regiments of 'em; but they was, come to find out. They was two comp'nies of us in the town; Jim Davis's an' Hargous's—same ol' Colonel Hargous here, was askin' about you yesterday—was my comp'ny after. Well, all them Michiganders—ol' man's right; they *was* nearly all Dutch—come a-trampin' through 'bout three o'clock in the morning. Moon was jus' settin'. You bet I remember that Sunday mornin'! We jus' lay low. The whole blessed outfit tramped right through an' out on the Bowlin' Green Pike, till they was only 'bout three comp'nies, *and* the head-quarters, and the baggage. Well, that was our time. Our horses was picketed close, under them trees behind the ol' Catholic College. That little crazy red-headed Englishman—Greville was his name—got himself shot after, tryin' to escape from Dry Tortugas—he give a little whistle when Davis said, 'Now!' And, first thing you know—never fired a shot till we had their brigadier and his staff and a whole lot of Yankee ammunition and crackers. And when the shootin' commenced—why, them Michiganders thought they was right in the centre o' Bragg's army. Ho, ho! Run *us!*"

"Oh, Marse Cha-ahlton!" A shrill barbaric scream came from below. Then another, nearer and more infantile. "Oh, Marse Cap! Ol' Mis' say fo' you to come stwintly."

"Churubusco Polk," Charlton called, as the bog-oak head popped up through the trap-door at the other end of the loft, "you go and tell your mistress, won't she please come up here first. I want her up here *stwintly*. All right, dadda. Just hold on till she comes. So that's the right version of the Bardstown story, is it? Well, old Schlabinger wasn't there himself, you know. I guess the others took advantage of his—That you, mother? Wait till I come and help you up the steps."

But mother could get up that step-ladder well enough in an exciting emergency, such as this was. "I jus' knew you wouldn't want to come, Charlton. The ox wagon's down in the yard awaitin' for you. How much more you got to do?"

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"Hol' on ther', 'Tula," the old man put in, testily, jumping up from his seat. "I was jus' tellin' Charlie somethin'—What do you think that ol' Dutchman——"

But Charlton stopped him. "In a minute, dadda. I want to ask mother something about this head. Then we'll go and unpack the wagon right away, mother."

"Well, don't put it off, son." She spoke querulously. "To-morrer's Sunday, you know."

"That's all right, good little mother. This way now—back to the light. No, wait till I turn the easel a little."

"Huh! This what you been doin' all the whole mornin'?"

"Yes. Stand farther away, a little. Eh? Why, what's the matter, mother?"

And dadda echoed, "What's the matter, Honey?—Here, some o' you niggers down ther', go bring a pitcher o' water an' a tumbler—quick. You' mist'ess is sick."

She was trembling, as she stood just where Charlton had set her, her back to the light, about two yards from the newly painted panel. The blue check sunbonnet had fallen back enough to show some bright wisps of silver straggling on her forehead. Her hands were wrestling together in the folds of the gingham apron, but there was no sickness about the smile with which her eyes turned from the portrait to its original.

"I ain't no such thing—sick!"

Two big tears came with the words, and more tears followed them. Without moving from the spot where he had put her, she stretched out her arms to Charlton, then laid her forehead on his sleeve and sobbed. Then she lifted her head again and brushed the tears away to look longer at the wonderful thing that Charlie had made for her. It was her own old love—the tawny patch lingering on the grizzled beard, his own twist of the mouth and flash of the strong, even teeth under the stiff mustache, and the laughing glint of the steely eyes under bristling brows—and even the dear heart inside, which she had always thought no one in the world but herself could see, Charlie had seen that too, and put it into a picture! The thing was very hard to believe, but there it was in the strong daylight!

Dadda was at her shoulder, consoling her: "Why, that ain't nothin' to cry about, 'Tula, honey. It ain't *pooty*, but I reckon——"

"Oh, go 'way, Major! I can cry if I want to." She laughed through her tears, and Charlton saw the shell-pink spreading all over her cheeks, as she pulled his head down to whisper, "It come like a sudden shock, Charlie. I didn't know. *Now* I can see what they is to it, son—jus' as *plain!*"

THE PATHS OF DEATH

By Harriet Prescott Spofford

THERE are two folds upon the hill,
And one is lone and very still—
Only the rustle of a leaf
Gives happy sound of life and stir,
And warbles bubbling bright and brief
Where the bird skims with fearless whirr,
Or a bee rifling on his way
The honey from a wild-rose spray.
Sometimes a soft and summer shower
Drops gentle music hour by hour,
Or a long breath of wandering air
Makes melancholy murmur there,
And all is calm and full of peace
There where the dead have sweet surcease.

Within that other place of graves
The wild rains fall, the wild wind raves—
In every dusky alley met
Sad ghosts, who beat an aching breast
With anguished longing and regret,
Remember that they once were blest,
The heart gone out of them, the soul
Fled onward to some unknown goal.
For them no glad and further year,
Ashes the rose, and beauty sere,
Without a wish except to fill
Their eyes with dust—the dead who still
With ruined hope and joyless mirth
Go to and fro upon the earth!

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THE HARVEST

By Jesse Lynch Williams

A HANSOM cab came bucking down Madison Avenue with the horse at a lope and his ears thrown back. The driver was whipping excitedly. There was a young man inside, leaning forward, trying to stop the wheels with his hands. The rubber tires only spoiled his gloves, and this seemed to interest him.

Along the sidewalk, going in the same direction, was a girl in gray. No one else was in sight. She drew back, startled, as the cab dashed past, close to the curb.

He had not noticed her, but she had seen him. She had looked up, and then dropped her eyes as though it were not a proper sight for her—it was not; the young man was drunk. Yet she looked up again, gazing, with soft eyes opened wide, at the cab as it echoed down toward the next corner. Now the young man seemed to be trying to get up and jump out, and the cab-driver was leaning back, trying abruptly to stop, as if afraid his "fare" would be hurt. The girl saw them come to a standstill near the sidewalk, saw the driver open the hole in the top of the roof and begin gesticulating angrily. As she approached she heard: "Naw, I won't, I tell you! I don't care *who* you are—I'll drive on to the police station, that's where I'll drive—what's that? Naw—I ain't impertinent, either. I guess I've got some rights. I told you an hour ago I was engaged for six o'clock—what?"

The girl was now near enough to discern the voice from within, a fastidious voice. "'Sif I could help your being engaged for six o'clock," it said; "so stupid of you," and the voice died away as though the speaker was leaning back on the cushions.

"And you can't help getting in trouble, either, if you don't pay your fare and let me go."

"Like to," murmured the voice, "like to s'much. Can't do it. No money, you see. D'y' see my money any place? Lemme out to get some money. Drive to the——"

The driver seemed to be exasperated. "I'll drive straight to the station!" he shouted, with an oath, gathering up the reins.

"Orright, orright, jussus you say. Have your own way by all means. Sleepy now. Goo' night."

"Wait, driver, how much is it?" The girl in gray said this, and the cabman drew up again, looking behind him; the girl was opening her pocketbook. "How much—quickly!" she said, looking up and down the street. A block off some people were approaching.

"Well, m'am," began the cabbie, "he's had me since——"

"How much?" stamping her foot.

"Four dollars, m'am."

She whisked out a bill and handed it to him, saying: "Drive him home at once—fast—fast as you can. No, you may keep it all. Hurry."

"What address, m'am?"

The girl quickly looked about her; the people were coming nearer. She stepped close to the cab and whispered a number. "Kindly hurry," she said, and moved off.

The driver touched his hat, whipped up and loped off in the other direction. The people approaching now passed the spot where the thing happened, but they had not noticed. It had all taken place in a moment. The girl walked on, holding herself very erect. She was a very young girl.

II

AT last she reached her own room, and letting herself fall down upon the bed—the tears came as fast as they wanted to now. She had held in all the way home. She had even managed to bow to some people, as if nothing had happened.

What had happened was the most overwhelming episode in all her nineteen carefully guarded years. To her it was not a mere episode—it marked an epoch—she

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thought she could never be carelessly happy again, that she could never get the scene, with its lurid details, out of her head for a single moment of her future. Clenching her hands at her sides she lay there sobbing and shaking until she heard the dressing-bell ring.

She did not go down to dinner, but she heard the others, and this made her think of her own part in the affair. What she had seen made such an effect upon her that until now she had not stopped to consider what she had done. He was in dire distress and she happened to be there to help him, which was fortunate—that was the only way it had appealed to her. Whether or not he deserved disaster had not occurred to her, perhaps because she was a girl. Nor had the romantic aspect of it struck her—in spite of her being a girl. But now with the sound of family voices and the family dinner below, came the disquieting question, "What would they think; if people we know in that block saw me what *would* they think!" This brought color to her pale cheeks, and made her tell herself, "It was because he is Susan's brother. Could I be expected to stand still and do nothing while they took him away and locked him up, my best friend's brother?" She sat up and declared, "I don't care what anyone thinks." Then suddenly a new horror struck her, "What if *he* saw me—recognized me!" About this she seemed to care very much, for she told herself that then she would rather die than let him come near her again. "But I'm glad I did it," she cried, shaking her head. "Oh, I'm so glad I did it." Then being so glad she lay down and wept more than ever. "He never comes near me, anyway," she sighed plaintively, and by and by fell asleep.

III

Not far away, in the same block of sombre, similar houses, lay the young man of the hansom cab, likewise dinnerless.

She need not have been afraid of his knowing who sent him home; he knew nothing about it until the next morning when the servant came who had helped him upstairs.

"None of the family saw you come in, sir," he said. "It was opera night, and they were dressing for dinner early."

The man in bed growled and asked for another glass of water.

With the water the servant also offered this, "The cabman, sir, was very impertinent to you."

The young man turned over listlessly.

"He was going to have you arrested."

"Was he?" the young man replied, indifferently.

The old servant thought he could awaken a little more curiosity. "Yes, sir," he said, "the cabman told me he was just starting for the Tenderloin police station when—someone appeared and paid the fare."

This received no comment.

"It was a lady, sir."

"Was it?" said the young man, only half interested.

"I thought you might want to know."

"Yes, very unfortunate, very unfortunate," the man in bed replied, and he turned his back with an air of stopping the prattle. He did it rather grandly, as grandly as he could, being in bed. He did not believe in letting them talk, even the old privileged ones. He was always harsh, sometimes unfair, but they all seemed glad to serve him. They adored him, like his dogs.

A few years ago this episode might have appealed to him as something fine. It would have made a good story to tell his pals. Being a little older now, he felt somewhat ashamed, especially at having allowed himself to get that way in daylight.

However, one reason he did not seek more full information was that he had guessed immediately who had saved him from the police and publicity. He guessed wrongly, as wrongly as possible, though in his mind there was no doubt about it, especially as the one in mind was a member of the party with whom he had lunched.

He fully appreciated his good-fortune, for he knew what a calamity it would have been if he had not been rescued. He knew how completely it would overwhelm the family, and delight the rest of the town, to read in the morning papers—they would have been reading it at this very moment, probably—about a drunken

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dispute with a cab-driver in which he figured as chief actor.

He was not surprised at her looking out for him ; it was not the first instance of the sort, and he felt duly grateful, and he would show it the next time he saw her, which would be that day. But he did not feel well enough until evening, and then he had another engagement to keep first, a different sort of engagement : He had promised to go with his sister, intending to leave early.

He intended to leave early, but he stayed late, forgetting or neglecting his other plan, and for such a curious reason : His young neighbor was here, his sister's friend, the real one to whom he was indebted—and she ran away from him. So he ran after her. She slipped away again. This interested him—he was not accustomed to such things ; he noticed her now ; he had never noticed her before. He approved of her timidity, thinking it quite becoming and pretty. He was old enough now not to want very young girls, just out, to look him squarely between the eyes and talk, talk, talk breathlessly until they bored him into silence. He did not like them to be so perfectly at their ease and assured. So he ran after her and stayed late, as late as his sister wanted him to, for it had suddenly come over him that a lovely woman had been quietly growing up beside him without his being aware of it. Driving home he said to his sister : " How you little girls grow up," and she, having watched him, as sisters watch, sighed and was glad, for it was what she wanted to happen.

He put off his other plan the next night too, and the next, for he was saying, " Why do you always avoid me, Edith ? " and seeming to her very humble and hurt and handsome, but she would not look up at him. " I believe I can make you look up at me," he thought. " I believe I could make you stop avoiding me in time, if I wanted to."

He wanted to, more and more every day, and he no longer had any thought of carrying out his postponed plan. He had ceased going there entirely. The thought of it disgusted him, so he seldom thought of it except to resent that person's having paid his fare and sent him home in a cab ; it seemed so presumptuous, so as if she had a right to. . . . Perhaps that was why he finally forgot to send a gift of gratitude, or even a message of excuse.

But all this time he was repaying the one to whose kindness he was really indebted, many times over ; he was making her happier than she had ever been before. It was disquieting happiness, perhaps, but she was loved by the man she loved.

IV

" DEAREST," he was saying in a troubled voice, " there is something I must speak to you about." His brows took on what seemed to her a strong, imperious scowl. " I have put it off long enough as it is." All the mystery of mannishness seemed to be in that scowl. " I have kept giving myself excuses, but it's because I've been afraid to tell you—afraid it would end everything."

" Don't be afraid, Harry," she said, loving him, " it won't," and she added to herself, " It's what I have been hoping for."

He sincerely desired to be honest and check the matter off in a few generalizations and then drop the subject forever. She was so young and ignorant, he could not go into many details. Besides he was past the age of telling everything. " Edith," he said, " I have lived as most men— " then realizing how stagey that sounded, he concluded—" oh, I am so utterly unworthy of all this, and I want you to know it now, before it is too late." He paused.

" I am listening dear ; go on," she said, with a smile which sometimes came when she thought how strange it was that she could have power over him of all men.

" Well, before I knew you—that is, really knew you—I was what they call a sinful, erring man, I suppose." He smiled self-consciously, then he scowled and looked handsome, feeling foolish and futile.

" Ah, poor old Harry ; never mind then, because, Harry dear, listen, I know about it already." He seemed startled at that. " That time you accidentally took too much champagne, for instance — because you did not realize until too late. There, you see I knew about it all the time. I've forgiven you long ago, Harry," she went on, rapidly, " because I knew it was an accident—I knew you *couldn't* be that kind of

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a man. But now you understand why it took me so long to decide; yes, that's why I was so obstinate, as you said. But now —oh, I'm so glad, so glad—you were so noble, Harry, to tell me voluntarily," she ran on, breathlessly: "I knew you would —I kept telling myself you would. It was so hard, too—like pulling out a thorn, wasn't it, dear boy? But it's out now. Harry, shut your eyes." She drew a long breath. "There—" It was the first time she had kissed him.

"I wonder what she refers to?" he asked himself. But he was deeply touched at her gentle guilelessness, and it was with the best of him that he said, in a low voice with no magnificent scowl this time, "Edith, such things, all such things," dropping his eyes, "are done with forever—you are perfectly sure of that, are you not, little girl? You are not afraid? No matter what I may be guilty of?"

"Of course not, Harry; I was sure of you before," she added, confidently, "but I'm so glad you told me; everything is right and clear and beautiful; now there is nothing to mar it. Oh, I trust you so, Harry!" and she looked it.

Her gentle joy over it was painfully beautiful to him; it made her many times more adorable and desirable.

"I suppose," she said, thoughtfully, "you were in bad company—that must have been the reason." She loved him, therefore she would make excuses for him. "Do you know, I had often heard you were in a gay set, but I thought it was because you wanted to do them good; you are so strong."

She let him gain possession of her again, and he held her close to him. "How little I knew this gentle creature," he said to himself, recalling his cynicism. She was what he had often dreamed of but somehow ceased to believe in. "To think that she has been in existence all this time, that I used to pass her house every day." And then he said aloud: "Now we'll talk no more about it, shall we, dear, dear little girl? Not at present at least—I'm afraid I must say more some time—but you will help me to be more worthy of you, won't you, my blessedest, my beloved?" He had not expected to say such things as that, quite. Very tenderly, almost reverently, he raised her hand to his lips: his eyes were closed. "Now let's talk about how we'll arrange the library," he said, in a brisk tone, feeling a little self-conscious over exposing so much raw emotion. "Why do you look so troubled? Another thorn? Well, let's have it out at once." He laughed easily.

"It's my thorn this time," she said, wrinkling her white brow, "I have a confession to make."

"You? Oh, terrible!" he said, smiling in her clear eyes, but they were quite troubled. Then suddenly he bristled: "Edith," he exclaimed, "you don't mean to say you once cared for someone else!"

She laughed at him. "No, you great, funny boy, you know it has been you—always you." But she was pleased at the fierce look in his handsome face; he seemed so strong and competent to protect her; a little more of her maiden heart ran out to him just then, and she said: "I mustn't let myself love you so much, Harry," shaking her head gravely, "I think maybe it's wrong." There was a wonderful look in her eyes as she added, "But I want to."

He then undertook to make clear his opinion on the subject.

"And you are sure you love me?" she asked, with a laugh which throbbed from sheer happiness; "I don't mean as much as I do you, because you're only a man——"

But he had answers to such questions too—answers that were as original with this lover as the questions were novel.

She sighed contentedly. "Did you ever guess, Harry, that I was looking at you as you strode by the house? Yes, through the curtains in my room. I used to wait there wondering why you did not come, and when at last you did come by, my heart used to beat so that I could hardly breathe. Then as your broad shoulders—they were these same dear, smoky-smelling shoulders, weren't they? — appeared around the corner I used to wonder what it would be like if you should some day care for me, poor little me! But I thought it could never be. You seemed so much older, and so mysterious. Oh, you used to treat me very kindly, because you are always kind to everyone, but quite as if I were a child;

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until suddenly you—you treated me in another way. Why did you, Harry? You were always so big and brave and domineering, and handsome—I suppose you know that."

He smiled. "I'm glad *you* think so, anyway. Go on, little girl, tell me some more," he said, thinking how vastly different this guileless girlishness was from the coquetry and sham he had begun to expect of all women when known well enough.

"No," she answered, "I must make my confession. All that was a sort of prelude to it, you know; I was leading up to it all this time." She was the one to be self-conscious now. They were not yet used to being engaged. "It is somehow hard for me to speak of it," she began; "it isn't exactly a confession, anyway. First, tell me—I should hate to have you think I'm prying into your affairs; but I want to know something in particular about that afternoon?"

"What afternoon?"

"The time I was just speaking of—the time in the cab, when you—when someone paid your fare."

He seemed startled.

"At least," she added, biting her lip, "I understand that someone paid your fare."

"Good Heavens!" he was saying to himself, "did this blessed angel see me from her window, coming home *that* time?" His alarm drove the word "confession" out of his head, but it never would have occurred to him what she had to confess, for she did not seem to be the daring sort. He was busy thinking; he wondered who could have seen him, and how much of the story had come to her.

"You never found out who it was?" She could not help asking it.

He laughed awkwardly, "I never investigated the matter."

"Did you—did you ever hear that it was a *girl?*"

"Edith!" he exclaimed, "what meddlesome busybody told you this? I mean put such notions into your head?"

"But you know then that it *was* a girl—you know that much at least?"

"Yes, I know that much. But, what of it? Let's not waste any more time over it. Naturally this subject is unpleasant because—well, for a number of reasons, which I'll explain some time."

"What kind of a girl, Harry, do you think would do such a thing? It was a daring thing to do, bold almost, was it not? I know how you hate boldness in girls. Tell me, what do you think of such a person?" She did not see him turn scarlet because she was looking down at the rug, just as he was doing. Only, she was smiling; he was not.

Recovering himself he said, in a reproving tone, "Now, Edith, you have no right to make such insinuations."

She stopped smiling and looked puzzled. "Insinuations?"

"Yes—I say you have no right to assume that that girl was not just as proper a person as yourself," he replied, being on the defensive.

She managed to keep from laughing and said: "But I didn't assume anything, Harry, except that she must be someone"—now she pretended to be still more grave—"someone who cared very much for——"

"Oh," he replied, "women are always jealous!"

"—For your mother or your sister, I was going to say, or for your family name," she added, demurely.

Inwardly the young man could not help even now smiling pityingly at her guileless ignorance, but it was not a comfortable smile. He made no reply and kept staring at the rug.

"I wonder why he isn't more interested," she mused, disappointed, for she had practised this little farce many times with herself and meant to have some fun with it, and meant to have him see how much she had dared for his sake. "Harry," she said, leaning over toward him, "didn't you ever try to guess who it was?"

"To tell the truth, I hadn't thought very much about it."

"Oh!" she answered, "an unknown girl rescues you from a police station—saves you from disgrace and — why, Harry, you must have thought about it a little."

"That's so," he mentally poked himself, mopping his brow, "I must have." But he ventured no reply. It made him feel weak to be reminded of that other person, and all that she stood for, by this

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fair young girl and all that she meant to him now.

If he had only been looking at her he could not have been blind to the fun in her eyes, but somehow he did not feel like looking at her eyes just now. "I don't want to talk about anything but you, little girl," he said. "I don't care who it was, and there's an end to the matter—now let's talk about the house."

She did not want him not to care. "I do think, though, Harry," she said, "that at least you'd want to find out who it was, so as to—well, thank her."

"But I don't," said he, and being excited his tone was brusque—unnecessarily emphatic, she thought.

"Then I say that you are very ungrateful and I'm disappointed in you," she rejoined, somewhat in earnest now. She had never seen him in this strange, abrupt mood before. She would put an end to it; so she leaned over to him, put her hand on his arm, and with a wistful look in her eyes said, "Maybe, maybe that girl cared for *you*, though, whether you cared for her or not."

He started so suddenly that she snatched her hand away again, saying, "Why, what's the matter?"

"You don't know anything about it," he said. "That wouldn't make any difference anyway—I don't care a snap of my fingers for her, I tell you—whoever she may be. I should think you would believe me!"

He thought that was what she wanted, but it stung like a whip. "It ought to make a difference," she murmured, insistently. "You might consider her a little in the matter, it seems to me."

"But I say I do *not* consider her in the matter," he snapped out excitedly. "As far as I'm concerned, it's the same as if she were dead."

And now she was more than hurt, angered at his amazing lack of appreciation for all she had done, at such a risk. "Then I say," and she said it with much more decision than he supposed she possessed, "I say it is your duty to consider her in the matter! I say that if you do not, you are not the man I thought you were—and I don't see how I can marry such a man!"

"Really, Edith," he replied, trying to be calmly superior to the unreasonableness of girls, "we are almost losing our tempers. I'm sorry to seem harsh with you, dearie, but really I must decline to discuss this matter any longer."

"Oh, must you!"

"Yes, little girl, you don't at all understand, and this is no time to explain it."

"Indeed!" she cried, springing up wrathfully, "perhaps I understand it already—better than you, perhaps!"

He too jumped up, shot with bewildering alarm at the confident tone of her words.

"Oh, think a minute," she cried, talking rapidly. "Suppose it had reached Papa's ears—you couldn't have come here—we couldn't have been engaged—don't look at me like that, you know it is true, and it was all because—oh, you make me so ashamed to tell you now who it was—because she loved you so! loved you better than herself—don't you see what I mean? Even then when you did not care a snap of your fingers—oh," she cried out, piteously, covering her tears and shame with her hands, "who else could it have been?"

Then in the strange voice of a man in a panic she heard, "Then that woman has turned up here, after all!"

The girl uncovered her eyes and looked at him. "Woman, Harry? What woman?" But he only bit his lips and stared at her in horror at what he had heard his voice say, and what she would never forget.

She started to speak again and then stopped; she let her eyes rest on him a little longer, then dropped her gaze and stepped back. He, staring at her, saw the ghastly light of understanding come over the maiden face. "You have made a mistake," he heard her say, quietly; "I was the one. I sent you home in the cab. I thought—well, it's no matter now." She was moving still farther from him.

He said nothing. In sheer amazement his mouth had dropped open and he leaned forward, his hands on the back of the chair, staring at her without a word. Though he knew his future depended on what he might now say, he kept thinking of what, in his complete bewilderment, he had already said, and he stood there in silence, feeling as impotent to drive away

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that pitiful look of shame and intelligence from the face of the maid he loved, as to put back the tears which had fallen to the rug beneath their feet.

She had pressed both her hands to her cheeks — an unconscious characteristic, very dear to him—and now he heard her whimpering, like a terror-stricken child in the dark: "Oh, say it isn't true, Harry! I won't believe it, Harry! You of all men! Harry, you aren't saying anything to me! Oh," she wailed, "you can't answer!" Convulsively her hands pressed over her eyelids, and sinking down on the sofa she buried her face in the sofa-cushion, quivering. "And I loved you so!" he heard her whisper.

He walked to the end of the room. He came half way back. He wet his lips. "What you fear is true," he began, then he had to wet his lips again. "Probably you could not make it too strong. No, I have nothing to deny. This is indeed a fine return for what you did for me."

He paused for a moment, shuddering at the sight of the slender young figure cowering before his words. "It doesn't matter now," sobbed the voice from the sofa. "Please to go away." She seemed so pitifully young and innocent.

"O God!" he whispered, "why did it have to happen in this way?" Then with an effort, pulling himself together, he said, shaking his head: "I am not going to offer any excuses. Even if I could, I would not go into the details. Such things are not for your ears, that's why I did not tell you about it, though I meant you to know—I had no intention of letting you remain ignorant of it. You'll just have to believe that. You do believe it, don't you?"

"Please to stay over there!" said the muffled voice.

"Over here?" he said, biting his lips as he moved back. "Very well, I shall stand back here if you wish it." Then forgetting the calm words he intended to speak, "Ah, Edith," he broke out, "don't send me off like this; even a criminal has a right to speak before he is sentenced. You have a right to sentence me, but let me speak first. You owe it to me. You owe it to yourself. This is to be a decision for life. You must not make it in the mood of this moment. You must wait, you must be calm. All this seems awful to you now, I know. To a mind like yours, brought up as you have been brought up, I must seem like a horror, I know. Something repellent — diseased—oh, I know! I have no right to resent it, I suppose, but you must wait before you decide. That is all I ask of you. Oh, you would not be the first one to forgive a thing of this sort — a thing which began and ended before you came into my life, which never would have happened at all, Edith, if I had been blessed with your love earlier in my life. Edith, you know that, you believe that, you will give me credit for that much, will you not?"

He waited.

"Yes," she said, faintly, but she did not raise her head.

"And, Edith," he went on, "you could trust me now; you could not fear that ever at any time in the future—surely you could not fear that I, having you—oh, it's too awful, too impossible to mention. You know what I mean?"

"Yes."

"And you would not fear?"

"No."

"And, Edith," he said, in a low voice, dropping his gaze, "you do not imagine—you do not think that there is any—any echo of that, of all that, which could come into the future, our future—do you?"

An almost imperceptible shudder went over her, but she made no reply.

"Well, there is not," he said, uncomfortably. "You believe me?"

"Yes," she said, "I will believe anything you say." Her dispassionate tones alarmed him much more than would have the tears and rage of jealousy.

"Then, oh, Edith, my beloved, believe that you can forgive—yes, even this, my darling, in time. Oh, I know you can! I know you better than you know yourself. I know the great woman heart you have, there—you, why, you are capable of forgiving anything, and of loving the more for it. Ah, you know it is true, Edith; look up at me, my love! look up at me! come back to me! Forgive me."

He waited in silence. After awhile she said, speaking in her rapid way: "I have nothing to forgive. You did not intend even to deceive me—you were

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going to tell me all along, were you not? You said so. I believe you. It all happened long ago. Men are so tempted. I have nothing to forgive." Then she lifted her head from the sofa and, looking at him searchingly, said, more deliberately, as though she had thought it all out carefully, "You could not have gone to her, even once!"

"But, Edith, Edith," he began, perplexedly, and she interrupted, shaking her head—"or else you would have found out your mistake about the cab that day. Oh, think of it—not even once!"

"But, Edith," he exclaimed, amazed at her unaccountableness, "I loved you so—don't you see? I could not bear the thought of anyone else."

"You did not so much as *think* of her? After all she had been to you, all she had done for you?"

Baffled, he cried: "Oh, why do you harp on that! Why do you take this queer, unreasonable attitude? You are only a young girl, you are very ignorant of life and all that, but you must understand, you must imagine how abhorrent the thought of all that has been to me ever since I found *you!* Why, it would have sickened me to go there. Don't you see—can't you understand—it's all a sort of nightmare to me now!"

"There!" she broke out, no longer calm, "don't you see—don't you see for yourself what you have done, what it all means—don't you see what it shows! O-oh, it would have sickened *you!* it was abhorrent to *you; you* couldn't stand it—*you*, always *you*—but never so much as a thought for that other——"

"But, little girl——"

"No!" she cried, shrilly, springing up, "no! I am a little girl no longer! I am a full-grown woman now with knowledge of right and wrong. You have initiated me. See how old I have grown; see, I can stand here and look you in the face and discuss these things with you, my friend's brother—things I never named before. But I must consider them—it *is* a decision for life. Listen to me—I could forgive it all, I did forgive some things—oh, I enjoyed forgiving, Harry. In time, perhaps, I could forgive even the rest, as you say others before me have done—weakly, selfishly forgave because they could not have what they wanted without forgiving—but, ah, they were never made to see what I have seen in this hour. Oh, yes, I know I'm only a girl; I don't know much about 'life,' but there is one thing I know—you have made me know, you have made me see you as no girl about to be married ever saw her lover before. I see you not with my own, dazzled, girlish eyes, but with the eyes of that other woman. She loves you, loves you better than herself, although you have cast her off like a—like a necktie you no longer fancied! How do I know? You have as much as told me; why did she not come here as you thought she had done? She loved you too much—she loves you even now while you stand here telling me how sick the thought of her makes you feel. Don't look at me like that! Can you deny any of what I say? Your face shows it's true! She is loving you even now and keeping out of your way so that you may seek your happiness as you please, untrammelled by her—and you are not even grateful, or sorry, or pitiful! Do you wonder that I mistrust you, and fear you, and hate you—just in time? Now you must go—no, it is not what you did in the past—go, go—but what you are as a result of all that—go, now, please to go—with the power to sympathize burned out of you—now go."

He looked at the girl for a moment and then turned to leave the room. "And the pity of it is," he sighed aloud, "that you would have been so happy—if you had not found it out."

"For how long?" she asked.

But this question was left unanswered.

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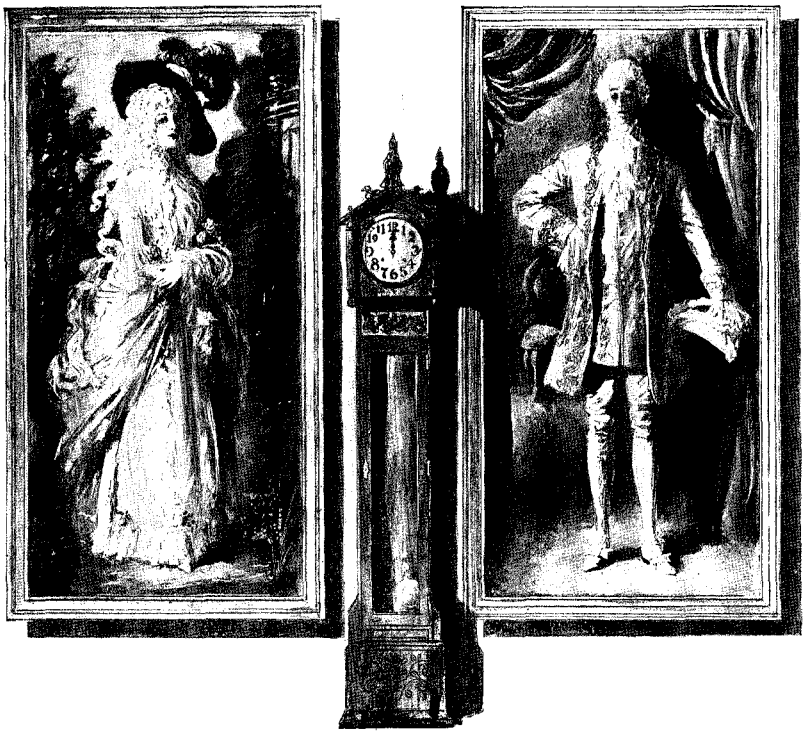

A GAINSBOROUGH LADY

A CHRISTMAS MASQUE

By Marguerite Merington

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY HUTT

SCENE:—Wall of a picture gallery. Background shows panels with nymphs in fresco. In the centre hang two life-size portraits—one a gentleman, handsome and attractive: the other a lady, young and beautiful, both of the school of Gainsborough. At first darkness fills the scene, then a moonbeam lights up the portraits. After a moment's pause the two figures come slowly to life, as if waking from a dream. Their gestures grow more and more animated, as speech ensues, but at no time do they step outside their frames. The gentleman constantly is on the point of saying something, but never once does the lady give him the chance.

(Clock strikes midnight.)

LADY (slowly coming to life).
'Twas prophesied
Some Christmas dawning,
'Twixt midnight and morning,
Would speech to us restore!
(Looks about gallery.)
My husband-lover, do you live
Below? (Gentleman makes emphatic sign of protest, unseen by lady.)
Or upward soar?—
If he were near I'd know; he was so talkative! (Sagaciously wagging head.)
Withal, the sweetest soul that ever sinned and died!
"Gad's life" (striking attitude), "now stab my vitals if they ain't
A credit to the artist's paint!"

('Twas Colley Cibber spoke!) "So time will show!"—
The day we sat for Gainsborough, some hundred years ago!

(Looking farther, she sees gentleman. Tender recognition lights the face of each.)
Then it *is* you!
How I have wondered—!
After being sundered
A century or more! (Gentleman has tried to speak.)
Oh, yes! insist on those odd years!
Altho'
Touching that score,
Your own accounts, my dear, were always in arrears!
'Twas monstrous shocking how your debts were overdue! (Gentleman tries vigorously to deny.)

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But, if you'll let me speak for once, 'tis quaint
To spring to life from canvas, paint,
And be just boy and girl, just belle and beau,
As when we sat for Gainsborough, some hundred years ago !

Sometimes, indeed,
In sunbeam's glinting,
I have said, " He's squinting,
That gentleman next door ! "
(Gentleman emphatically shakes head.)
" Pleased with my eyes, perchance, my shape,
Some beau—
Perhaps some bore !—
Who would a picture-gallery acquaintance scrape ! "
(Gentleman seems about to say, "'Pon my life ! ")
Now, now, you know you cannot innocency plead !
You know as well as I you were no saint !
A man of flesh and blood, not paint !
(As gentleman's eyes roll in protest, she waves him back toward herself and virtuously draws kerchief closer.)
Yon frescoed nymphs were never taught to sew
As we who sat for Gainsborough, some hundred years ago !

It seems, then, dear,
Long ages flitting,
Here we've hung unwitting !
(I trying to ignore
The flirt presumer by my side !)
(Gentleman disclaims the epithet.)
When, lo !
One moonbeam frore
Quickens our portraits into life, bridegroom and bride !—
'Twas God who joined us living ;—
dead, the auctioneer !
But hearts beat on as hearts, behind attaint
Of coating varnish, garish paint !
A fairer immortality can love bestow
Than that we sat for Gainsborough, some hundred years ago ! (Gentleman signs assent.)

What matters age !
Since fortune chancy
Yields this hour, in fancy
We'll live the sweet life o'er. . . .
Though each be but poor pictured ghost
A-row !—
When you shed gore
To win the season's belle, the town and tavern's toast !

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(My dear, I'm modish still ! This hat is all the rage !)
You fought ! (Gentleman protests.) You did !
That duel was no feint !
'Twas crimson blood, not crimson paint—
You rogue !—and crimson wine you caused to flow,
All in the days of Gainsborough, some hundred years ago !

Do you recall
That sweet pursuing,
Fleeing game of wooing ?—
The night this frock I wore ?—
(Ghostly strain of music is heard. Both listen.)
It echoes in remembrance yet. . . .
High—low !— (They beat time.)
We hold the floor !—
(Gentleman makes deep bow, lady deep courtesy.)
The violins play Boccherini's minuet ! . . .
(They take minuet steps.)
And you are sparking me at Lady Betty's ball !
These hands poured wine, prepared confectioned daint—
(Your heart and stomach were not paint !)
Next time you called—these lips did not say no !—
All in the days of Gainsborough, some hundred years ago !

I won't deny
That you were trying ! (Gentleman tries to protest.)
Ah, 'tis useless lying !
I have known you to snore
After your dinner, and in church !
'Tis so !
But to the core
Fine ! Never leaving foe or comrade in the lurch ! (Gentleman draws up proudly.)
An English gentleman of a good school gone by !
I love you aye, sweetheart, despite restraint
Of framing canvas, fading paint !
(Their hands reach out toward each other.)
And, speak ! Don't you——?
(As gentleman is about to speak, the sounds of dawn are heard.)
Hush, hush ! That shrill cock's crow
Says, " Peace, who sat for Gainsborough, some hundred years ago ! "
(Lady and gentleman stiffen slowly into pictures again, as darkness falls.)

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Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

Nestled herself into it as if she intended to stay there.—Page 71.

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THE BOOMER

By Albert Bigelow Paine

ALONG the bleak, far-lying hills he sees
The faint first promise of the noonday gold;
And in the murmur of a passing breeze
To him the future marvel is foretold—
Upspringing cities, harvests manifold—
His bosom swells with prophecies like these.

Success his creed, he laughs at Fortune's frown—
Hope springs diurnal in his busy brain.
At morn a wilderness, at noon a town,
At eve, perchance, a wilderness again.
What then? Behold, along the Western plain
He beams anew—his spirit will not down.

The golden hue of morning dims and dies
To dusk and dreams beyond the evening rim—
He follows it, and lo! behind him rise
The homes of sturdy ones, of purpose grim
To build a state, and these, who laugh at him,
Reap from his wrack of dreams the golden prize.

THE WOODEN INDIAN

By Albert Ellsworth Thomas

ILLUSTRATION BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

"IT'S no use, Mother, it's no use at all. They won't think right, somehow." And the tall young man at the desk by the window dropped his pen wearily, and looked out blankly over the park.

Mrs. Herrick put down her book with an air of surprise, and turned away from the fireplace.

"Won't think right, Harry?" she said, inquiringly.

"No, mother, they won't think right. Indeed, indeed, they won't think at all." And he left the window, thrust his hands into his pockets, and began to stride to and fro, in the little library, with his chin on his breast.

"They're blockheads, that's what they are. I could make better ones with an axe." He stopped and kicked the tabouret viciously.

The woman smiled a sympathetic smile. "Tell me about them, Harry," she said. The young man put his feet apart, his hands behind him, and glared malevolently at the fire.

"Oh! There's nothing to tell, my dear Mother," he said. "They're simply hopeless, that's all." The woman waited—she was good at that—and in a moment he went on, gradually warming to his subject.

"You see, Mother, it's most exasperating. Here I've made them both. I've inspired them with life; I've given them

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brains and temperament; I've educated them; I've endowed them with all the finer sensibilities and appreciations. Best of all, I've brought them together, the inevitable has happened, and now——"

"And now——?" said his mother.

"Now the ungrateful creatures won't even think to oblige me. Did you ever hear of such ingratitude?" He went over and poked the green parrot that was dozing in the cage over the window-seat. "I say, you Paul, did you ever hear of such ingratitude?" The bird remonstrated shrilly. Mrs. Herrick took up her book again.

"Perhaps you've made them too happy for thinking," she suggested, finding her place.

"Happy!" he cried. "They're wretched—perfectly wretched!" And he sank into his chair by the desk again.

"Well," said his mother, putting down her book once more, "you created them, you endowed them with all sorts of things. Didn't you make them miserable, too?"

"Not a bit of it," he cried with a smile. "I simply presented them a problem. I couldn't have done otherwise. Everybody has his problem to solve—his theorem to demonstrate."

"Possibly you forgot amid all the distractions of creation, to include, with other talents, an aptitude for mathematics," the woman intimated.

"I used the wrong figure, Mother. This isn't a mathematical problem."

"Psychological?"

"Ye-es, partly."

"Ethical?"

"Decidedly, if ethics is, as old Hentzmann used to tell us, the philosophy of conduct. Decidedly, it is ethical. Here they are, Mother, with everything in the world, especially themselves, to make them happy, if they would only use the wits I've given them, and yet there they go mooning around as if their heads were as empty as a house on the avenue in the summer. Why, with all I've done for them, they're no better than the curious little Japanese images we saw in that Fourth Avenue shop this morning." And he snapped his fingers in airy disgust.

"But this problem," said his mother, "is it so very difficult?"

"Not at all," he said, promptly; then he added, "that is, not so very"; and he concluded with a fine anti-climax, "Well, I don't know."

"Ah!" said his mother, lifting her hand reproachfully, "you see. Could you even solve it yourself?"

"For them? Oh! yes."

"For yourself?"

"Objected to," said the young man, passing his hand over his full lips to conceal a smile, "on the ground that the question is incompetent and irrelevant."

Mrs. Herrick smiled openly.

"Objection overruled," she laughed. The elder Herrick had been a judge—of several things.

Her son answered her glance with one that seemed inappropriately grave, and looked out of the window once more.

"Counsel for the plaintiff notes an exception," he said, quietly, at length.

The court proceedings were at this moment interrupted by a tap on the door, and at Mrs. Herrick's light "Come in," there entered a maid bearing a card.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Herrick, as she bent her gaze upon the bit of pasteboard, "say that I will come directly," and, as the maid vanished, she added, "It's Betty Morgan, Harry."

"Yes?" said her son without turning.

If his mother suspected in his tone an assumption of indifference, she gave it no apparent heed, but continued:

"You know, she sails on Wednesday."

"I know, Mother."

"You'd best come and say good-by, Harry. You won't see her again, I suppose."

"I suppose not, Mother."

The woman went as far as the door and turned.

"Are you coming?" she asked.

"Presently, Mother, presently," he said, still with his back to her. "It is very good of her to come." Mrs. Herrick disappeared into the hall.

When Herrick turned from the window his features exhibited a conflict of emotions, but his pace was quiet, though restless, as he strode up and down the little apartment. After a moment he stopped before his desk, sat down abruptly and began to write.

It might have been a half-hour later, he had no notion of the time, when he

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threw down his pen and sank back in his chair scowling dubiously at the last words he had written.

"Well," he said at length and with a sigh, "it's done—somehow."

At that instant there came a gentle, yet confident, tap at the door.

"Come," he said, with a start, and there entered a dark little figure that he knew—oh! how well he knew it. He rose hastily. "Betty!" he said, and was half way across the room to meet her.

"Bad, bad boy," she said, cheerily, as she put her small white hand in both of his. "It's Mohammed and the mountain, modernized, it appears."

"And dramatized, too," he smiled. "I always knew you had the making of a prophetess."

"Well," she retorted, "you certainly played the mountain to the life."

"I *have* been moved, though," he retorted.

"But not by me?"

"I didn't say that. Being like the Father of his Country in one celebrated respect, at least, I could not say it. Do sit down," and he wheeled a big leather chair up to the fire. The girl nestled herself into it as if she intended to stay there forever. It was a way she had—one of the many ways he found so ineffably charming. Possibly other girls had them, too. He did not know.

If you had asked him to describe her, he would have stared blankly. If you had insisted, he would doubtless have tried, and then he would have stammered so piteously that you would have changed the subject out of pure humanity. He could have told you that she was dark and little and—oh! so dainty. He could have told you just one thing more, but you could not have drawn it from him with wild horses. His mother knew, but he had not told her. Neither had she used wild horses.

The girl glanced at the desk.

"Writing," she said with scorn, "always writing. Can't you be satisfied for a little while with what you've done? Those Travers stories are selling enormously well, I hear. I never go anywhere without hearing about them."

"I'm sorry you've been so bored," he said.

"Harry!" she cried, bringing her hand down smartly on the broad arm of the chair, "Don't be nasty!" He smiled.

"Very well," he apologized. "I *was* writing; but I hadn't forgotten that you were here—that is, I hadn't forgotten you."

"Indeed," said Betty. He ignored the sarcasm.

"As a matter of fact," he went on, "I was thinking of you." The girl volunteered no comment, but she questioned with her eyes. Herrick evaded the inquiry. There was a long pause. He knew she was looking at him, but he kept his gaze on the fire. At length the parrot shrieked. Betty laughed softly to herself.

"And so you're going abroad?" he said. The girl nodded.

"What for?" he asked.

"Oh, Aunty's going and she wants me along."

"But she's got her companion."

"How foolish, Harry."

"Foolish?"

"Foolish, I said."

"Can't see it," he said, obstinately. Betty clasped her hands behind her head and mocked him.

"Would you prefer a paid companion to me?" she asked. Herrick looked up and smiled.

"It was foolish," he said.

"Awfully foolish?"

"Inconceivably absurd," and he smote his forehead with his open hand.

The girl threw back her head until her throat showed slenderly white against the background of the deep chair, and laughed so merrily that the parrot awoke and volunteered an irrelevant remark.

"Why don't you ask me where we are going?" she asked, as he showed no sign of speaking.

"What does it matter—so long as you are going?" he returned.

"It matters a great deal to me, I can tell you!"

"I suppose it does—to you." Again he relapsed into silence.

"I'm going to tell you, though, even if you won't display even a civil curiosity. We're bound for the Riviera."

"I hope you'll have a jolly time," he said, with an obvious effort.

"Oh, it isn't a funeral, you know," said

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Betty, with an air of challenge. Herrick capitulated.

"I beg your pardon," he said, smiling, "I really do hope you'll have a pleasant season, and I'm sure you will. Why shouldn't you? You always do have good times."

"Do I?" she said, reflectively. "Yes, I suppose I do. What were you doing there?" and she waved her hand at the desk. "You must have been—that is, I hope you were—tremendously absorbed."

"You hope I was?"

"It wouldn't have been altogether complimentary to me—when you knew I was here—if—" and she hesitated, smiling up at him.

Herrick fixed his eyes on her lips. He always did that when she smiled. There had been a time when it annoyed her, but that time had gone by never to return. He hastened to interrupt her.

"As it happens, I was more or less intent on my—my work." He rose and walked to the window. "You see," he began, briskly, then stopped abruptly, and added, "but I dare say it wouldn't interest you."

"Indeed, indeed it would," she cried, heartily.

"Well," he said, hesitatingly, "I made some people over there," indicating his desk, "and at first they pleased me. Just because they could roll their eyes and move their arms and—and——"

"Squeak when you squeezed them?" she suggested.

"Thank you. Squeak when you squeezed them, and wouldn't fall down when you set them up— I thought they were alive. I was so pleased with them that I thought seriously of telling them how nice they were, when all at once——"

"All at once?"

"I found they were dead."

"Dead?"

"Dead as a herring."

"Please, is that very dead indeed?"

"Awfully dead, believe me."

"How annoying!"

"Wasn't it? Imagine," and he came and stood behind her chair. "Here they were with every outward symbol of value, from the standpoint of the artist; proportions and color, and all that, admirable, but only so much lumber after all—the man especially. He—oh! he was an awful wooden Indian."

"Poor boy! What could you do for them?"

"I simply made 'em do things. I'm ashamed to own it, so don't you go and tell; but, when they wouldn't move, I shoved 'em around, and when they wouldn't think, I said they did. Oh, I lied about 'em, as cook says, 'mos' scandalous.' I only hope nobody will find it out."

"Harry, I don't believe it," said Betty, with gay incredulity.

"Oh, but I did, I assure you; you don't think I'd say it if I didn't?"

"I shouldn't think you'd say it anyhow," she retorted. "Now, when I tell just a wee, little, white one—" He smiled, and she concluded, "However, that's beside the point." She put her chin in her hand and gazed into the fire, considering. Presently she asked, innocently:

"How did you find out they were dead?"

"Why, they wouldn't do anything. They wouldn't think."

"Wouldn't?"

"Wouldn't."

"But perhaps they could. Wouldn't implies will." He was silent. "Besides, you made them do it after all."

"I said," he replied, deliberately, "that I *said* they did it."

The girl pressed the tips of her fingers together.

"Come, now," she said, "what were they like, and what was it you asked them to do? You may have been unreasonable, you know."

"Well," said Herrick, "he was a decent enough sort of chap—good family—wholesome instincts, and all that, with just about enough money to live, with a reasonable amount of industry, you know, and she——"

"A love-story?" the girl interrupted. He nodded, and went on: "She was not altogether different in many ways, for their people had known each other for generations, but, still her case was—was——"

"Different?"

"In some ways, different. You see her father had so much money that he was obliged to spend most of his time preventing other people from getting it away from

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him. There was every reason why she should have lived the life that was lived by the people of her particular little world, and so—she lived it." He gripped the arms of his chair.

"Do you blame her—so very much?" asked Betty, in a low voice; she was giving his recital the closest attention. He started.

"No—no," he cried, with disproportionate anxiety, "certainly not; haven't I said there was every reason for it?" and after a pause, that was only barely perceptible, he went on:

"As for him, it may as well be said that he loved her—loved her so—but we needn't go into that. It's enough for our purpose to say that he loved her."

The girl shot a lightning glance at him from under her dark lashes.

"Still," she said, musingly, "I should like to know how much he loved her." Herrick passed one hand over his brow.

"Possibly," he said, gravely, "possibly I'll read it for you some time."

"How about her—how about the girl?" demanded Betty.

"Well, he thought she liked him."

"Didn't he know?"

"Well, yes, he knew she liked him. If she hadn't, she—she wouldn't have given him as much of her time as she did, nor have been so kind to him in other ways."

"But she didn't love him?"

"I didn't say so."

"But did she?"

Herrick cleared his throat.

"He—he didn't know," he said, hesitatingly.

"Oh! dear!" said Betty. "He *was* a wooden Indian. He should have found out. He could have done that easily enough, now couldn't he?"

"I think," said Herrick, "that he was something of a coward. He was a little afraid of—well, of the money."

"Afraid of what people would say!" said Betty. "A fine hero you've made!"

"My dear—Betty," said Herrick, "we are all of us more or less afraid of what people will say. I fancy I am perhaps as courageous morally as most people, but I should scarcely care to appear at church in an otherwise correct attire that included tan shoes, nor, I think, would you revel in the idea of accompanying me in such——"

"But I would," cried Betty, triumphantly, "if the game were worth the candle."

"I was about to say," he responded, "that this chap, although he knew unpleasant people would say he wanted the money, had made up his mind that the game was worth the candle."

"And still he hesitated?" she asked, impatiently.

"And still he hesitated. You see," he went on, with sudden energy, "he realized that it was the happiness—for all their lives—of both of them that depended. Here was a girl whose life was largely occupied with things that were not for him. She spent her time in ways and with people that to him seemed, for the most part, utterly wearisome, hopelessly vapid, and mentally degrading. And though it had not spoiled her, how could he ask her to give it up, for he knew that he could not live that life himself, no, not even for her, and not even with her."

"Don't you think——" the girl began, but he rushed on, as if in fear that he might not say it if he were stopped.

"And then, too, he distrusted his power to hold her. He feared that even if she tried to give them up, there would, after a time, come stealing back a longing for the old, gay, smart, empty things that had grown up around her and from which he took her, and—well, he couldn't conceive of anything more horrible—for both of them." The girl was not to be deterred.

"Don't you think," she said, again, "that maybe she did all these—these tiresome—" He took his hand from his eyes sharply—"useless things, because—because she had nothing better?"

"Eh?" said Herrick, blankly.

"Don't you think that maybe she was starving all the while for what he was withholding from her? What right," she added steadily, with a ring of sweet reproach in her low voice, "what right had he to starve her?"

"Betty!" he said in wonderment.

"And so your fine hero stood between 'maybe' and 'perhaps' and 'I wonder' and 'I'm afraid,' and all the while she was—at least, she may have been—starving at his door. He thought she might be there, but he wasn't sure. He hoped she

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was, but he might be sorry a hundred years after, if she were, so he left the door shut and sat inside stingily toasting his feet at the fire. Pshaw! Harry, I don't think much of your hero. But I can't stay here discussing him or I shall be late for dinner," and she rose and stood before the fire. Herrick rose, too.

"I said in the first place," he said, "that although he wouldn't move I pushed him around." Betty sat down again. "I made him open the door." Betty opened her eyes.

"Was she there?" she said.

"Yes," said he, "and I forced him to ask her to come in, and then he told her all the reasons why she shouldn't." Betty sighed plaintively.

"He must have been awfully afraid of you," she said. "Did she come?"

"What do you think she said?" he asked, and his heart beat so violently that he tapped on the arm of the chair so that she might not hear it. Betty considered an hour, he thought.

"That depends," she announced at length. "You haven't told me, oddly enough, whether she loved him or not."

"To tell the truth," he faltered, guiltily, "I don't know."

"If she didn't," Betty went on, "then she probably said: 'I'm very much obliged to you, kind sir, but I was merely sitting on your doorstep to enjoy the view. I really had no idea, from the stillness about the house, that anybody was at home. I'm so sorry I disturbed you.'"

"But, if she did?" insisted Herrick.

This time it was Betty who rose and Betty who went to the window. Far off across the Park arose the big hotels on the Plaza,

—dim, instinct in the twilight,

their lofty outlines blending obscurely with the darkened sky; up through the foliage of the early spring glimmered faintly the lights of swiftly moving carriages; and above all and through all trembled the unearthly voice that is never silent, though it speaks in various moods, the voice that blends into itself the cry of human happiness, the wail of human woe, the rush and roar and crash of the thousand mindless things that man has made to serve his ends—the voice of the great city. It was a sight and a sound that she never forgot.

"I think," she said at last, and her voice seemed to Herrick so very far away, "that if she truly loved him, she must have said: 'I've all the world outside—without you; but if you please, I'd like so much to come in—with you—and shut it out—forever.'"

Herrick leaped to his feet with a half-suppressed cry and strode to the desk.

"Betty, Betty," he said, "that's what I made her say; see here," and he sank into the chair and tapped his finger triumphantly upon the words.

The girl still looked out over the twinkling park. Presently she turned and came to his side; her hands were clasped before her and the heavy lashes covered the brown eyes.

"Yes," she answered, tremulously; "yes, that's what you've made her say." At that moment he saw her as she was.

"Betty," he said; Oh! Betty, I—am the wooden Indian." No answer.

"I've thrown the door open to you—so wide—so wide that I can never close it again with you outside. Won't you come in?"

She tried to speak, but her lips would not respond, so she put two white arms around his neck instead. Also she opened her eyes. And they were wet.

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WHEN CHRIST WAS BORN

By Florence Earle Coates

On that divine all-hallowed morn
When Christ in Bethlehem was born,
How lone did Mary seem to be,
The kindly beasts for company!

Yet when she saw her infant's face—
Fair with the soul's unfading grace,
Softly she wept for love's excess,
For painless ease and happiness.

She pressed her treasure to her heart—
A lowly mother, set apart
In the dear way that mothers are,
And heaven seemed nigh, and earth afar:

And when grave kings in sumptuous guise
Adored her babe, she knew them wise;
For at his touch her sense grew dim—
So all *her* being worshipped him.

A nimbus seemed to crown the head
Low-nestled in that manger-bed,
And Mary's forehead, to our sight,
Wears ever something of its light;

And still the heart—poor pensioner!
In its affliction turns to her—
Best loved of all, best understood,
The type of selfless motherhood!

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MILITARY PARADES AND PARADE TRAINING

By David B. Macgowan

The Pavlosk Regiment Uniform.

WHEN Frederick the Great reviewed his grenadiers at Potsdam they were in battle order. The monarchs of Europe continue to hold Frederickian parades, but there is not one of them who would not shudder at the thought of sending his battalions from the "Field of Mars" into an engagement. A parallel can thus be drawn between the military pageant of to-day and the tourney, for, Sir Walter Scott to the contrary, it is quite evident the tourney attained its greatest brilliancy after the knight had ceased to be of capital importance in war. The Field of the Cloth of Gold was a century after Agincourt and Creçy.

For reasons which will appear later, the St. Petersburg parade is the most showy and effective in Europe, and in witnessing the review held there, it was easy to turn back in the mind to Henry VIII., Charles V., and Francis I. In brilliancy of color, as a grand living tapestry, it would probably stand comparison with the traditional splendors of the meeting between the rivals of the great Charles. A superb picture—but absolutely without relevance to genuine military preparation, if, indeed, the parade drill cannot be considered as a positive handicap. The modern parade, is, as were the Ædile games, the gladiatorial contests and the chariot races in olden times, a part of the governing scheme in countries where it is considered wise to entertain, but not to consult, the taxpayer.

As a spectacle, the St. Petersburg parade is worth describing before the experiences of the Transvaal War have sent it to join knight errantry and the joust with lances.

Germany and Russia being the military powers *par excellence*, it is entirely natural that the superiority of their reviews should be generally acknowledged. Which of the two, the Berlin or the St. Petersburg exercises, should be regarded as best, depends entirely on the point of view. The writer has seen three reviews on the Temple of Field, and has no desire to criticise them, but the Russian parade is indisputably more effective to the unmilitary eye. The reasons why this is so cannot be open to dispute. The Russian uniforms and equipment are more decorative and offer finer color effects. The "crack" cavalry regiments of Russia are also better mounted—at least from the point of view of the observer, who loves a harmonious ensemble. The main difference, however, is that the Temple of Field is so large that no single observer can see one-fourth of the picture at one time. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that the St. Petersburg display excels its Berlin rival largely on account of its more glaring sins against modern military science.

The local "Field of Mars," where nearly 30,000 soldiers of the three principal branches engage in mimic war, is an ordinary city block, in size not more than a quarter by three-eighths of a mile. On two sides of the smoothly rolled and carefully sprinkled floor, are palaces. On the other, public gardens. Nearly the whole of the widest side is taken up with loges, backed by tiers of chairs and benches, with the imperial loge, a tent carpeted with Bokharas and Afghans, slightly advanced. Imagine the loges peopled with the fashion and beauty of a cosmopolitan capital, arrayed in the choicest Parisian costumes that the wealth of an empire of 130,000,000 souls can pay for, while gaudily dressed officers with clanking swords are grouped in the foreground. Fill the field with dense, straight lines of infantry

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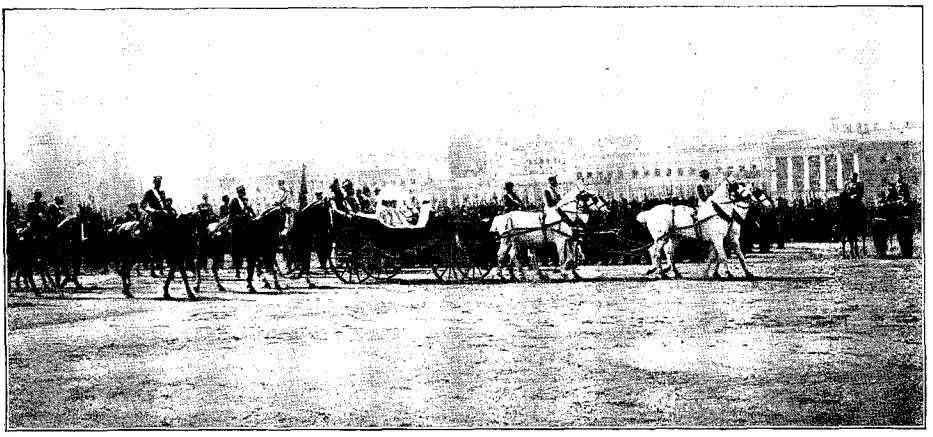

The Procession of Their Imperial Majesties.

in parade uniforms of every hue and design. Commanding officers and orderlies dash hither and thither forming the ranks. There is a fringe of populace on the outskirts, and, in the distance, fair faces look down from brightly hung palace windows. Above is a cloudless sky, and the light breeze insures comfort.

The Grand Duke Constantine Constantinovitch, with his aide-de-camp, makes a galloping inspection and elicits from the mighty machine a series of jerky, metallic sounds which pass for cheers. At eleven o'clock the Grand Duke Vladimir appears with his staff. He is commander of the St. Petersburg military district and his advent marks the official beginning. Meantime members of the imperial families and court ladies are arriving in open barouches.

The amateur's camera is doing duty in every loge. Professional photographers have their tripods planted in the foreground and our American lecturer, armed with a permit from the Prefect of Police, appears to be everywhere at once. There is a camera in every pocket, and two slung round his neck. Just now he is photographing the American Ambassador and Mrs. Charlemagne Tower, General and Mrs. George Williams, of Washington, the Princess Cantacuzene, and groups of officers in particularly fine uniforms. He aims his lens at two grand duchesses. One quickly turns away with a pretty pout, and the other tries to look pleasant and is entirely successful. Later on, he will biograph the stately tread of infantry and the impetuous charge of cavalry, and record for American friends the smile, the gestures, and the motion of the lips of the Czar of all the Russias as he rides around the circle of his officers to receive written reports and to thank them, with a hearty grip of the hand, for the successful performance of their commands.

His Majesty's Hussars' Rather Showy Uniform.

The Empress and the Dowager Empress arrive and are greeted with a trifle less warmth from the loges than the beauty and amiability of the one and the dignity and wisdom of the other would seem to entitle them to. The young Empress has not yet completely won

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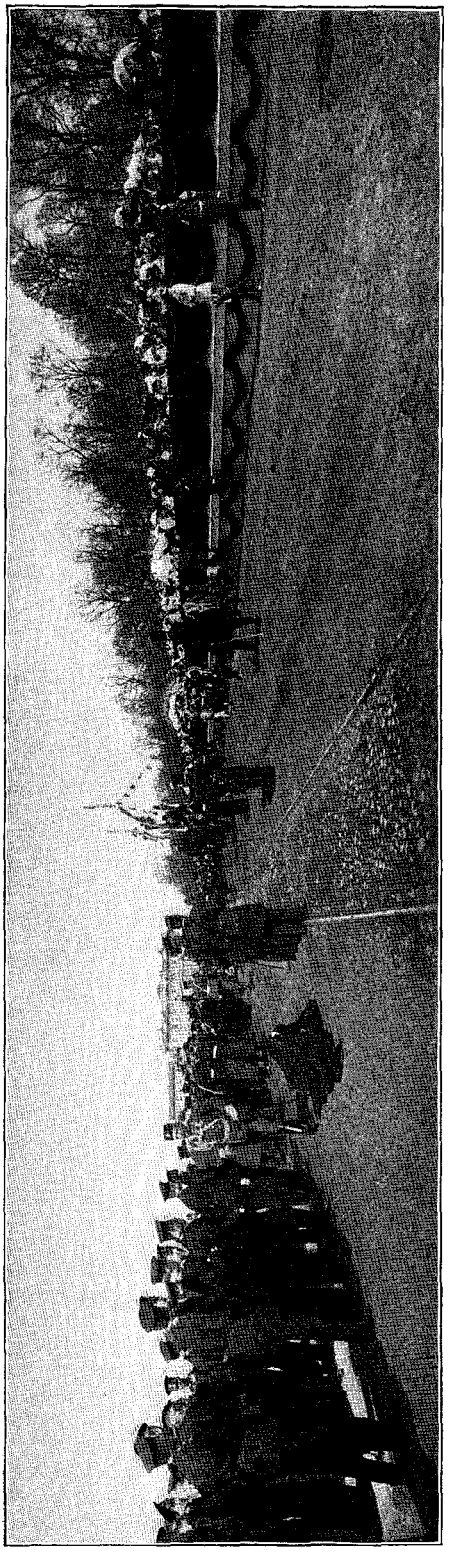

The Loges Before the Parade.

the hearts of her people. All eyes are now directed toward the imperial loge. The Empresses are starting to drive around the field through five lanes of compact humanity, for there is not room on the field for infantry and cavalry and artillery at the same time. It is a pretty procession. A court-marshal precedes the barouche on a milk-white horse, four mates of whom draw the vehicle, while the Emperor rides beside the Empress, followed by his staff and the military attachés, among whom may be distinguished Captain Slocum, U.S.A. Slowly the cavalcade wends its way from avenue to avenue, to the accompaniment of deafening cheers.

On the return to the loge the Emperor posts himself a little in advance of his suite and his faithful Cossack escort. At noon the review begins. The battalions—there are no complete regiments—pass in a swift walk, company front and close files. Note the Pavlosk regiment, with its queer bishop's mitre of a headpiece in gold and yellow; the Palace Grenadiers, with bushy pall-like plumes; the Preobrajensky Guards and a dozen more elite organizations, each in different colors and cut. The infantry pass off the field and the artillery follow, but there is little opportunity here for variety.

And then the cavalry—Cossacks of Kouban in scarlet caftans, astride splendidly matched chestnut horses; Cossacks of the Urals, Hussars of his Majesty in beaver-trimmed cloaks; Cuirassiers of her Majesty the Empress, with their queer embroidered velvet devices; lancers, mounted guardsmen, and the military tailors only know what besides, each troop as well matched in color, size, and form of mount as in uniform.

The last "sotnia" of Cossacks wheels off to the left and falls into place. The stage is set for the final tableau. Massed a third the depth of the field, and extending from street to street, these holiday troopers present a wonderful array of military smartness. The rainbow has scarcely enough shades for two successive commands. Silver and gilded cuirasses and helmets catch up the noonday sunlight. It is a dancing, waving

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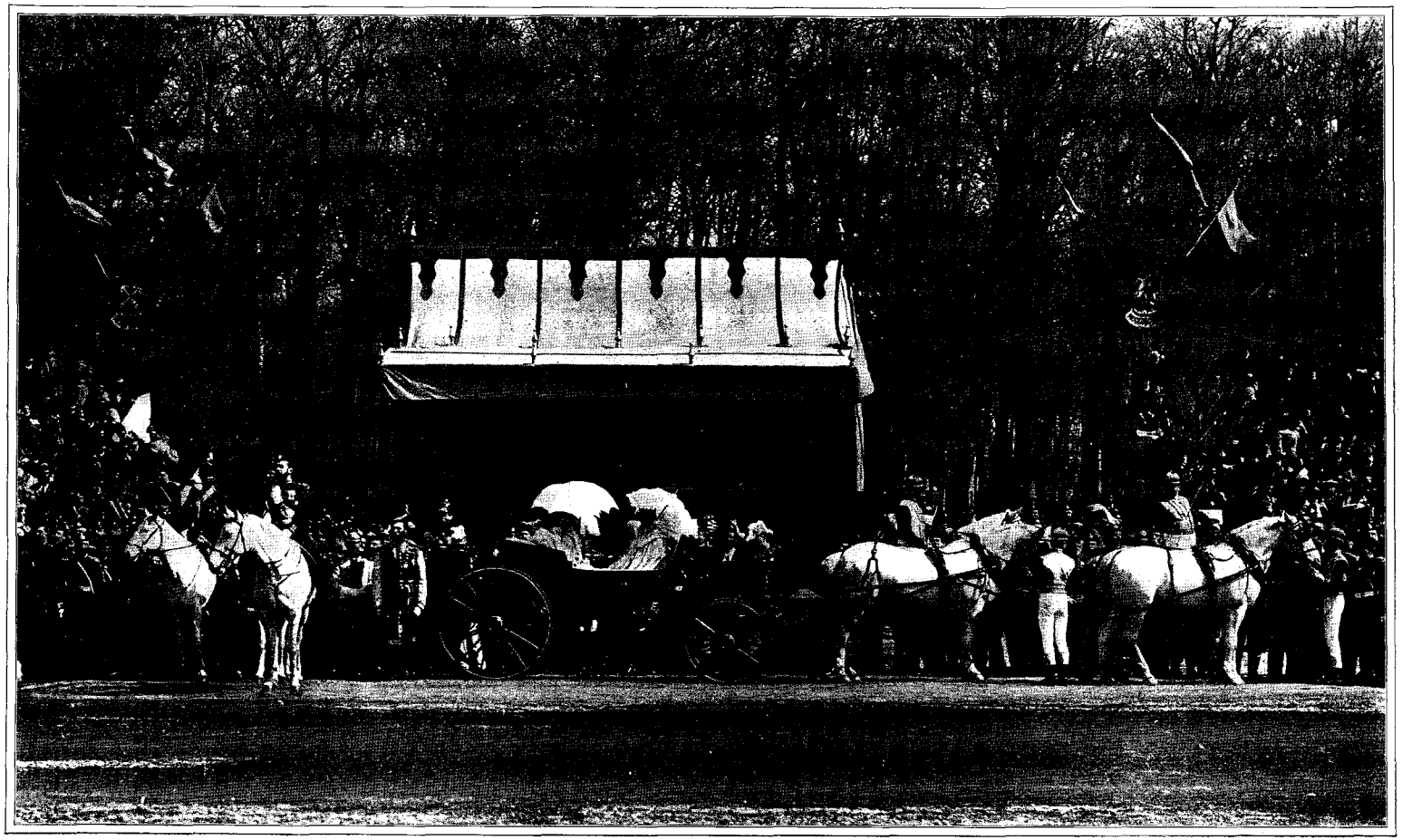

The Empress and Dowager Empress Before the Imperial Loge.

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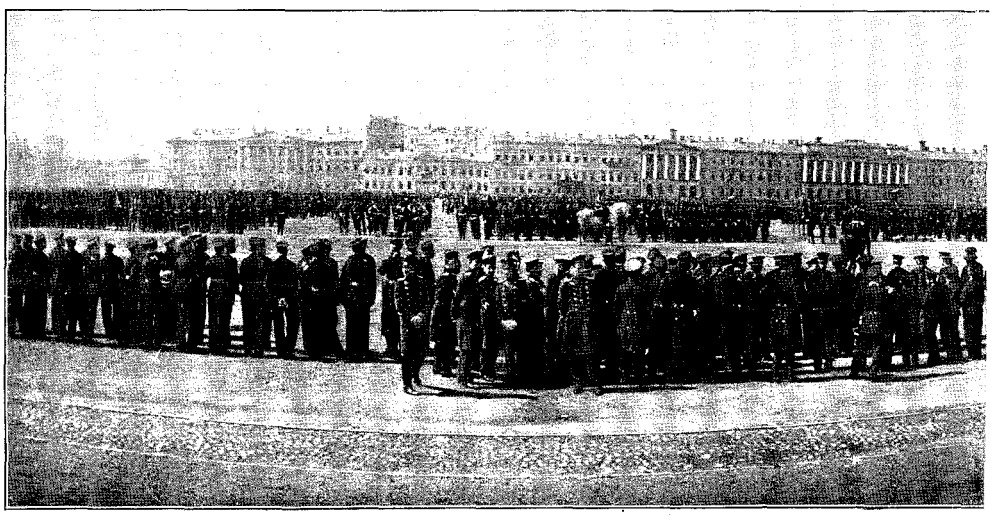

Forming for

vision of lances, pennants, and coats which would have put Joseph to shame.

Starting with a leap, the line moves straight across the plain. With poised lances, sabres high in air, and the Cossack "nagaika" singing in circles around the heads of the lithe Cossack ponies, standing a-stirrup and leaning far forward, they rush directly at the Emperor and the loges. The general in command waits quietly until they are only twenty yards from His Majesty. He gives a silent signal and every rider reins in and every horse comes to a full stop within two lengths. It is the Heavy Brigade at Waterloo. The observer is literally spellbound. The eye can no more turn away from that glistering line than the doomed bird can from the serpent which has mesmerized it. One breathes an involuntary sigh of relief when it is certain sabre, lance, and nagaika will not play upon loges and tribunes.

The Palace Grenadiers.

It is a great show, and those who want to see it should take time by the forelock, for it can hardly survive long. It is an anachronism, with scarcely more relation to modern war than a chariot race would have. The tourney, too, was worth a journey to see, but it could not live in an atmosphere poisoned with gunpowder. There was not room enough even in Spain for both Cervantes and Don Quixote.

This is the opinion of an officer, still browned by the South African sun, who witnessed the latest parade. On being asked how highly he estimated parade drill as military training, he answered, with true military brevity :

"What a soldier needs to fit him to fight is less barrack drill, more gymnastics, and as much field exercise ; above all as much individual instruction as possible—how to ride, how to shoot, how to observe. Most men ride through a field or wood without seeing anything. He wants to know how to conceal himself and, in

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the Review.

general, to act intelligently on his individual responsibility.

"Lines in modern war are enormously extended, and direct personal control over men by officers, which prevailed in the days of masses, is now impossible. The enlisted man must learn rigid discipline, but not mechanical rigidity and mechanical precision. He must be disciplined in such manner that when beyond control he can execute orders previously given.

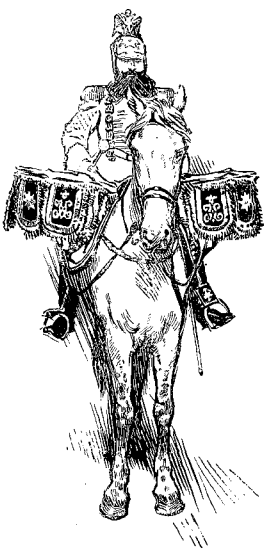
"Individuality can be developed by field exercises alone.

"The minutiæ of drill, such as perfect alignment, precise evolutions and machine-like execution of the manual of arms, are results requiring too much time in proportion to the benefits obtained and should not be required."

It may be objected that a parade has nothing to do with military training and is not intended to have; that the real training is in the manœuvres. Unfortunately the first period of the Transvaal War shows this to be untrue, and that English army training is dominated by the parade traditions, and a brief glance at the literature that has grown up in connection with this war shows that the candid observers of other nations admit England's fault was a fault which is shared by all European armies. No criticism of English tactics could have been more severe than were some of the articles of writers of the Prussian General Staff in the "Militaer Wochenblatt" last year, dealing with German manœuvres, especially the handling of cavalry.

A few citations will suffice. Comparing English with Boer tactics and training (or lack of training, according to the former military view), Captain J. Vaughan of the Seventh Hussars in his field notes, published in the "Journal of the Royal United Service Institution," April, 1901, remarks (the quotations are almost at random):

"The Boers are very much better skirmishers than our men. They are quick on



Drummer of Her Majesty's Cuirassiers.

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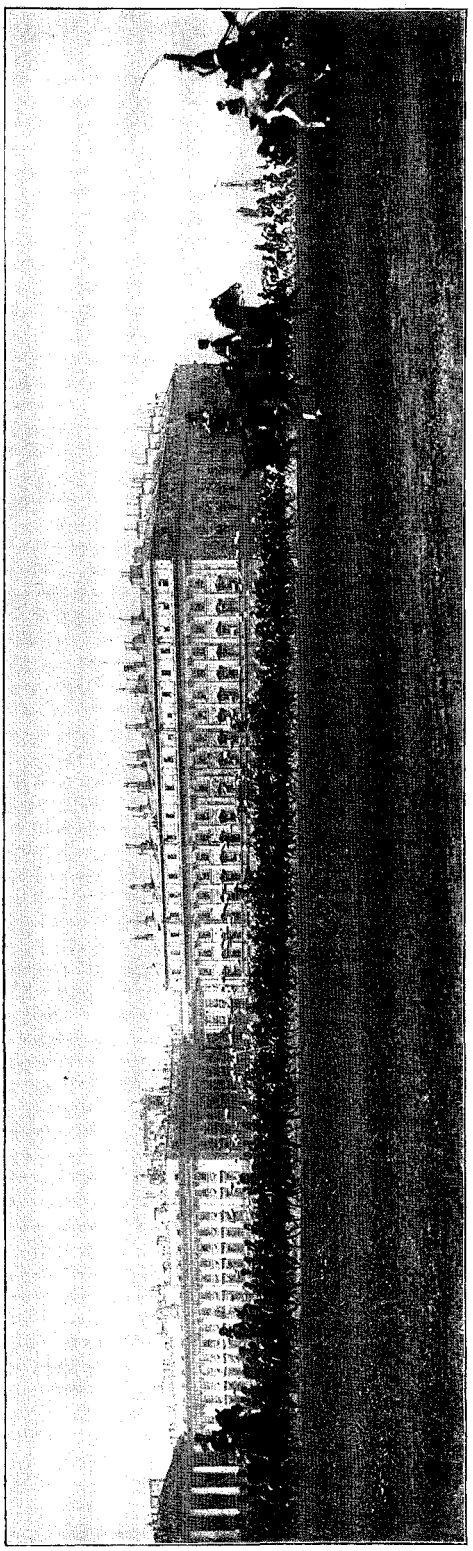

The Cavalry Charge.
(View of one-half of the field.)

and off their horses, and take cover rapidly. . . . They occupy ground more quickly. Twenty Boers will occupy a kopje of half a mile or more frontage, and it is impossible to tell whether they are twenty or 200 until you get round their flanks or shell them out of it. Compare our clumsy method. The men halt, form up, advance, extend, and finally occupy the position—generally in a straight line.

"Train the mind as well as the muscle. The greatest fault of our training is that in peace subordinates never think for themselves.

"Our present system provides more for the care of horses for the show-yard than for the field.

"What is required of a sentry is to keep his eyes at attention and his body hid, not to stand at attention and see nothing."

Major-General C. E. Webber, lecturing on army reform (same publication), asks:

"Can it be said that the cavalry of European armies is not far more a peace organization for purposes of military pageant and spectacle for police duties than for war? Is there a cavalry officer who has been under modern rifle fire who thinks the charge of the Heavy Brigade at Waterloo or of the French Cuirassiers at Woerth can be repeated?"

In a brief put pithy article, Adalbert Count Sternberg, who witnessed the war on the Boer side, observes:

"The breech-loading rifle reduced the size of the fighting unit, and the magazine must have the same effect in a greater degree. I do not attribute so much importance to the rapidity of magazine fire as to the extraordinary flatness of trajectory and the distance to which the projectile is carried. The modern weapon carries much farther than the field-gun did in 1870. . . . The return from quantity to quality is the necessary consequence. One good marksman is worth a company of bad ones. The soldier is to-day not only hunter but also game. He must therefore have the

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hunter's skill with the rifle and the hunted animal's watchfulness and gift of concealment. The soldier's training must be calculated to make him enduring, active, obedient, circumspect, and a dead shot. Patience must take the place of impetuous courage.

"The most important thing in the training of men and officers is, therefore, to make them as independent as possible.

"I mention one thing—that those Europeans on the Boer side who had the old military tactics, so to say, inbred in them, were all either shot or taken prisoners without being of any real use whatever.

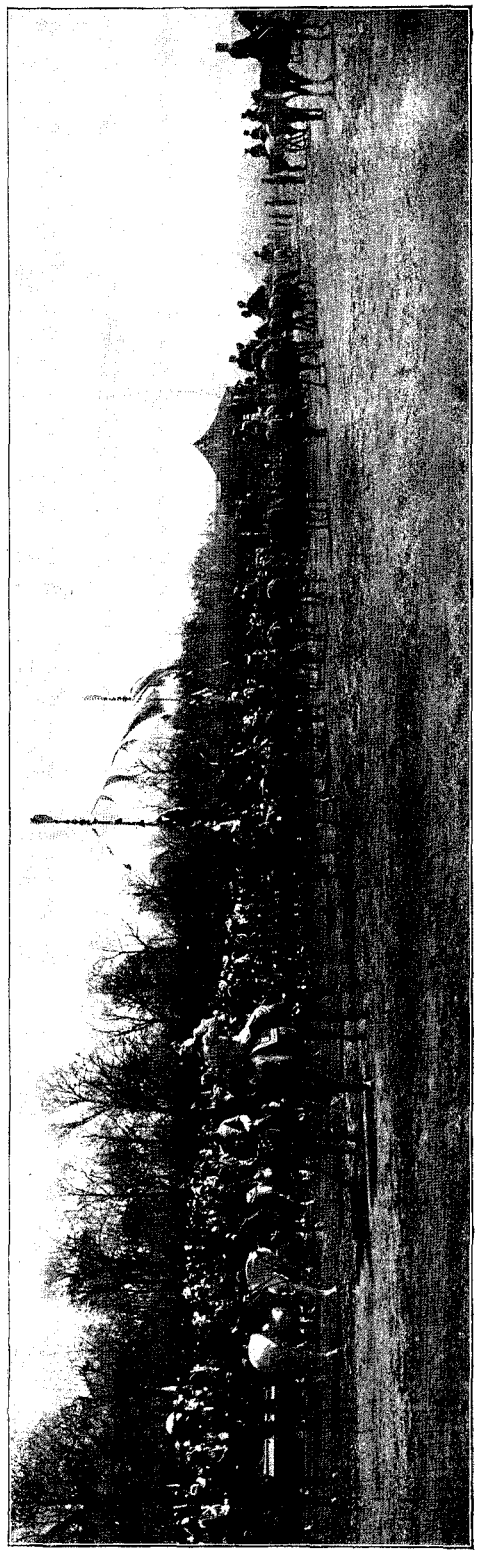
"Our first care must be at manœuvres in time of peace to pay attention to and reckon with this effect of modern weapons.

"The English army was drilled precisely on the Continental model, and its method of fighting in the disastrous first stages of the war was just that which we European armies all practise here at home.

"We who have watched this war with straining eyes know now that our modern European tactics are antiquated pedantry, quite as much out of date to-day as were the regulations of Frederick the Great in the Napoleonic wars.

"Battles are not to be won in a day. They must be begun as Wellington begun them, and ended as Lord Roberts ended them."

Fortunately the small size of the American army, compared to the active service required of it, has hitherto prevented concentration in cities and the development of the parade mania. The traditions of American service, as developed by contact with an enemy who possessed "the hunter's skill with the rifle and the hunted animal's watchfulness and gift of concealment" to an eminent degree, to a large extent counteracted the teachings of the mass tacticians. There is, however, always a sprinkling of officers among us who aspire to copy European military smartness,



Immediately After the Parade.

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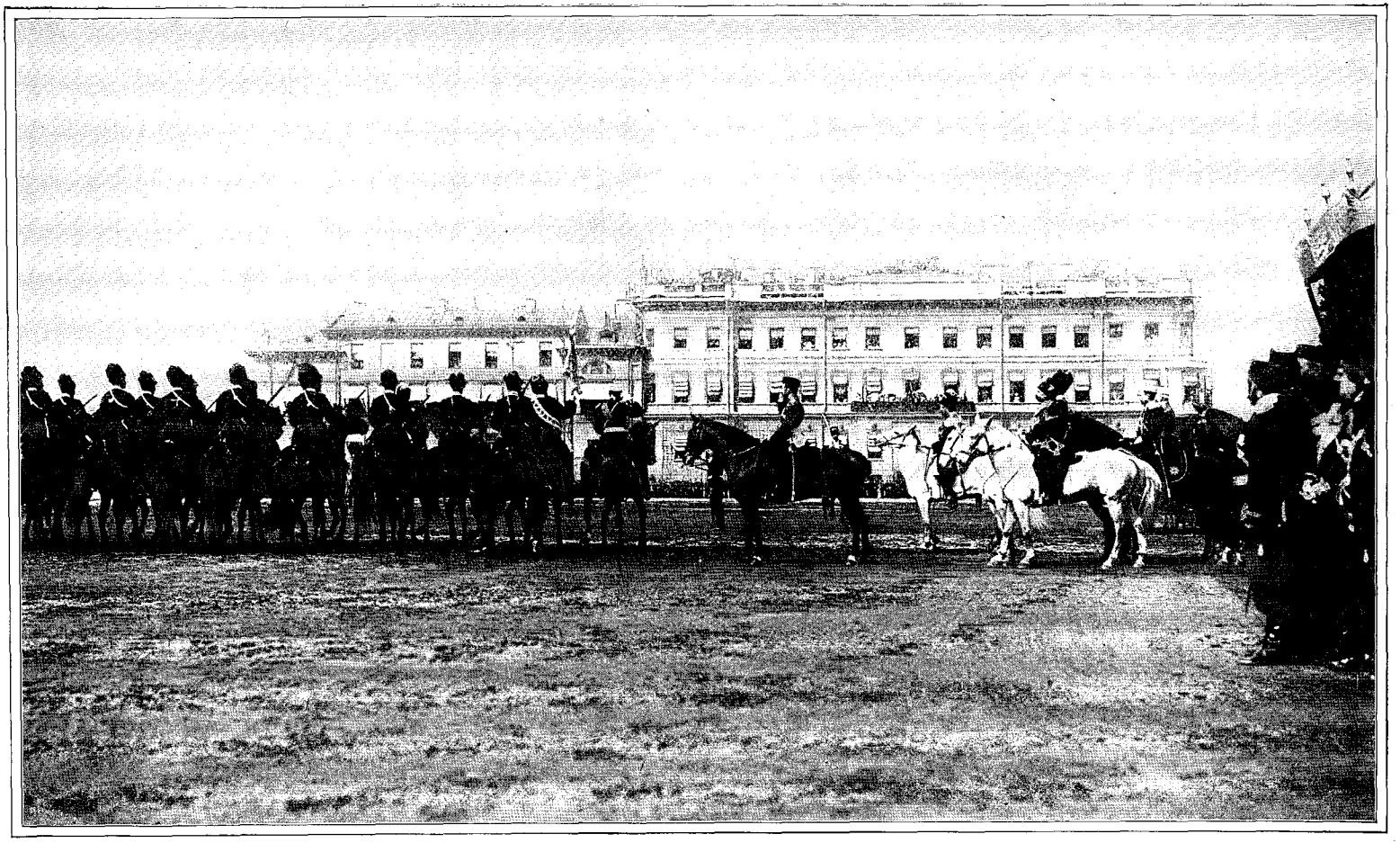

A "Sotnia" of Cossacks Passing in Review.

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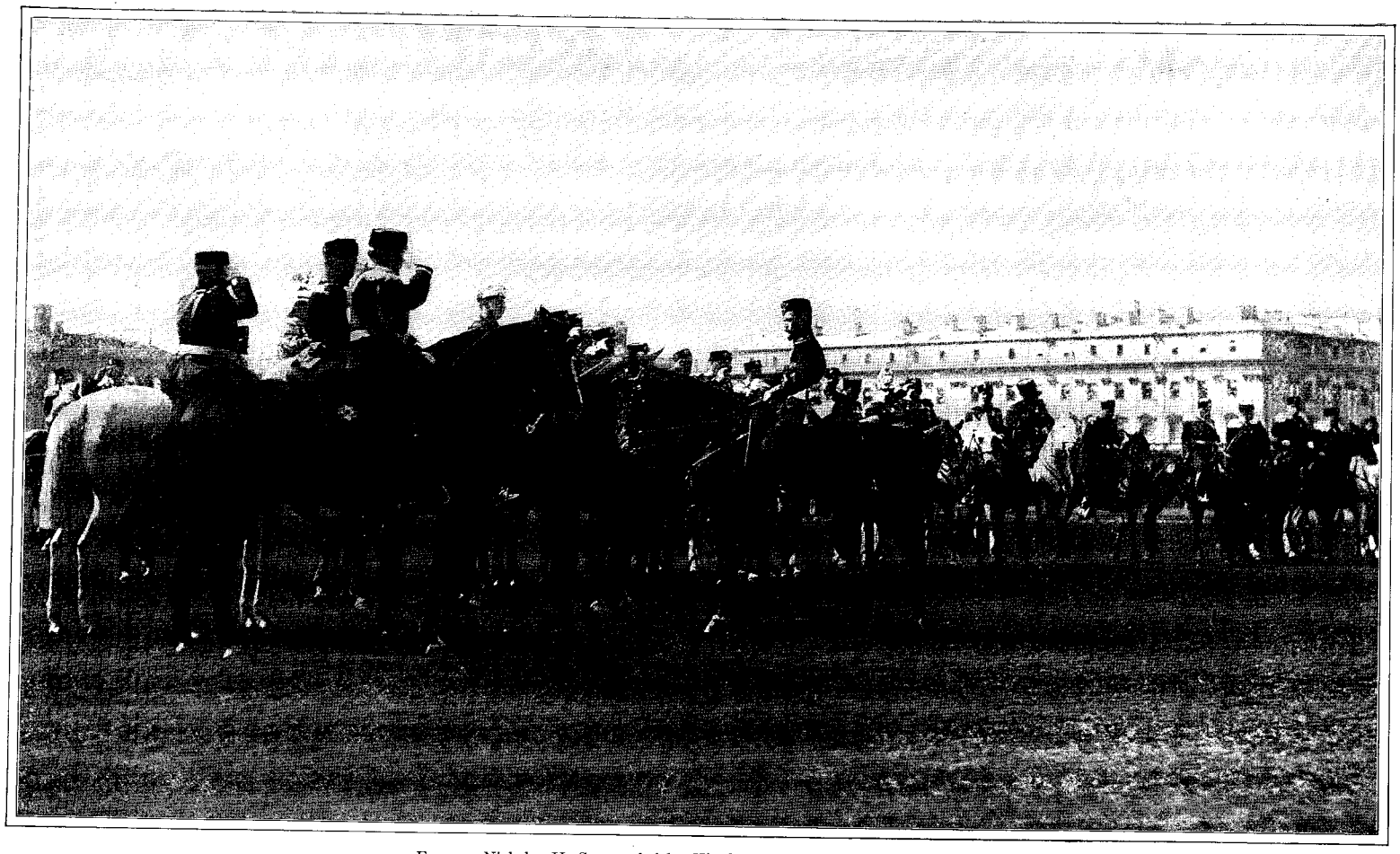

Emperor Nicholas II. Surrounded by His Officers After the Cavalry Charge.

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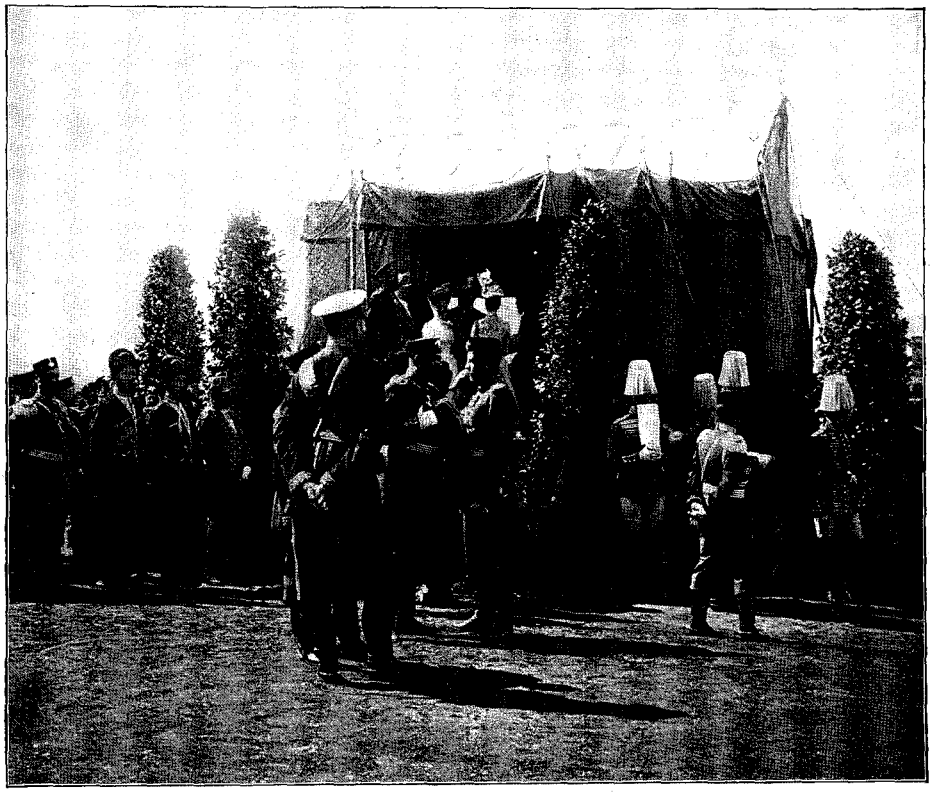

At the Imperial Loge Entrance.

and the prospect of peace with an army far larger than we had before 1898, as well as the annual encampments of the National Guard organizations, are factors which might easily strengthen their hands. It would be the bitterest irony should we take up the faded, cast-off finery of European parade armies.

PROGRESS

By Tom Masson

BACK, back he slipped in desperation grim
With tyrant Failure busy every hour!
Till once his mirrored face looked out at him
Unrecognized, so had it grown in power!

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THE FORTUNES OF OLIVER HORN

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

CHAPTER V—*(Continued)*

IN full justice to the members of the Chesapeake Club the scribe must admit that such light-weights as Billy Talbot, Tom Gunning, and Carter Thom did not fairly represent the standing of the organization. Many of the most cultivated and enlightened men about Kennedy Square and in the country around enjoyed its privileges; among them not only such men as Richard Horn, Nathan Gill, the Chief Justice of the State, and those members of the State Legislature whose birth was above reproach, but most of the sporting gentry of the country, as well as many of the more wealthy planters who lived upon the Bay and whose houses were opened to their fellow-members while the ducks were flying.

Each man's lineage, occupation, antecedents, and opinions on the leading topics of the time were as well known to the club as to the man himself. Any new-comer presenting himself for membership was always subjected to the severest scrutiny, and had to be favorably passed upon by a large majority of the committee before a sufficient number of votes could be secured for his election.

The only outsider elected for years had been Amos Cobb, of Vermont, the abolitionist, as he was generally called, who invariably wore black broadcloth, and whose clean-shaven face—a marked contrast to the others—with its restless black eyes, strong nose, and firm mouth, was as sharp and hard as the rocks of his native State. His election to full membership of the Chesapeake Club was not due to his wealth and commercial standing—neither of these would have availed him—but to the fact that he had married a daughter of Judge Wharton of Wharton Hall, and had thus, by reason of his alliance with one of the first families of the State, been admitted to all the social privileges of Kennedy Square. This exception in his favor, however, had never crippled Cobb's independence nor stifled his fearlessness in expressing his views on any one of the leading topics of the day. The Vermonter had worked with his hands when a boy on his father's farm, and believed in the dignity of labor and the blessings of self-support. He believed, too, in the freedom of all men, black and white, and looked upon slavery as a crime. He spoke openly and unreservedly of these things, and declared that no matter how long he might live South he would never cease to raise his voice against a system which allowed a man—as he put it—"to sit down in the shade and fan himself to sleep while a lot of niggers whose bodies he owned were sweating in a corn-field to help feed and clothe him."

These sentiments, it must be said, did not add to his popularity, although the time had not yet arrived when he would have been thrown into the street for uttering them.

As Oliver passed down the street, Nathan Gill, in his long pen-wiper cloak, mounted the steps of the club, shook hands with Colonel Clayton, and the two entered the main room, and seated themselves at one of the tables.

Billy Talbot, who had moved to the window, and who had been watching Oliver until he disappeared around the corner, dropped his eye-glass with that peculiar twitch of the upper lid which no one could have imitated, and crossed the room to where the Colonel and Nathan had taken their seats. Waggles, the scrap of a Skye terrier, who was never three feet from Billy's heels, instantly crossed with him. After Billy had anchored himself and had taken his customary position, with his feet slightly apart, Waggles, as was his habit, slid in and sat down on his haunches between his master's gait-

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Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

The roar of the great city in his ears.—Page 97.

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ers. There he lifted his fluffy head and gazed about him. The skill with which Mr. Talbot managed his dog was only equalled by the dexterity with which he managed his eye-glass; he never inadvertently stepped on the one nor unconsciously let slip the other. This caused Mr. Talbot considerable mental strain, but as it was all to which he ever subjected himself he stood the test bravely.

"Who is that young man, Colonel?" Billy began, as he bent his head to be sure that Waggles was in position. He had been abroad while Oliver was growing up, and so did not recognize him.

"That's Richard Horn's son," the Colonel said, without raising his eyes from the paper. The Colonel never took Billy seriously.

"And a fine young fellow he is," broke in Nathan, straightening himself proudly.

"Hope he don't take after his father, Gill. By the way, what's that old visionary doing now?" he asked, throwing back the lapels of his coat, and slapping his checked trousers with his cane. "Larst time you talked to me about him he had some machine with w'eels and horseshoe magnets, didn't he? He hasn't been in here for some time, so I know he's at work on some tomfoolery or other. Amazing, isn't it, that a man of his blood, with a cellar of the best Madeiwa in the State, should waste his time on such things. Egad! I cawn't understand it." Some of Billy's expressions, as well as his accent, came in with his clothes. "Now, if I had that Madeiwa, do you know what I'd do with it? I'd——"

"Perfectly, Billy," cried a man at the next table, who was bending over a game of chess. "You'd drink it up in a week." Talbot had never been known by any other name than Billy, and never would be as long as he lived.

When the laugh had subsided, Nathan, whose cheeks were still burning at the slighting way in which Talbot had spoken of Richard, and who had sat hunched up in his chair combing with his long, spare fingers the white hair farther over his ears, a habit with him when he was in deep thought, lifted his head and remarked quietly, addressing the room rather than Talbot:

"Richard's mind is not on his cellar; he's got something to think of besides Madeira and cards and dogs." And he looked toward Waggles. "You will all, one day, be proud to say that he lived in our town. Richard is a genius, one of the most remarkable men of the day, and everybody outside of this place knows it; you will be compelled to admit it yet. I left him only half an hour ago, and he is just perfecting a motor, gentlemen, which will——"

"Does it go yet, Nathan?" interrupted Cobb, who was filling a glass from a decanter which a brown-coated darky had brought him. Cobb's wife was Nathan's cousin, and, therefore, he had a right to be familiar. "I went to see his machine the other day, but I couldn't make anything out of it. Horn is a little touched here, isn't he?" and he tapped his forehead and smiled knowingly.

"No, Amos, the motor was not running when I left the shop," answered Nathan, drily and with some dignity, "but it will be, he assured me, perhaps by to-morrow." He could fight Billy Talbot, but he never crossed swords with Cobb, never in late years. Cobb was the one man in all the world, he once told Richard, with whom he had nothing in common.

"Oh, to-morrow?" And Cobb whistled as he put down the decanter and picked up the day's paper. It was one of Cobb's jokes—this "to-morrow" of his neighbors. "What was a Northern man's to-day was always a Southern man's to-morrow," he would say. "I hope this young man of whom you speak so highly is not walking in the footsteps of this *genius* of a father? He looks to me like a young fellow that had some stuff in him if anybody would bring it out."

The half-concealed sneer in Cobb's voice as he again spoke of Richard grated also on old Judge Bowman, who threw down his book and looked up over his bowed spectacles. He was a testy old fellow, with a Burgundy face and shaggy white hair; a chin and nose that met together like a parrot's, and an eye like a hawk. He prided himself on never permitting even his intimates to speak ill of his friends in his hearing. Criticisms, therefore, by an outsider like Cobb were especially obnoxious.

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"Richard Horn's head is all right, Mr. Cobb, and so is his heart," he exclaimed in an indignant tone. "As for his genius, sir—Gill is within the mark. He *is* one of the remarkable men of our day. You are quite right, too, about his young son, who has just left here. He has all the qualities that make a gentleman, and many of those which will make a jurist. He is now studying law with my associate, Judge Ellicott—a profession ennobled by his ancestors, sir, and one for which what you call his 'stuff,' but which we, sir, call his 'blood,' especially fits him. You Northern men, I know, don't believe in blood. We do down here. This young man comes of a line of ancestors that have reflected great credit on our State for more than a hundred years, and he is bound to make his mark. His grandfather on his mother's side was our Chief Justice in 1810, and his great-grandfather was——"

"That's just what's the matter with most of you Southerners, Judge," interrupted Cobb, his black eyes snapping. "You think more of blood than you do of brains. We rate a man on Northern soil by what he does himself, not by what a bundle of bones in some family burying-ground did before he was born. Don't you agree with me, Clayton?"

"I can't say I do, Cobb," replied the Colonel slowly, stirring his toddy. "I never set foot on your soil but once, and so am unfamiliar with your ways." He never liked Cobb. "He's so cursedly practical, and so proud of it, too," he would often say; "and if you will pardon me, sir—a trifle underbred."

"When was that?" asked Cobb, looking over the top of his paper.

"That was some years ago, when I chased a wounded canvas-back across the Susquehanna River, and had to go ashore to get him; and I want to tell you, sir, that what you call 'your soil' was damned muddy and disagreeable stuff. I had to change my boots when I got back, and I've never worn 'em since." And the Colonel crushed the sugar in his glass with his spoon as savagely as if each lump was the head of an enemy, and raised the mixture to his mouth.

Amos's thin lips curled. The high and lofty airs of these patricians always nettled him. The shout of laughter that followed the Colonel's reply nettled him all the more.

"Chased him like a run-away nigger, I suppose, Clayton, didn't you? and wrung his neck when you got him—" retorted Amos, biting his lips.

"Of course, like I would any other piece of my property that tried to get away, or as I would wring the neck of any man who would help him—" And the Colonel looked meaningly at the Vermonter and drained his glass with a gulp. Then smothering his anger, he moved away to the window, where he watched Mr. Talbot, who had just left the Club and who at the moment was standing on the corner making his daily afternoon inspection of the two connecting streets; an occupation which Billy varied by saluting each newcomer with a slap of his cane on his checkerboard trousers and a stentorian "Bah Jove!" Waggles meanwhile squatting pensively between his gaiters.

When an hour later the Colonel presented himself at the Horn mansion, no trace of this encounter was in his face nor in his manner. Men did not air their grievances in their own or anyone else's home around Kennedy Square.

The mistress met him with her hand extended. She had been watching for Oliver's return with a degree of impatience rarely seen in her. She had hoped that the Colonel would have called upon her before he went to his office, and could not understand his delay until Oliver had given his account of the morning mishaps. She was too anxious now to chide him. It was but another indication of his temperament, she thought—a fault to be corrected with the others that threatened his success in life.

Holding fast to the Colonel's hand she drew him to one of the old haircloth sofas and told him the whole story.

"Do not give the mortgage a thought, my dear Sallie," the Colonel said, in his kindest manner, when she had finished speaking, laying his hand on her wrist. "My only regret is that it should have caused you a moment's uneasiness. I know that our bank has lately been in need of a large sum of money, and this loan, no doubt, was called in with the others. But it will be all right—if not I will provide for it myself."

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"No—I do not want that, and Richard, if he knew, would not be willing either. Tell me, please, how this money is loaned," and she turned and looked earnestly into his face. "What papers are passed, and who signs them? I have never had anything to do with such matters, and you must explain it all clearly."

"A note signed by Richard and made payable on a certain date was given to the bank, and the mortgage was deposited as security."

"And if the note is not paid?"

"Then the property covered by the mortgage is sold, and the bank deducts its loan—any balance, of course, is paid over to Richard."

"And when the sale is put off—what is done then?"

"A new note is given," and here the Colonel stopped as if in doubt, "and sometimes a second name is placed on the note increasing the security. But, Sallie dear, do not let this part of it ever again cross your mind. I will attend to it should it become necessary. It is not often," and the Colonel waived his hand gallantly, "that a Clayton can do a Horn a service."

"Thank you, dear friend, and it is just like you to wish to do it, but this I cannot agree to. I have thought of another way since you have been talking to me. Would it—" and she stopped and looked down on the floor, "would it be of any use if I signed a note myself? I have some little property of my own, which will come to me from my father's estate when it is settled, and which I would give the bank if anything should happen."

The offer was so unusual that the Colonel caught his breath—a woman helping a man! He looked at her in astonishment, but her eyes never wavered. He felt instantly that, however lightly he might view the subject, the matter was intensely serious with her. The Colonel half rose to his feet, and with a bow that in Kennedy Square had earned for him the title of "the Chesterfield of his time, sir," placed his hand on his heart.

"My dear Sallie," he said, "not a member of the board could refuse. It would at once remove any obstacle the directors might have."

"Thank you, then we will leave it so, and I will have the papers prepared at once."

"And is this Richard's advice?" the Colonel ventured to ask, slowly regaining his seat. There were some misgivings still lingering in his Chesterfieldian mind as to whether the proudest man he know, gentle as he was, would not forbid the whole transaction.

"No. He does not know of my purpose, and you will please not tell him. This obligation will be between me and the bank, and I will pledge myself to carry it out. And now, one thing more before you go, and I ask this because you have seen him grow up and I know you love him. What shall I do with Oliver?"

The Colonel again caught his breath. Gallant gentleman of the old school, as he was, with a profound respect for the other sex, the question startled him. According to his experience and traditions, the fathers generally looked after the welfare of the sons and found them places in life—not the mothers.

"What do you want to do with him?" he asked, quietly.

"I want him to go to work. I am afraid this life here will ruin him."

"Why, I thought he was studying law with Ellicott." The announcement could not have been very surprising to the Colonel. He doubtless knew how much time Oliver spent at Judge Ellicott's office.

"He no doubt *thinks* he's studying, dear friend, but he really spends half his time in old Mr. Crocker's studio, who puts the worst possible notions into his head, and the balance of his time he is with your Sue," and she smiled faintly.

"For which you can hardly blame him, dear lady," and the Colonel bent his head graciously.

"No, for she is as sweet as she can be, and you know I love her dearly, but they are both children, and will be for some years. You don't want to support them, do you? and you know Richard can't," and there flashed out from her eyes one of those quizzical glances which the Colonel remembered so well in her girlhood.

The Colonel nodded his head, but he did not commit himself. He had never for a moment imagined that Oliver's love-

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affair would go as far as that, and, then again, he knew Sue.

"What do you suggest doing with him? I will help, of course, in any way I can," he said after a pause, during which Mrs. Horn sat watching every expression that crossed his face.

"I don't know. I have not fully made up my mind. What do you think of my sending him to New York?"

"*The North*, Sallie! Why, you wouldn't send Oliver North, would you?"

The announcement this time gave the Colonel so genuine a shock that it sent the blood tingling to his cheeks. Really, the idiosyncracies of the Horn family were beyond his comprehension! Evidently Richard's vagaries had permeated his household.

"I do not like the influence of the North on our young men, my dear Madam." The Colonel spoke now with great seriousness and with some formality, and without any of the Chesterfieldian accompaniments of tone or gesture. "If he were my boy, I should keep him here. He is young and light-hearted, I know, and loves pleasure, but that will all come out of him. Let him stay with Ellicott; he will bring him out all right. There is a brusqueness and a want of refinement among most Northern men, with some exceptions no doubt, that have always grated on me. You can see it any day in Amos Cobb." As he spoke a slight flush overspread his listener's face. The positiveness of his tone, she thought, carried with it a certain uncomplimentary criticism of her suggestion. The Colonel saw it, and, as if in apology and to prove his case, added, in a gentler tone: "Only this afternoon at the club I heard Cobb speaking in the most outrageous manner about our most treasured institutions. It is not his fault perhaps. It is the fault of his breeding, but it is unbearable all the same. Keep Oliver here. He has a most engaging and lovable nature, is as clean and sweet as a girl, and I haven't a doubt but what he will honor both you and his blood. Take my word for it, and keep him at home. He is young yet, barely twenty-two — there is plenty of time for him." And the Colonel rose from the sofa, lifted Mrs. Horn's fingers to his lips and bowed himself out.

The Colonel only told the truth as he saw it. In his day and generation men of twenty-two were but boys. Then only gray-beards ruled state and counting-house. The senators were indeed grave and reverend seniors, and the merchants, in their old-fashioned dress-coats, looked more like distinguished diplomats than buyers and sellers of produce. In those days, too, the young man with a mustache was thought presuming and dangerous, and the bank who would have selected a cashier under forty would have caused a run on its funds in a week after the youth had been appointed to his position. If there were any young Napoleons around Kennedy Square at the time, they were being carried in the arms of their black mammies.

Mrs. Horn followed the Colonel to the door and thanked him again and again for his kindness, although the critical tones of his voice still lingered in her memory. But her judgment had not been shaken nor her mind satisfied. Oliver still troubled her. The Colonel might be right, but she dared not risk it.

The next day she sent for Amos Cobb: Malachi took the message this time, not Oliver. Cobb came on the minute. He was greatly surprised at Mrs. Horn's note, for although Nathan and he were related by marriage, and his wife an intimate friend of Mrs. Horn's, he was seldom present at any of the functions of the house and could not be considered one of its intimate guests. He did not like music, he said to his wife, when urged to go, and, as he did not play chess or drink Madeira, he preferred to stay at home.

Malachi relieved Amos of his hat, and conducted him into Mrs. Horn's presence with rather a formal bow—quite different from the low salaam with which he had greeted Colonel Clayton. "Dat bobolalish'nest, Mister Cobb, jes' gone in de parlor," he said to Aunt Hannah when he regained the kitchen. "Looks like he lived on parsimmons, he dat sour."

Mrs. Horn received her visitor cordially, but with a reserve which she had not maintained toward the Colonel. Cobb had never represented to her anything but a money standard pure and simple. There was, too, according to her

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ideals, despite his straightforward, kindly bearing, certain evidences of a lack of training which jarred upon her. She had not thought of him until the Colonel mentioned his name, and only her urgent need of just such sound practical advice as she knew he could give had determined her to seek his services—quite as if she were consulting an architect or an attorney.

The Vermonter took his seat on the extreme edge of the sofa, squared his shoulders, pulled up the points of his high collar, touched together the tips of all his fingers, and looked straight at his hostess.

"I am greatly obliged to you," she began, "for coming, for I know how busy you are, but I have a question to ask of you which I feel sure you can answer better than anyone I know. It is about my son Oliver. I am going to be perfectly frank with you, and I want you to be equally frank with me." And she summed up Oliver's aims, temptations, and failings with a skill that gained the Vermonter's closest attention. "With all this," she continued, "he is affectionate; loves me dearly, and has never disobeyed me in his life. It is his love of change that worries me — his instability — one thing one moment, and another the next. It seems to me the only way to break this up is to throw him completely on his own resources so that he may realize for once what life really means. It is this point I want you to help me settle in my mind. Now tell me—" and she looked searchingly into Cobb's face, as if eager to note the effect of her question—"if he were your only son, would you, in view of all I have told you, send him to New York to make his start in life, or would you keep him here?"

The Vermonter's face had begun to lighten as she progressed, and had entirely cleared when he learned why he had been sent for. He had been afraid, when he received her note, that it had been about the mortgage. Cobb was chairman of the Loan Committee at the bank, had personally called attention to Richard's note being overdue, and had himself ordered its payment.

"My two boys are at school in Vermont, Madam," he answered, slowly.

"But Oliver must earn his own living," she said, earnestly. "His father will have nothing to give him."

Cobb made no reply. He was not surprised. Most all of these aristocratic Southerners were on their last legs. He was right about the note, he said to himself—it was just as well to have it paid —and he made a mental memorandum to inquire about it as soon as he reached his office, and have it pressed for settlement at once. Business matters must be kept intact.

"What do you want him to do Madam?" he asked, looking at her keenly from under his bushy eyebrows.

"Anything to earn his bread," she replied, in a decided tone.

Cobb passed his hand over his face, pinched his chin with his thumb and forefinger, and looked out of the window. The answer pleased him. It pleased him, too, to be consulted by the Horns on a matter of this kind. It pleased him most of all to realize that when these aristocrats got into a hole they had to send for him to pull them out.

For a moment the Vermonter remained in deep thought. "Here is a Southern woman," he said to himself, "with some common-sense and with a head on her shoulders. If her husband had half her brains I'd let the mortgage stand." Then he turned his head and faced her squarely, his eyes boring into hers.

"Send him to New York, by all means, Madam, or anywhere else out of here," he said firmly, but with a kindly tone in his voice. "When you decide, let me know—I will give him a letter to a business friend of mine who lives on the Hudson, a short distance above the city, who may help him. But let me advise you to send him at once. I saw your son yesterday at the club, and he exactly fits your measure, except in one respect. He's got more grit in him than you give him credit for. I looked him over pretty carefully, and if he gets in a tight place you needn't worry about him. He'll pull out, or my name isn't Cobb. And now one thing more—" and he rose stiffly from the sofa and buttoned up his coat —"don't give him any pocket-money. Chuck him out neck and heels into the world and let him shift for himself. That's the way I was treated, and that's the way I got on. Good-day."

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CHAPTER VI

A SEAT IN UNION SQUARE

WITHIN a day's journey of Kennedy Square lay another wide breathing-space, its winding paths worn smooth by countless hurrying feet.

Over its flat monotony straggled a line of gnarled willows, marking the wanderings of some guileless brook long since swallowed up and lost in the mazes of the great city like many a young life fresh from green fields and sunny hillsides. This waste of weeds and sun-dried, yellow grass, this kraal for scraggly trees and broken benches, breasted the rush of the great city as a stone breasts a stream, dividing its current—one part swirling around and up Broadway to the hills and the other flowing eastward toward Harlem and the Sound. Around its four sides, fronting the four streets that hemmed it in, ran a massive iron railing, socketed in stone and made man-proof and dog-proof by four great iron gates. These gates were opened at dawn to let the restless in, and closed at night to keep the weary out.

Above these barriers of stone and iron no joyous magnolias lifted their creamy blossoms; no shy climbing roses played hide-and-seek, blushing scarlet when caught. Along its foot-worn paths no drowsy Moses ceased his droning call; no lovers walked forgetful of the world; no staid old gentlemen wandered idly, their noses in their books.

All day long on its rude benches and over its thread-bare turf, sprawled unkempt women with sick babies from the shanties; squalid, noisy children from the rookeries; beggars in rags, and now and then some hopeless wayfarer—who for the moment had given up his search for bread and who rested or slept until the tap of a constable's club would bring him to consciousness and his feet.

At night before the gates were closed—ten o'clock was the hour—there could always be found, under its dim lamps, some tired girl, sitting in the light for better protection while she rested, or some weary laborer on the way home from his long day's work, and always passing to and fro, swinging his staff, bullying the street-rats who were playing tag among the trees, and inspiring a wholesome awe among those hiding in the shadows, lounged some guardian of the peace awaiting the hour when he could drive the inmates to the sidewalk, and shut the gates behind them with a bang.

Here on one of these same straight-backed wooden seats one September night—a night when the air was heavy with a smoky haze, through which the lamps peered as in a fog, and the dust lay thick upon the leaves—sat our Oliver.

Outside the square—all about the iron fence, and surging past the big equestrian statue, could be heard the roar and din of the great city — that maelstrom which now seemed ready to engulf him. No sound of merry laughter reached him only rumbling of countless wheels, the slow thud of never-ending, crowded stages lumbering over the cobbles, the cries of the hucksters selling hot corn, and the ceaseless scrapings of a thousand feet.

He had sat here since the sun had gone down watching the crowds, wondering how they lived and how they had earned their freedom from such cares as were now oppressing him. His heart was heavy. A long-coveted berth, meaning self-support and independence and consequent relief to his mother's heart, had been almost within his grasp. It was not the place he had expected when he left home. It was much more menial and unremunerative. But he had outlived all his bright hopes. He was ready now to take anything he could get to save him from returning to Kennedy Square, or what would be worse still from asking his mother for a penny more than she had given him. Rather than do this he would sweep the streets.

As he leaned forward on the bench, his face in his hands, his elbows on his knees, his thoughts went back to his father's house. He knew what they were all doing at this hour; he could see the porches crowded with the boys and girls he loved, their bright voices filling the night-air; Sue in the midst of them, her curls about her face. He could see his father in the big chair reading by the lamp, that dear old father who had held his hands so tenderly and spoken with such earnestness.

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"I am glad you are going, my son," Richard Horn had said. "Your mother is right; the men at the North are broader-minded than we are here, and you will soon find your place among them. Great things are ahead of us, my boy. I shall not live to see them, but you will."

He could see his mother too, sitting by the window, looking out upon the trees. He knew where her thoughts lay. As his mind rested on her pale face his eyes filled with tears. "Dear old mother," he said to himself—"I am not forgetting, dearie. I am holding on. But oh, if I had only got the place to-day, how happy you would be to-morrow."

A bitter feeling had risen in his heart, when he had opened the letter which had brought him the news of the loss of this hoped-for situation. "This is making one's way in the world, is it?" he had said to himself with a heavy sigh. Then the calm eyes of his mother had looked into his again, and he had felt the pressure of the soft hand and heard the tones of her voice:

"You may have many discouragements, my son, and will often be ready to faint by the way, but stick to it and you will win."

His bitterness had been but momentary, and he had soon pulled himself together, but his every resource seemed exhausted now. He had counted so on the situation—that of a shipping-clerk in a dry-goods store—promised him because of a letter that he carried from Amos Cobb's friend. But at the last moment the former clerk, who had been laid off because of sickness, had been taken back, and so the weary search for work must begin again.

And yet with everything against him Oliver had no thought of giving up the struggle. Even Amos Cobb would have been proud of him could he have seen the dogged tenacity with which he clung to his purpose. This strength of character so suddenly developed in one heretofore so weak, may have sprung from his youth, from his buoyant, happy temperament, or it may have been born of his devotion to his mother's wishes. Or perhaps—and this is more than probable—he owed it to some drops of blood that reached his own through his mother's veins—the blood of that Major with the blue and buff coat, it may be, whose portrait hung in the dining-room at home, and who in the early days had braved the flood at Trenton side by side with the Hero of the Bronze Horse—now overlooking the bench on which Oliver sat; or he may have owed it to that other ancestor in the queue whose portrait hung over the mantel of the club and who had served his State with distinction in his day.

Whatever the causes of these several effects, the one dominating power which he now recognized as controlling him was his veneration for his mother's name and honor. For on the night after Amos Cobb's visit she had gone into Oliver's bedroom, and shutting the door had told him of the mortgage; of his father's embarrassment, and the danger they suffered of losing the farm, their only hope for their old age unless success crowned Richard's inventions. With his hand fast in hers she had given him in exact detail all that she had done to ward off this calamity; recounting, word by word, what she had said to the Colonel, lowering her voice almost to a whisper as she spoke of the solemn promise she had made him—involving her own and her husband's honor—and the lengths to which she was prepared to go to keep her obligations to the bank.

Then, her hand still clasping his, the two sitting side by side on his bed, his wondering, startled eyes looking into hers—for this world of anxiety was an unknown world to him—she had by slow stages made him realize that he, their only son, was their sole dependence, and she had shown him how necessary it was for him to begin to earn his bread, not only on his own account but on hers and his father's.

"It is the law of nature, my son," she had added. "Everything that lives must *work* to live. You have only to watch the birds out here in the Square to convince you of that. Notice them to-morrow, when you go out. See how busy they are; see how long it takes for any one of them to get a meal. You are old enough now to begin to earn your own bread, and you must begin at once, Ollie. Your father can no longer help you. I had hoped your profession would do this

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for you, but that is not to be thought of now."

Oliver, at first, had been stunned by it all. He had never before given the practical side of life a single thought. Everything had gone along smoothly from his earliest remembrance. His father's house had been his home and his protection; his room with its little bed and pretty hangings and all its comforts — a room cared for like a girl's — had always been open to him. He had never once asked himself how these things came about, nor why they continued. These revelations of his mother's therefore were like the sudden opening of a door covering a vault over which he had walked unconsciously and which now, for the first time, he saw yawning beneath him.

"Poor daddy," were his first words. "I never knew a thing about his troubles; he seems always so happy and so gentle. I am so sorry—dear daddy—dear dad—" he kept repeating.

And then as she spoke there flashed into his mind the thought of his own hopes. They were shattered now. He knew that the art career was dead for him, and that all his dreams in that direction were over.

He was about to tell her this, but he stopped before the words were formed. He would not add his own burden to her sorrow. No, he would bear it alone. He would tell Sue, but he would not tell his mother. Next there welled up in his heart a desire to help this mother whom he idolized, and this father who represented to him all that was kind and true.

"What can I do? Where can I go, dearie?" he cried with sudden resolve. "Even if I am to work with my hands I am ready to do it, but it must be away from here. I could not do it here at home with everybody looking on; no, not here! not here!"

This victory gained, the mother with infinite tact, little by little, unfolded to the son the things she had planned. Finally with her arms about his neck, smoothing his cheek with her hands she told him of Amos Cobb's advice and of his offer, adding: "He will give you a letter to his friend who lives at Haverstraw near New York, my boy, with whom you can stay until you get the situation you want."

The very impracticability of this scheme did not weigh with her. She did not see how almost hopeless would be the task of finding employment in an unknown city. Nor did the length of time her son might be a burden on a total stranger make any difference in her plans. Her own home had always been open to the friends of her friends, and for any length of time, and her inborn sense of hospitality made it impossible for her to understand any other conditions. Then again she said to herself: "Mr. Cobb knows; his friend will welcome Oliver, or he would not have allowed my son to go." She had repeated however no word of the Vermonter's advice "to chuck the boy out neck and heels into the world and let him shift for himself," but the very Spartan quality of the suggestion, in spite of its brusqueness, had greatly pleased her. She could not but recognize that Amos understood. And she would have faced the situation herself if she had been in her son's place. She said so to herself. And she felt too, that Oliver would face it as bravely when the time came.

As for the temptations that might assail her boy in the great city, she never gave them a thought. Neither the love of drink nor the love of play ran in her own or Richard's veins—not for generations back. "One test of a gentleman, my son," Richard always said, "lies in the way in which he controls his appetites—in the way he regards his meat and drink. Both are foods for the mind as well as for the body, and must be used as such. Gluttons and drunkards should be classed together." No, her boy's heart might lead him astray, but not his appetites, and never his passions. She was as sure of that as she was of his love.

As she talked on, Oliver's mind, yielding to her stronger will as clay does to a sculptor's hand, began to take shape. What at first had looked like a hardship now began to have an attractive side. Perhaps the art career need not be wholly given up. Perhaps, too, there was a better field for him in New York than here—old Mr. Crocker had always told him this. Then, too, there was something of fascination after all, in going out alone like a knight-errant to conquer the world. And in that great Northern

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city, too, with its rush and whirl and all that it held for him of mystery! How many times had Crocker talked to him by the hour of its delights. And Ellicott's chair! Yes, he could get rid of that. And Sue? Sue would wait—she had promised him she would. No, there was no doubt about Sue! She would love him all the better if he fought his battle alone. Only the day before she had told him of the wonderful feats of the White Knight, that the new English poet had just written about and that everybody in Kennedy Square was now reading.

Above all there was the delight of another sensation—the sensation of a new move. This really pleased him best. He was apparently listening to his mother when these thoughts took possession of him, for his eyes were still fixed on hers, but he heard only a word now and then. It was his imagination that swayed him now, not his will nor his judgment. He would have his own adventures in the great city and see the world as Mr. Crocker had done, he said to himself.

"Yes, dearie, I'll go," he answered quickly. "Don't talk any more about it. I'll do just as you want me to, and I'll go anywhere you say. But about the money for my expenses? Can father give it to me?" he asked suddenly, a shade of anxiety crossing his face.

"We won't ask your father, Ollie," she said, drawing him closer to her. She knew he would yield to her wishes, and she loved him the better for it, if that were possible. "I have a little money saved which I will give you. You won't be long finding a good place."

"And how often can I come back to you?" he cried, starting up. Until now this phase of the situation had not entered his mind.

"Not often, my boy—certainly not until you can afford it. It is costly travelling. May be once or twice a year."

"Oh, then there's no use talking, I can't go. I can't—can't, be away from you that long. That's going to be the hardest part." He had started from his seat and stood over her, a look of determination on his face.

"Oh, yes, you can, my son, and you will," she replied, as she too rose and stood beside him, stopping the outburst of his weakness with her calm voice, and quieting and soothing him with the soft caressing touch of her hand, smoothing his cheek with her fingers as she had so often done when he, a baby, had lain upon her breast.

Then with a smile on her face, she had kissed him good-night, closed the door, and staggering along the corridor steadying herself as she walked, her hand on the walls, had thrown herself upon her bed in an agony of tears, crying out:

"Oh, my boy—my boy! How can I give you up? And I know it is forever!"

. . . . . .

And now here he is foot-sore and heart-sore, sitting in Union Square, New York, the roar of the great city in his ears, and here he must sit until the cattle-barge which took him every night to the house of Amos Cobb's friend was ready to start on her voyage up the river.

He sat with his head in his hands, his elbows on his knees, not stirring until a jar on the other end of the bench roused him. A negro hod-carrier, splashed with plaster, and wearing a ragged shirt and a crownless straw hat, had taken a seat beside him. The familiarity of the act startled Oliver. No negro wayfarer would have dared so much in his own Square at home.

The man reached forward and drew closer to his own end of the bench a bundle of sawed ends and bits of wood which he had carried across the park on his shoulder.

Oliver watched him for a moment, with a feeling amounting almost to indignation. "Were the poverty and the struggle of a great city to force such familiarities upon him" he wondered. Then something in the negro's face, as he wiped the perspiration from his forehead with the back of his hand, produced a sudden change of feeling. "Was this man, too, without work?" Oliver asked himself, as he felt the negro's weariness, and realized for the first time, the common heritage of all men.

"Are you tired, Uncle," he asked.

"Yes, a little mite. I been a-totin' dis kindlin' from way up yander in Twenty-third Street where the circus useter be. Deys buildin' a big hotel dere now

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—de Fifth Avenue dey calls it. I'm a-carryin' mortar for de brick-layers an' somehow dese sticks is monst'ous heavy after workin' all day."

"Where do you live?" asked Oliver, his eyes on the kindling-wood.

"Not far from here, sah; little way dis side de Bow'ry. Whar's yo'r home?" And the old man rose to his feet and picked up his bundle.

The question staggered Oliver. He had no home, really none that he could call his own—not now.

"Oh, a long way from here," he answered, thoughtfully, without raising his head, his voice choking.

The old negro gazed at him for a moment, touched his hat respectfully, and walked toward the gate. At the entrance he wheeled about, balanced the bundle of wood on his shoulder and looked back at Oliver, who had resumed his old position, his eyes on the ground. Then he walked away, muttering:

"'Pears like he's one o' my own people calling me uncle. Spec' he ain't been long from his mammy."

Two street-rats now sneaked up toward Oliver, watched him for a moment, and whispered to each other. One threw a stone which grazed Oliver's head, the other put his hand to his mouth and yelled: "Spad, spad," at the top of his voice. Oliver understood the epithet, it meant that he wore clean linen, polished shoes, and perhaps, now and then, a pair of gloves. He had heard the same outcry in his own city, for the slang of the street-rat is Volapük the world over. But he did not resent the assault. He was too tired to chase any boys, and too despondent to answer their taunts.

A constable, attracted by the cries of the boys, passed in front of him swinging his long staff. He was about to tap Oliver's knees with one end of it, as a gentle reminder that he had better move on, when something in the young man's face or appearance made him change his mind.

"Hi, sonny," he cried, turning quickly and facing Oliver, "yer can't bum round here after ten, ye know. Keep yer eyes peeled for them gates, d'ye hear?"

If Oliver heard he made no reply. He was in no mood to dispute the officer's right to order him about. The gates were not the only openings shut in his face, he thought to himself; everything seemed closed against him in this great city. It was not so at home on Kennedy Square. Its fence, was a shackly, moss-covered, sagging old fence, intertwined with honeysuckles, full of holes and minus many a paling; where he could have found a dozen places to crawl through. He had done so only a few weeks before with Sue in a mad frolic across the Square. Besides, why should the constable speak to him at all? He knew all about the hour of closing the New York gates without the policeman reminding him of it. Had he not sat here every night waiting for that cattle boat? He hated the place cordially, yet it was the only spot in that great city to which he could come and not be molested while he waited for the barges. He always selected this particular bench because it was nearest the gate that led to the bronze horse. He loved to look at its noble contour silhouetted against the sky or illumined by the street-lamps, and was seldom too tired to be inspired by it. He had never seen any work in sculpture to be compared to it, and for the first few days after his arrival, he was never content to end his day's tramping until he stood beneath it, following its outlines, his heart swelling with pride at the thought that one of his own countrymen and not a European had created it. He wished that his father, who believed so in the talent of his countrymen, could see it.

Suddenly, while he was still resenting the familiarity of the constable, his ears were assailed by the cry of a dog in pain; some street-rat had kicked him.

Instantly Oliver was on his feet. A small spaniel was running toward him, followed by half a dozen boys who were pelting him with stones.

Oliver sprang forward as the dog crouched at his feet; caught him up in his arms and started for the rats, who dodged behind the tree-trunks, calling "Spad, spad," as they ran. Then came the voice of the same constable.

"Hi, yer can't bring that dog in here."

"He's not my dog, somebody has hurt him," said Oliver in an indifferent tone, examining carefully the dog's legs to see if any bones were broken.

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"If that ain't your dog what yer doin' with him? See here, I been a-watchin' ye. Yer got ter move on or I'll run ye in. D'ye moind?"

Oliver's eyes flashed. In all his life no man had ever doubted his word, nor had anyone ever spoken to him in such terms.

"You can do as you please, but I will take care of this dog, no matter what happens. You ought to be ashamed of yourself to see him hurt, and not want to protect him. You're a pretty kind of an officer."

A crowd began to gather.

Oliver was standing with the dog under one arm, holding the little fellow close to his breast, the other bent with fist clinched as if to defend himself.

"I am, am I? yer moon-faced spad! I'll show ye," and he sprang toward Oliver.

"Here now, Tim Murphy," came a sharp voice, "kape yer hands off the young gintleman. He ain't a-doin' nothin', and he ain't done nothin'. Thim divils hit the dog, I seen 'em myself."

The officer turned quickly and faced a big, broad-shouldered Irish woman, bareheaded, her sleeves rolled up to her elbows, every line in her kindly face replete with indignation.

"Don't put yer hands on him, or I'll go to the lock-up an' tell McManus."

"Oh, it's you, is it, Mrs. Mulligan?" said the officer, in a conciliatory tone.

"Yes, it's me. The young gintleman's right. It's the b'ys ye oughter club into shape, not be foolin' yer time over the dog."

"Well, ye know it's agin the rules to let dogs inside the gates," he retorted as he continued his stroll along the walk, swinging his club as he went, puffing out his chest and cheeks with his old air as he moved toward the gate.

"Yes, an' so it's agin the rules to have them rapscallions yellin' like mad an' howlin' bloody murder when a body comes up here to git a breath o' air," she called after him.

"Is the dog hurt, sir?" and she stepped close to Oliver and laid her big hand on the dog's head, as it lay nestling close to Oliver's side.

"No, I don't think so—he would have been if I had not got him."

The dog, under the caress, raised his head, and a slight movement of his tail expressed his pleasure. Then his ears shot forward. A young man was rapidly walking up the path, whistling as he came. The dog, with a quick movement, squirmed himself from under Oliver's arm and sprang toward him.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Fred, is it?" broke out the woman, "and it's Miss Margaret's dog, too. Of course it's her dog, an' I was that dumb I didn't know it. But it's not me ye can thank for savin' its skin—it's the young gintleman here. Them divils would have killed it but for him."

"Is the dog yours, sir?" asked Oliver, raising his hat with that peculiar manner of his which always won him friends at first sight.

"No, I wish it were. It's Miss Grant's dog—one of our students. I am taking care of it while she is away. The little rascal ran out and got into the Square before I knew it. I live right across the street—you can see my house from here. Miss Grant will be awfully obliged to you for protecting him."

"Oh, don't mention it. I got hold of him just in time, or these ruffians would have hurt him. I think the old lady here, however, is most to be thanked. We might both have been locked up," he added, smiling, "if she had not interfered. You know her, it seems."

"Yes, she's Mother Mulligan, as we call her. She's janitress of the Academy of Design, where I draw at night. Come over to where I live—it's only a step."

"Well, I will if you don't think it's too late," and the two young fellows left the Square, the dog bounding before them.

The edge of Oliver's cloud had at last caught the light!

And what a light it was!

It shone right down into Oliver's soul and warmed and cheered him to his fingertips, opened his heart, and brought out all his secrets.

Within the hour—in less time indeed—Oliver had told Fred the story of his fruitless tramps for work; of his mother's hopes and fears; of his own ambitions and his aims. And Fred, his own heart wide open,

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had told Oliver with equal frankness the story of his own struggles; of his leaving his father's farm in the western part of the State, and of his giving up everything to come to New York to study art.

It was the old, old story of two chance acquaintances made friends by reason of the common ground of struggle and privation on which they stood—comrades fighting side by side in the same trenches for the same end—and both dreaming of the morrow which would always bring victory and never death. A story told without reserve for the disappointments of life had not yet dulled their enthusiasm, nor had the caution and reserve acquired by its many bitter experiences yet checked the free flow of their confidences.

To Oliver, in his present despondent mood, the hand held out to him was more than the hand of a comrade. It was the hand of a strong swimmer thrust out of the sea to save a drowning man. There were others then besides himself, he thought, as he grasped it, who were making this fight for bread and glory—there was something else in the great city besides cruelty and misery, money-getting and money-spending—something of unselfishness, sympathy and love.

The two sat on the steps of Fred's boarding-house—that house where Oliver was to spend so many happy days of his after-life—until there was only time enough to catch the barge. Reluctantly he bade his new-found comrade good-by and, waving his hand, turned the corner in the direction of the dock.

CHAPTER VII

MISS TEETUM'S TOP FLOOR

Not only had the sunshine of a new friendship illumined the edge of Oliver's clouds, but before the week was out a big breeze laden with success had swept it so far out to sea, that none but the clearest of skies radiant with hope arched now above his happy face.

A paste-board sign had wrought this miracle.

One day he had been tramping the lower parts of the city, down among the docks, near Coenties Slip, looking up the people who on former visits had said: "Some other time, perhaps," or "If we should have room for another man we will be glad to remember you," or "We know Mr. Cobb, and shall be pleased," etc., etc., when he chanced to espy a strange sign tacked outside a warehouse door, a sign which bore the unheard-of announcement—unheard of to Oliver, especially the last word, "Shipping Clerk Wanted."

No one, for weeks, had *wanted* anything that Oliver could furnish. Strangely enough too, as he afterward discovered, the bullet-headed Dutch porter had driven the last tack into the clean, white, welcome face of the sign only five minutes before Oliver stopped in front of it. Still more out of the common, and still more incomprehensible, was the reply made to him by the head salesman, whom he found just inside the door—a wiry, restless little man with two keen black eyes, and a perfectly bald head.

"Yes, if you can mark boxes decently; can show any references; don't want too much pay, and can come *now*. We're short of a boy, and it's our busy season."

Oh! blessed be Mr. Crocker, thought Oliver, as he picked up a marking-brush, stirred it round and round in the tin pot filled with lamp-black and turpentine, and to his own and the clerk's delight, painted, on a clean board, rapidly and clearly, and in new letters too—new to the clerk—the full address of the bald-headed man's employers:

MORTON, SLADE & CO.,

121 Pearl Street, New York.

More amazing still were the announcements made by the same bald-headed man after Oliver had shown him Amos Cobb's recommendations: Oliver was to come to work in the morning, the situation to be permanent provided Cobb confirmed by letter the good wishes he had previously expressed, and provided Mr. Morton, the senior partner, approved of the bald-head's action; of which the animated billiard-ball said there was not the slightest doubt as he, the ball, had charge of the shipping department, and was responsible for its efficiency.

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All of these astounding, incomprehensible and amazing occurrences Oliver had written to his mother, ending his letter by declaring in his enthusiasm that it was his art, after all, that had pulled him through, and that but for his readiness with the brush, he would still be a tramp, instead of "rolling in luxury on the huge sum of eight dollars a week, with every probability of becoming a partner in the house, and later on a millionnaire." To which the dear lady had replied, that she was delighted to know he had pleased his employers, but that what had pleased her most was his never having lost heart while trying to win his first fight, adding: "The second victory will come more easily, my darling boy, and so will each one hereafter." Poor lady, she never knew how sore that boy's feet had been, nor how many times he had gone with half a meal or none at all, for fear of depleting too much the small store she had given him when he left home.

With his success still upon him, he had sallied forth to call upon young Fred Stone who had grasped his hand so warmly the night he had rescued the dog from the street-boys, and whose sympathy had gone out to him so freely. He had written him of his good fortune, and Fred had replied, begging him to call upon him, and had appointed this same Saturday night as the night of all others when he could entertain him best.

But Oliver is not the same boy who said good-by to Fred that moonlight night the week before. His eyes are brighter; his face is a-glow with some ill-concealed pleasure. Even his step shows the old-time spring and lightness of the days at home—on his toes part of the time, as if restraining an almost uncontrollable impulse to stop and throw one or two handsprings just to relieve the pressure on his nerves.

When he reached the bench in the Square where he had sat so many nights with his head in his hands, one of those quick outbursts of enthusiasm took possession of him, the kind that sets young hearts singing with joy when some sudden shift of hope's kaleidoscope opens a wide horizon brilliant with the light of future success. With an exclamation of boyish glee he plumped himself down upon the hard planks of the bench, and jumped up again, pirouetting on his toe and slanting his hat over one eye as if in a spirit of sheer bravado against fate. Then he sauntered out of the iron gate to Fred's house.

Even as he waited on the stone steps of Miss Teetum's boarding-house—for the dowdy servant-girl's return—such dirty, unkempt steps as they were, and such a dingy door-plate, spotted with rain and dust, not like Malachi's, he thought—he could hardly restrain himself from beating Juba with his foot, a plantation trick Malachi had taught him, keeping time the while with the palms of his hands on his shapely legs.

Meanwhile another young enthusiast is coming down-stairs three steps at a time, this one bare-headed, all out of breath, and without a coat, who pours out his heart to the first Juba-beating enthusiast as the two climb the stairs together to the second enthusiast's room on the top floor. He tells him of his delight at seeing him again and of the lot of fellows waiting to welcome him under the skylight; and of what a jolly lot the "Skylarkers" really were; and of Mr. Slade, Oliver's employer, whom Fred knows and who comes from Fred's own town; and of how much Mr. Slade likes a certain new clerk, one Oliver Horn, of Kennedy Square, he having said so the night before, this same Horn being the precise individual whose arm at the moment was locked in Fred's own and which was now getting an extra squeeze merely for the purposes of identification.

All of this Fred poured into Oliver's willing ear without stopping to take breath, as they mounted the four long flights of stairs that led to the top floor, where, under the roof, there lived a group of Bohemians as unique in their personalities as could be found the great city over.

At the moment when the two pairs of feet had reached the last flight of steps under the flat roof of the house, the "Skylarkers" were singing "Old Dog Tray" at the top of their voices, with piano accompaniment, and of some other instruments, the character of which our young hero failed to recognize, the strains having grown louder and louder as the young men mounted the stairs.

As Oliver stood in the open doorway and looked in through the haze of tobacco-

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smoke upon the group, he instantly became conscious that a new world had opened before him, a world as he had always pictured it — full of mystery and charm, peopled by a race as fascinating to him as any Mr. Crocker had ever described, and as new and strange as if its members had been the denizens of another planet.

The interior into which he looked was not a room, but a square low-ceiled hall into which opened some six or more small bed-rooms, slept in, whenever sleep was possible, by an equal number of Miss Teetum's boarders. The furnishings and appointments of this open garret, with two exceptions, were similar to those of all other garrets of its class. It had walls and ceiling, once white-washed, and now discolored by roof-leaks from a weather-beaten skylight. Its floor was bare of carpet, and its well-worn woodwork was stained with time and use. Chairs were scarce, most of the boarders and their guests being seated on the floor.

The two exceptions, already noted, were the crisp, telling sketches, big and little, in color and black-and-white, which covered every square inch of the leak-stained surface of ceiling and wall, the work of the artist members of this coterie, and the yellow-keyed, battered piano which occupied the centre of the open space and which stood immediately under two flaring gas-jets. At the moment of Fred's and Oliver's arrival the top of this instrument was ornamented by two musically inclined gentlemen, one seated cross-legged like a Turk, voicing the misfortunes of Dog Tray, the other, with his legs resting on a chair, beating time to the melody with a cane. This cane, at short intervals, he brought down upon the shoulders of any ambitious member who attempted to usurp his place. The chief object of the gathering, so far as Oliver's hasty glance could determine, was undoubtedly the making of as much noise as possible.

While the young men stood looking into the room waiting for the song to cease prior to Oliver's entry and introduction, Fred whispered into his guest's ear some of the names, occupations, and characteristics of the group before him.

The cross-legged man with the long neck, drooping mustache, and ropy black hair, was none other than Bowdoin, the artist—the only American who had taken a medal at Munich for landscape, but who was now painting portraits and starving slowly in consequence. He mounted to this eyry every Saturday night, so as to be reminded of the good old days at Schwartzs. The short, big-mustached, bald-headed man swinging the cane, was Bianchi—Julius Bianchi—known to the Skylarkers as "The Pole," and to the world at large as an accomplished lithographer and maker of *mezzotints*. Bianchi was a piece of the early artistic driftwood cast upon our shores—an artist indeed, for he drew from the life, and handled the crayon like a master.

The pale-faced young fellow at the piano, with bulging watch-crystal eye-glasses and hair tucked behind his ears, was the well-known, all-round musician, Wenby Simmons—otherwise known as "Pussy Me-ow"— a name associated in some way with the strings of his violin. This virtuoso played in the orchestra at the Winter Garden, and occupied the bed-room next to Fred's.

The clean-shaven, well-groomed young Englishman standing behind Simmons and holding a coal-scuttle half full of coal which he shook with deafening jangle to help swell the chorus, was "My Lord Cockburn" so called—an exchange clerk in a banking-house. He occupied the room opposite Fred's.

With the ending of the chorus Fred Stone stepped into the open space with his arm through that of his guest, and the noise was hushed long enough for the entire party to welcome the young Southerner—a welcome which kindled into a glow of enthusiasm when they caught the look of frank undisguised pleasure which lighted up his face, and noticed the unaffected bow with which he entered the room, shaking hands with each one as Fred introduced him—and all with that warm, hearty, simple, courteous manner peculiar to his people.

The slight ceremony over—almost every Saturday night some new guest was welcomed—Fred seated himself on the floor with his back to the white-washed wall, although two chairs were at once offered them, and made room for Oliver, who settled down beside him.

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As they sat leaning back, Oliver's eyes wandering over the room drinking in the strange, fascinating scene before him, as bewildering as it was unexpected, Fred—now that they were closer to the scene of action, again whispered or shouted, as the suddenly revived noise permitted, into Oliver's alert and delighted ears, such additional facts concerning the other members present as he thought would interest his guest.

The fat man behind the piano astride of a chair, a pipe in his mouth and a black velvet skull-cap on his head, was Tom Waller, the sheep-painter—Thomas Brandon Waller, he signed it—known as the Walrus. He, too, was a boarder and a delightful fellow, although an habitual grumbler. His highest ambition was to affix an N. A. at the end of his name, but he had failed of election by thirty votes out of forty cast. That exasperating event he had duly celebrated at Pfaff's in various continued libations covering a week, and had accordingly, on many proper and improper occasions, renewed and recelebrated the event, breathing out meanwhile, between his pewter mugs, scathing anathemas against the "idiots" who had defeated him out of his just rights, and who were stupid enough to believe in the school of Verboeckhoeven. Slick and shiny Verboeckhoeven, "the mechanic," he would call him, with his fists clinched, who painted the hair on every one of his sheep as if it were curled by a pair of barber's tongs—not dirty and woolly and full of suggestions as, of course, he—the great Waller, alone of all living animal painters—depicted it. All of which, to Waller's credit, it must be parenthetically stated, these same "idiots" learned to recognize in after years as true, when that distinguished animal painter took a medal at the Salon for the same picture which the Jury of N. A.'s had rejected at their Spring Exhibition; Frederick Stone, N. A., alone protesting against the injustice done to so deserving an artist.

The irreproachable, immaculate young person, with eyes half closed, lying back in the arm-chair—one which he had brought from his own room—was "Ruffle-shirt" Tomlins. He was the only member who dressed every day for dinner, whether he was going out afterward or not—spike-tailed coat, white tie and all. Tomlins not only knew intimately a lady of quality who owned a box at the Academy of Music, in Fourteenth Street, and who invited him to sit in it at least once a season, but he had besides a large visiting acquaintance among the people of quality living on Irving Place. A very agreeable and kindly little man was "Ruffle-shirt" Tomlins—so Fred said—the sort of a little man whose philosophy of life was based on the possibility of catching more innocent, unwary flies with honey than he could with vinegar, and who, in consequence, always said nice things about everybody—sometimes in a tone loud enough for everybody to hear. This last statement of Fred's Tomlins confirmed ten minutes later by remarking, in a stage-whisper to Waller:

"Did you see how that young Mr. Horn entered the room? Nobody like these high-bred Southerners, my boy. Quite the air of a man of the world—hasn't he?" To all of which the distinguished sheep-painter made no other reply than a slight nod of the head, as he blew a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling—Tomlins's immaculate appearance being a constant offence to the untidy painter.

The member with the stentorian voice, who was roaring out his opinions to Cockburn, Fred continued, was "Fog-horn" Cranch, the auctioneer. His room was next to Waller's. His weaknesses were gay-colored waist-coats and astounding cravats. He varied these portions of his dress according to wind, weather, and sales of the day—selecting blue for sunshiny mornings, black for rainy ones, green for pictures, red for household furniture, white for real estate, etc. Into these color-schemes he stuck a variety of scarf-pins of coral lava and amethyst—none very valuable or rare, but each one distinct—a miniature ivory skull, for instance, with little garnets for eyes, or tiny onyx dice with sixes on all sides.

The one man of all the others most beloved by Fred and every other boarder, guest, and *habitué* that gathered around the piano in this garret-room, and now conspicuous by his absence, he having gone to the circus opposite the Academy of Music, not likely to return until late—a fact greatly regretted by Fred who made this announcement with lowered voice to Oli-

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ver—was a young Irishman by the name of McFudd—Cornelius McFudd, the life of the house, and whom Waller, in accordance with the general custom, had christened "Continuous McFuddle," by reason of the nature of the Hibernian's habits. His room was across the open space opposite Fred's, with windows overlooking the yard.

This condensation of good-nature, wit, and good-humor, Fred went on to say, had been shipped to "The States" by his father, a rich manufacturer of Irish whiskies in Dublin, that he might learn something of the ways of the New World. And there was not the slightest doubt in the minds of his comrades, so Fred assured Oliver, that he had not only won his diploma, but that the sum of his knowledge along several other lines far exceeded that of any one of his contemporaries. His allowances came regularly every month, through the hands of Cockburn, who had known him in London, and whose bank cashed McFudd's remittances — a fact which enabled my lord to a greater extent than the others to keep an eye on the Irishman's movements and expenditures.

Whatever deviltry was inaugurated on this top floor during the day as well as the night, and it was pretty constant, could be traced without much difficulty to this irrepressible young Irishman. If Tomlins found his dress-suit put to bed, with a pillow for a body and his crush-hat for a head; or Cranch found Waller's lay-figure (Waller often used his bedroom as a studio) sitting bolt upright in his easy-chair, with its back to him reading a newspaper—the servant having been told to announce to Cranch, the moment she opened the door, that "a gentleman was waiting for him in his room"; or Cockburn was sent off on some wild-goose chase up-town—it was safe to say that Mac was at the bottom of it all.

If, Fred added impressively, this rollicking, devil-may-care, perfectly sound and hearty young Hibernian had ever been absolutely, entirely, and completely sober since his sojourn in the land of the free, no one of his fellow-boarders had ever discovered it.

Of this motley gathering "Ruffle-shirt" Tomlins, the swell; "Fog-horn" Cranch, the auctioneer; "Walrus" Waller, the sheep-painter; "My Lord" Cockburn, the Englishman; Fred Stone and Cornelius McFudd, not only occupied the bedrooms, but had seats at Miss Teetum's table, four flights below. Bianchi and the others were the guests of the evening.

All this, and more, Fred poured into Oliver's willing ear in loud or soft tones, dependent upon the particular kind of bedlam that was loose in the room at the moment, as they sat side by side on the floor, Oliver's back supported by a pillow which Tomlins had brought from his own bed and tucked behind his shoulders with his own hand.

This courtesy had been followed by another, quite as comforting and as thoughtful. Cockburn, the moment Oliver's back touched the wall, had handed him a toothbrush mug without a handle, filled to the brim with a decoction of Cockburn's own brewing, compounded hot according to McFudd's receipt, and poured from an earthen pitcher kept within reach of Cockburn's hand, and to which Oliver, in accordance with his habitual custom, had merely touched his lips, he being the most temperate of young gentlemen.

While they talked on, stopping now and then to listen to some outburst of Cranch, whose voice drowned all others—or to snatches of song from Wenby Simmons, the musician, or from Julius Bianchi, Waller's voice managed to make itself felt above the din with an earnestness that gained the attention and calmed all the others.

"You don't know what you're all talking about," he was heard to say. He was still astride his chair, his pipe in his hand. "Young Inness's picture was the best thing we had in the Exhibition, except Eastman Johnson's 'Old Kentucky' sketch. Durand's big tree was——"

"What—that Innes's smear?" retorted "My Lord" Cockburn, who still stood with the coal-scuttle in his hand ready for another chorus. "Positively, Waller, you Americans amuse me. Do you really think that you've got anybody about you that can paint anything worth having——"

"Oh! oh! Hear the high-cockalorum! Oh! oh!"

The sheep-painter raised his hand to command silence.

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"Do I think we've got anybody about here who can paint?—you fog-headed idiot from Piccadilly? We've got a dozen young fellows in this very town that put more real stuff into their canvases than all your men put together. They don't tickle their things to death with detail. They get air and vitality and out-of-doors into their work, and——"

"Names! Names!" shouted "My Lord" Cockburn, rattling the scuttle to drown the answers to his questions.

"George Inness for one, and young McEntee and Sanford Gifford, and Eastman Johnson, Page, Casilear—a lot of them," shouted "The Walrus." "Go to the Exhibition and see for yourself, and you——"

The rest of the discussion was lost to Oliver's ears owing to the roar of Cranch's fog-horn, accompanied by another vigorous shaking of the scuttle, which the auctioneer caught away from "My Lord" Cockburn's grasp, and the pounding of Simmons's fingers on the yellow keys of the wheezy piano.

The tribute to Inness had not been missed by Oliver, despite the deafening noise accompanying its utterance. He remembered another green smear, that hung in Mr. Crocker's studio, to which that old enthusiast always pointed as the work of a man who would yet be heard from if he lived. He had never appreciated it himself at the time, but now he saw that Mr. Crocker must be right.

Someone now started the chorus—

Down among the dead men, down.

Instantly every man was on his feet crowding about the piano, Oliver catching the inspiration of the moment and joining in with the others. The quality of his voice must have caught the ear of some of the singers, for they gradually lowered their tones, leaving Oliver's voice almost alone.

Fred's eye glowed with pleasure. His new-found friend was making a favorable impression. He at once urged Oliver to sing one of his own Southern songs as the darkies sung them at home, and not as they were caricatured by the end men in the minstrel shows.

Oliver, at first abashed, and then anxious to contribute something of his own in return for all the pleasure they had given him, hummed the tune for Simmons, and in the hush that followed began one of the old plantation songs that Malachi had taught him, beginning with

De old black dog he bay at de moon,
Away down yan ribber.
Miss Bull-frog say she git dar soon,
Away down yan ribber.

As the melody rang through the room, now full and strong, now plaintive as the cooing of a dove, or the moan of a whip-poorwill, the men stood stock-still, their wondering eyes fixed on the singer, and it was not until the timely arrival of the Bull-frog and the escape of her lover had been fully told that the listening crowd allowed themselves to do much more than breathe. Then there came a shout that nearly raised the roof. The peculiar sweetness of Oliver's voice, the quaintness of the melody, the grotesqueness of his gestures—for it was pantomime as well as music—and the quiet simplicity and earnestness with which it had all been done, had captivated every man in the room. It was Oliver's first triumph—the first in all his life.

And the second was not far off, for in the midst of all the uproar that followed, as he resumed his place on the floor, Cockburn sprang to his feet and proposed Mr. Oliver Horn as a full member of the Skylarkers' Club. This was carried unanimously, and a committee of two, consisting of "Ruffle-shirt" Tomlins and Waller, were forthwith appointed to acquaint the said member, who stood three feet away, of his election, and to escort him to Tomlins's chair—the largest and most imposing-looking one in the room. This action was endorsed by the shouts and cat-calls of all present, accompanied by earthquake shakings of the coal-scuttle and the rattling of chair-legs and canes on the floor.

Oliver rose to his feet and stood blushing like a girl, thanking those about him in halting sentences for the honor conferred upon him. Then he stammered something about his not deserving their praise, for he could really sing very few songs—only those he had sung at home to help out an occasional chorus, and that

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he would be delighted to join in one now, if any one of the gentlemen present would start a tune.

These last suggestions being eminently distasteful to the group, were immediately drowned in a series of protests, the noise only ceasing when "Fog-horn" Cranch mounted a chair and in his best real estate voice commanded silence.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," thundered the auctioneer, "I have the honor to announce that the great baritone, Mr. Oliver Horn, known to the universe as the 'Musical Cornucopia,' late of the sunny South, and now a resident of this metropolis, will delight this company by singing one of those soul-moving plantation melodies which have made his name famous over two hemispheres. Mr. 'Pussy Me-ow' Simmons, the distinguished fiddling pianist, late of the Bowery, very late, I may remark, and now on the waiting list at Wallack's Theatre, every other month, I am told, will accompany him."

"Hear! Hear!" "Horn! Horn!" "Don't let him get away, Fred." "Song! Song!" was heard all over the room.

Oliver again tried to protest, but he was again shouted down by cries of—

"None of that!" "Can't fool us," "You know a barrel of 'em." "Song! Song!"

Cranch broke in again—"Mr. Horn's modesty, gentlemen, greatly endears him to his fellow-members, and we love him the better for it, but all the same—" and he raised his hand with the same gesture he would have used had it held an auctioneer's hammer—"All in favor of his singing again say 'Aye!' Going! Going! Gone! The ayes have it." In the midst of the cheering Cranch jumped from the chair and taking Oliver by the hand as if he had been a young prima donna at her first appearance, led him to the piano with all the airs and graces common to such an occasion.

Our young hero hesitated a moment, looked about in a pleased but helpless way, then nerving himself tried to collect his thoughts sufficiently to recall some one of the songs that were so familiar to him at home. Then Sue's black eyes looked into his—there must always be a woman helping Oliver—and the strains of the last song he had sung with her the night before he left home floated through his brain. (These same eyes were gazing into another's at the moment, but our young Oliver was unconscious of that lamentable fact.)

"Did you ever happen to hear 'The Old Kentucky Home'?" Oliver asked Simmons. "No? Well, it goes this way," and he struck the chords.

"You play it," said Simmons, rising from the stool.

"Oh, I can only play the chords, and not all of them right——" And he took Simmons's seat. "Perhaps I can can get through—I'll try it," he added, simply, and squared himself before the instrument and began the melody.

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay.
The corn-top's ripe and the meadow is in bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.

Weep no more, my lady—oh, weep no more to-day!
We'll sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home far away.

As the words rolled from his lips Oliver seemed to forget the scene before him. Somehow he could see the light in Sue's eyes, as she listened, and hear her last words. He could hear the voice of his mother, and feel her hand on his head; and then, as the soft vowels and cadences of the quaint melody breathed themselves out, he could catch again the expression of delight on the face of Malachi—who had taught him the song—as he listened, with his black head on his hand. It was a supreme moment with Oliver. The thrill of happiness that had quivered through him for days, intensified by this new heaven of Bohemia, vibrated in every note he uttered.

The effect was equally startling on those about him. Cranch craned his head, and for once lowered his voice to a whisper in speaking to the man next him. Bowdoin, the painter, and one of the guests, left his seat and tiptoed to the piano, listening attentively, his eyes riveted on Oliver's face, his whole being absorbed in the melody. Bianchi and Waller so far lost themselves that their pipes went out, while Simmons was so entranced that he forgot to applaud when Oliver finished.

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The effect produced was not so much due to the quality in Oliver's voice—sweet and sympathetic as it was—nor to his manner of singing, nor to the sentiment of the song itself, but to the fact of its being, with its clear, sweet notes, a positive contrast to all of noise and clamor that had gone before. This fact, more than any other, made his listeners hold their breath in wonder and delight. It came like the song of a bird bursting out after a storm and charming everyone with the beauty of its melody, while the thunder of the tempest still reverberated through the air.

In the hush of the death-like stillness that followed, the steady tramp of feet was heard on the staircase, and the next instant the head of a young man, with a rosy face and side-chop coachman whiskers, close-cut black hair and shoe-button eyes, glistening with fun, was craned around the jamb of the door.

Mr. Cornelius McFudd had arrived.

He was in full evening dress, and as immaculate as if he had stepped out of a bandbox.

Whatever stimulants had permeated his system and fired his imagination had evidently escaped his legs, for they were as steady as those of a tripod. His entrance, in a measure, restored the assemblage to its normal condition. Mr. McFudd raised his hand impressively, checking the customary outbreak that always greeted his appearance on occasions like this, struck a deprecatory attitude and said, solemnly, in a rich, North-of-Ireland accent:

"Gentlemen, it is with the greatest surprise that I find ye contint to waste your time over such riotous proceedings as I know have taken place here to-night, when within a block of yez is a perfarmance that would delight yer souls. Think of a man throwing a hand-spring over——"

At this instant a wet sponge was fired point blank from an open bedroom door, missed McFudd's head by an inch and bounded down the staircase.

"Thank ye, Admiral Lord Cockburn, for yer civility," cried McFudd, bowing low to the open bedroom door, "and for yer good intintions, but ye missed it as ye did yer mither's blessing—and as ye do most of the things ye try to hit." This was said without raising his voice or changing a muscle of his face, his eyes fixed on the door inside of which stood Cockburn.

McFudd continued, "The perfarmance of this acrobat is one of the——"

Cries of "Don't you see you disturb the music?" "Go to bed!" "Somebody sit on McFudd!" etc., filled the room.

"Go on, gentlemen. Continue your insults; defame the name of an honest man who is attimpting to convey to yer dull comprehinsions some idea of the wonders of the acrobatic ring. I'll turn a hand-spring for yez meself that will illustrate what I mane," and Mr. McFudd carefully removed his coat and began sliding up his shirt-cuffs.

At this juncture "My Lord" Cockburn, who had come from behind the door, winked significantly at Waller, and creeping on all fours behind McFudd, just as that gentleman was about lifting his legs aloft, swept him off his feet by a twist of his arm, and deposited him on the small of his back next to Oliver, his head resting against the wall. There Waller stood over him with a chair, which he threatened to turn over him upside down and sit on if the prostrate Irishman moved an inch.

McFudd waved his hand sadly as if in acquiescence to the inscrutable laws of fate, begged the gentlemen present to give no further thought to his existence, and after a moment of silence continued his remarks on the acrobatic ring to Oliver in the same monotonous tone of voice which he had addressed to the room before Cockburn's flank movement had made him bite the dust.

"It may seem to you, Mr.— Mr.—, I haven't your name, sir," and he bent his head toward Oliver.

"Horn, sir," Oliver suggested. "Oliver Horn."

"Thanks, it may seem to you that I'm exaggerating, Mr. Oliver Horn, the wonder of this perfarmance, but——"

The rest of the sentence, despite the Hibernian's well-intentioned efforts, was not addressed to Oliver, but to the room at large, or rather to its furniture, or to be still more exact, to the legs of the piano, and such chairs and tables as the Irishman's prostrate body bumped into on the way to his room. For at that instant Waller, to save Oliver, as he pretended, from

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further annoyance, had caught the distinguished Hibernian by both feet, and in that position dragged him along the floor, as if he had been a wheelbarrow, McFudd's voice never changing its tone as he continued his remarks on physical culture, and the benefits which would accrue to the human race if they would practise the acrobat's handspring.

. . . . . .

When Fred and Oliver had closed their bedroom door for the night, the guests having departed and all the regular boarders being supposedly secure in their beds (Fred without much difficulty had persuaded Oliver to share his own bed over night), there came a knock at Fred's door, and the irrepressible Irishman stalked in.

He had removed his vest, high collar, and shoes, and had the air and look of an athlete. The marvellous skill of the acrobat still occupied his mind.

"Don't disturb yourself, my dear Stone, but me deloightful conversation with yer friend, Mr. Horn, was interrupted by that beast of a Waller, and I wanted to finish it. I am quite sure I can do it—the trick I was telling ye of. I've been practizing in me room. It's as easy as rolling off a jaunting-car."

"No, Mac, old man. Go to bed again," pleaded Fred.

"Not till I show ye, me boy, one of the most beautiful feats of agility——"

"Come off, Mac, I say," cried Fred, catching the Irishman around the waist.

"I'll come nothing! Unhand me, gentlemen, or by the—" and tearing himself free McFudd threw a hand-spring, with the ease of a professional, toppled, for a moment, his feet in the air, scraped along the white-washed wall with his heels, and sweeping the basins and pitchers filled with water from the washstand, measured his length on the floor. Then came the crash of broken china, a deluge of water, and Fred and Oliver began catching up sponges and towels to stay the flood.

A minute later a man in a long gray beard and longer night-robe—one of the regular boarders—bounded up the stairs two steps at a time and dashed through Fred's open door.

"By thunder, boys!" he cried, "I don't mind how much noise you make, rather like it; but what the devil are you trying to drown us out for? Wife is soaking—it's puddling down on our bed."

By this time every door had been flung open, and the room was filled with half-dressed men.

"It's that lunatic McFudd. He's been to the circus and thinks he's Martello," cried Fred, pointing, with the sponge which he had been squeezing out in the coal-scuttle, to the prostrate Irishman.

"Or the clown," remarked Waller, stooping over McFudd, who was now holding his sides and roaring with laughter.

. . . . . .

Long after Fred had fallen asleep, Oliver lay awake thinking of the night's pleasure. He had been very, very happy—happier than he had been for many months. The shouts of approval on his election to membership, the rounds of applause that had followed his rendering of the simple negro melodies, resounded in his ears, and the joy of it all still tingled through his veins. This first triumph of his life had brought with it a certain confidence in himself—a new feeling of self-reliance—of being able to hold his own among men, something he had never experienced before. This made it all the more exhilarating.

And the company!

Real live painters who sold their pictures and who had studied in Munich, and who knew Paris and Dresden and all the wonderful cities of which Mr. Crocker had talked. And real musicians, too!—who played at theatres; and Englishmen from London, and Irishmen from Dublin, and all so jolly and unconventional and companionable. It was just as Mr. Crocker had described it, and just what he had about despaired of ever finding. Surely his cup of happiness was full to the brim.

We can forgive him, we who are older and wiser; we remember those glimpses of the actors behind the scenes—our first and never-to-be-forgotten! How real everything seemed, even the grease-paint, the wigs, and the clothes. And the walking gentleman and the leading old man and low comedian! What splendid fellows they were and how we sympathized with them in their enforced exiles from a be-

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loved land. How they suffered from scheming brothers who had robbed them of their titles and estates, or flint-hearted fathers who had turned them out of doors because of their infatuation for their "art" or because of their love for some dame of noble birth or simple lass, whose name—"Me boy, will be forever sacred!" How proud we were of knowing them, and how delighted they were at knowing us—and they so much older too! And how tired we got of it all—and of them—and of all their kind when our eyes became accustomed to the glare and we saw how cheap and commonplace it all was and how much of its glamour and charm had come from our own inexperience and enthusiasm—and youth.

As Oliver lay with wide-open eyes, going over every incident of the evening, he remembered, with a certain touch of exultant pride, a story his father had told him of the great Poe, and he fell to wondering whether the sweetness of his own song, falling on ears stunned by the jangle of the night, had not produced a similar effect. Poe, his father had said, on being pressed for a story in the midst of a night of revelry in a famous house in Kennedy Square, had risen from his seat and repeated the Lord's Prayer with such power and solemnity that the guests, one and all, stunned and sobered, had pushed their chairs from the table and had left the house. He remembered just where his father sat when he told the story and the impression it had made upon him at the time. He wished Kennedy Square had been present to-night to have heard *him* and to have seen the impression *his* song had made upon those gathered about him.

Kennedy Square! What would dear old Richard Horn, with his violin tucked lovingly under his chin, and gentle, white-haired Nathan, with his lips caressing his flute, have thought of it all, as they listened to the uproar of Cockburn's coal-scuttle? And, that latter-day Chesterfield, Colonel John Howard Clayton, of Pongateague, whose pipe-stemmed Madeira glasses were kept submerged in iced finger-bowls until the moment of their use, and whose rare Burgundies were drunk out of ruby-colored soap-bubbles warmed to an exact temperature. What would this old aristocrat have thought of McFudd's mixture and the way it was served?

No! It was just as well that Kennedy Square, at the moment of Oliver's triumph, was fast asleep.

(To be continued.)

SONG

By Marie van Vorst

In among the tall weeds
  There lives a briar-rose.
All among the rugged reeds
  She bends and sways and glows.
The ragged bloom around her grows,
  And rough and rude her bed,
But kisses of the wind she knows
  And blushes warm and red.

The sunny moor about her lies,
  The stream runs blithe and clear.
She does not reck o' sombre skies,
  Nor knows the changing year.
She hath no ken o' Winter drear,
  Nor dreads the frost and storm,
For Summer winds have called her dear,
  She blushes, red and warm.

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THE CATTLE-MAN WHO DIDN'T

By Arthur Ruhl

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. GLACKENS

WHEN Dinny Cadogan threw up his place in the stockyards the Brighton people said that they always knew he would land in a cattle-ship. The Brighton people knew all about Dinny Cadogan and they knew all about cattle-crews, and their remark meant very much the same to them as though they had said that they knew he would some day be hung. When Dinny heard of it he laughed —as he had laughed at pretty much of everything since he could remember.

A boy with his first pair of trousers was not happier than Dinny Cadogan when he first heard the roar and yells as the nine-hundred steers came thundering up the chute into the ship, when he caught the smell of the real sea, and when, with his half-month's pay in his pocket and the gang behind him, he first swung down Derby Road. As soon as the ship got back to Boston, he hurried over to Brighton with wild tales for the boys in the Yard and a new English shilling for a girl he knew. That was his first trip. In two years he learned a lot of things. He learned to go from East Boston to the Alexandra docks in Liverpool without a look at green water except that which showed through the portholes behind the backs of his cattle; he knew how to make a steer get on its feet when it didn't want to; he learned to feel out of place when away from his gang and among his old friends of the Brighton Pleasure Club; and he knew that it took four days to get well after leaving Liverpool and one night after leaving Boston, on account of the relative heaviness of American beer and English ale.

It came over him one day that he wasn't getting his money's worth. It also happened that Fate and a large piece of salt halibut gave him a quite ungovernable thirst.

When he started for Brighton to get back his old place the drink that quenched his thirst made him laugh at his seriousness, the laugh made him drink again for the fun of the thing, and the fun of the thing landed him from where he had started—asleep behind the stove in a bar-room in Commercial Street. Next day he had remorse. This ought to have shown him that he wasn't, as yet, a real cattleman, but instead it scared him greatly. And he took it so hard that this time it was not to the Yards nor the home of his fathers that he returned.

The little cottage stood back a bit from the street. He vaulted the fence and strode very carefully through the snow up to the lighted window. He looked and started —and looked. Now he could have wound young Jones into a knot almost as easily as Jones himself wound the tape over his finger in a downtown department store, but it must be remembered that he was in a state to be afraid of high white collars, to run from a made-up Ascot as he would flee a bursting shell. The pair of exceedingly long and sharply pointed patent-leather shoes that stretched toward him like miniature crocodiles struck him with all the tragic force of the levelled finger and the "Begone!" of the plays he once had known. He had no way of knowing that the girl, who spent so much of her time washing dishes and sewing things for her young brother that she could hardly be expected to know the meaning of romance, kissed a certain English shilling every night before she went to bed. So he merely looked at her for a while, whistling very softly between his teeth, then, drawing a plug from his pocket, he took a bite and slouched away.

It was midnight when Dinny Cadogan passed the watchman, at the gate to the Brazilian's dockshed. Lines of stevedores were trotting up the gangway with the last stuffing for the bowels of the leviathan, and in the glare of the arc-lamps he could see, rising from the funnel, a steadily blackening cloud of smoke. It occurred to him that a cattle-boat though easy to en-

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ter was rather like a rat-trap when it came to getting out, but he had been his own judge and jury too long to admit that he had made a fool of himself. And as he saw his fellow-rats, lounging on a pile of loose straw near the gangway, somehow his heart went out toward them as though they were all he had in the world. Their ten days' beards and wrinkled boots, the very smell of stale beer and clay pipes as he came nearer, were like the lights of home.

They were a lot of men whom the sieve of Fate in its various jostlings had shaken to the bottom in a common pile. All of them had naïve ignorance of any power upon, beneath, or above the earth, which they were bound to respect, except their foreman, the police, and the man big enough to back up his words with his fists. Dinny Cadogan was that man. For two years he had been the only man strong enough to fight their battles and reckless enough to amuse their somewhat unsprightly spirits. They knew that and he knew they knew it, and he also knew how now —after he had deserted them during their last day on shore—they felt toward him.

"Where's the old man—it's time he's here?" said he, following that plan of hitting first which is proverbially said to be useful in street fights. The men pulled moodily on their pipes and said nothing. With fine indifference one of them asked the negro for a match. The negro, Johnson, had left the sleeping-car business because he found that everyone slept but the porter, and on account of his previous contact with luxury he was supposed always to be supplied with the minor details of it. Dinny drew his sleeve across his nose and yawned. Then he demanded, abruptly:

"Where've ye all been?"

Hobbs, the little Englishman, glanced over the supporters combatively.

"Wot's that to you?" he snapped. Hobbs had once sold matches along the Strand, and it seemed to have left his disposition inflammable. "'Ee's shook us—that's wot 'ee's done!" piped Hobbs turning to the gang. "'Ee don't want us—'ee don't want beer—wot does 'ee want?"

"It's women!" sneered one of the men. His name was Williams, but they called him Ginger Blue, because of his temper and the color of his jeans. Considering the circumstances, the remark was inopportune. "It's women!" repeated the cattle-man.

"Women be damned," said Dinny, gravely.

"Look 'ere," cried Hobbs, jerking his thumbs characteristically, as he turned on Dinny. "Wot we want to know is this—*We* want to know 'oo in 'ell are you! That's wot we want to know. 'Oo—in—'ell—are——"

"Aw go wan!" suddenly bellowed Dinny. Then he laughed all over. "Come on all of ye an' have dhrink!" That was one way.

The gang was on its feet when a sudden stamping of boots down the shed announced the coming of the tardy foreman. He was a big, bullet-headed man with hands like small hams and the air of one who commands with a club. As he saw his men he flung up his hands with a snort, like a steer which is hit on the nose.

"Here you! Where are you going now?" This is not at all what he said, but as near to it as is comfortable.

As he came floundering toward them, looking from one to another out of beady, bloodshot eyes, the men glanced at one another significantly.

"He's drunk it for us," muttered Ginger Blue. It was very apparent that the foreman was in worse shape than usual. The men had always expected something of this sort, but the company kept Buckerson because he could manage any crew that fell into his hands, and he had the record of seldom losing a steer. His disposition had, to be sure, its defects. He once had had a little dispute with an awkward young "stiff," as they were unloading at Liverpool; but the coroner's jury decided that the boy had been kicked by an ugly bullock. The company has no time to go into details. The men, obedient as poodles at his first word, were moving toward the ship when Buckerson broke out again:

"Here, you! where you goin'? Stop! My—my—my—God! Get along with ye! Barry—way aft 'tween decks—you with 'im Paddy Diggin. Larry—dam ye, wake up—take the top of the gangway. Dinny—you stay with me. Now boys keep 'em movin'!"

As the advance guard of the nine hun-

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dred half-wild beasts clattered out of the cars, across the docks, and up the narrow chute, Dinny Cadogan forgot the look of a certain pair of patent-leather boots. He had never yet quite got over the fun of hearing the volleying oaths and the cattlemen's cry of "Hi—you!" and the crash of broken stanchions as the frightened-eyed creatures were driven down the aisles and shunted behind the headboards. Above the yells and bellows he could hear the foreman cursing in a way he had never heard before. Once or twice, as they worked side by side, he had to push him away when he was pitchforking the line in the wrong direction, and once he drew him back, as he was about to fall beneath the trampling feet. In a short half hour, however, the lights of the arc-lamps showed between the slats of the empty cars, and up from the depths of the great hull, into the cold air of the deck, rose a warm, steamy smell and the rustle of many bodies.

From above came the long-drawn, thunderous rattle of the whistle, and a moment later, rolling grandly with her unsettled load, the Brazilian turned her thick, black nose to the East. Though they knew that nine hundred very unruly heads had to be tied to headboards, it was also an unwritten law of the Brazilian's crew that, until the foreman leaves his stateroom, no cattle-man stirs from the fo'c's'le. They were as pleased that Buckerson had shut himself up in his room as are school-children when their teacher is sick. They knew that he could have his steak and eggs and a tablecloth, while they must wait for their pan of pork and pail of "scouse"; what they didn't know was that beneath the blankets of the upper berth in Buckerson's stateroom were half a dozen bottles of cheap whiskey, and that the foreman himself sat on the edge of the lower berth with another in his hand.

It was not until they were sinking into that dead sleep which follows a week ashore that a heavy boot kicked open the door and the flushed face of the foreman was thrust into the opening.

"Damn ye, get up!" he blurted, continuing with various comments more or less relevant, and remarking incidentally that if any of them wanted a job as dead men they knew where they could get it. Swearing sulkily the men dragged their boots from the straw. As they straggled down the narrow aisles between the rows of broad heads, the cement floors heaved majestically, and from all round and from below came the nervous moan of tired and thirsty cattle. The gray gloom of a dark winter's day was just beginning to fade the long rows of incandescent lamps. Slowly and sulkily they clambered over the headboards, and with clubs and forks and tail-twisting forced the burly brutes into their proper places. As the foreman had disappeared shortly after setting them to work, and there was no one to drive them, it was noon before the ropes were knotted and the sideboards hammered in. It was night before hay had been shaken out and the men gathered round the fo'c's'le table. The tiny incandescent lamp shone down on the tousled heads, on the rough table stained with ancient grease-spots and scarred with knife slashes, and lit dimly the rows of bunks which, set one above the other, lined the walls and extended down the middle of the tiny cubby-hole in which they all ate and slept.

"One feed a day," chuckled Dinny, resting his elbows on the table as he gnawed a bit of hard-tack. "It's like a picnic on the grass!" The men, who were finding it too much work to stay sore against him, grinned over their tin mugs.

"This 'ere trip makes me think of a bit of a blow on a river-boat," chirped little Hobbs, "on a bloomin' river-boat down to Gravesend of a Sunday." Dipping his cup into the common soup-pail, he broke into it some hard-tack and then added vinegar. "I'm 'appy!" said he, holding out the vinegar bottle; "oo'l 'ave the beer?" For the cattle-crew, beer stops at the dockshed, and this joke was Hobbs's best. Dinny leaned over toward the Englishman and tapped the board playfully with his huge fist.

"Lemme tell ye this, Matches," said he, "ye're like to be glad many times before ye're out o' this that it's no river-boat ye're on. Ye've niver made the February passage before—d'ye mind that, Matches?"

A few moments later the men tumbled into their bunks. The one who went out to turn the ventilator aft for fear of fresh air, remarked, as he closed the fo'c's'le door, that it was beginning to snow.

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He looked and started—and looked.—Page 110.

Heavy snores were droning from every huddled heap round him, while Dinny Cadogan still lay flat on his back, staring at the dusty lamp above his head. Before he had taken to cattling he had seen lamps just like it in the wings at the "Grand," and, as he stared, he swore softly, and drew his dirty blanket over his head. Above the noise of the sleepers, he could hear from without the steady rush of a wind that seemed to grow with the minutes. The voice of the lookout, which can be heard at night when the fo'c's'le is still, from the foremast overhead, was lost.

The little triangular room, up in the very stem of the ship, rose and fell dizzily, like the end of a great walking-beam. As the big hulk shouldered through the growing hills of water, Dinny thought he could hear the surge and swash as the splintered swells raced past the bows. Up on the bridge they may have known what was coming, but, even on the bridge, weather reports cannot tell just what will happen when a vessel is twenty-four hours from Boston Light. And, as he lay there, shame at the sorry showing he had made the night before came over him with painful weight. For the first time, he saw that he was no longer a boy, and yet that this two years had made him even less a man. The old days in the yards at Brighton, and the people he had known, seemed like a warm, bright, gay country, miles and years away, to which he could never return. He always thought of Brighton as it looked in summer, and it seemed even more bright and warm now as the sea-wind moaned past the portholes. He could see the "Port" on Sunday afternoon, with the sidewalks full of people, and the open cars bumping and fluttering by. With his old gang round him, he was loafing in front of the store windows, his hat on one side, a cigarette between his lips, and nodding, if he chose, as the girls passed by.

It may have been six hours later that he was routed from sleep by a crash on the deck overhead. It was followed by a long rumbling, like the rolling of heavy safes. He sat up in his bunk. There had been a list to starboard when the Brazilian

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put out from her dock, but he now found himself clinging in his bunk like a slater on a roof. From the upper bunks, the young "stiffs"—boys who had never seen more of the sea than Nantasket—stared down at him in silent, wild-eyed terror. Though the ventilator was turned aft, sparkling crystals of snow sifted down into the reeking, steamy atmosphere of the crowded room. The fo'c's'le slewed and swung as it sank like a drunken man going down hill. There was another crash over his head, and Dinny could hear the water pouring into the hatchway, outside the fo'c's'le door. The heaps stretched and rustled in their straw, and all at once Hobbs jumped out of his bunk.

"What's h'up!" he gasped, pulling open the door. The snow, piled outside like a drift against a cellar-door, fell in upon his feet. The hatch looked like a gully in the Sierras. Snow lay drifted on the floor, glistened on the backs of the cattle who were near the opening, and swirled fiercely down the open aisles. Just then there was another thunder on the deck and Hobbs slamming the door shut, turned back as though he had seen a ghost.

"My gawd!" he cried, "w'ots comin' of us?" The men, all awake now, braced themselves in their bunks and said nothing, but the Cockney, stumbling back into his berth, sat bolt upright in the straw with his thumbs jerking and body twitching as though he were speaking rapidly. His eyes flitted hurriedly from one to another of the older veterans. Then his voice came again.

"Is it all h'up with us?" As he made this demand one of the young stiffs, who could keep down his terror no longer, suddenly cried as though in pain, and burying his head in his blanket, like a child who is afraid of the dark, broke into hysterical sobs. The men jumped as though they had been hit and snarled out a string of curses.

"Hit's too much!" shrieked Hobbs. "A man's got to 'ave something. I say damn the rules! We've got to 'ave drink, d' y' 'ear me—drink!"

Ginger Blue jumped up fiercely. "Who's got it?" he demanded.

"Oo's got it! Buckerson's got it. H'it was in 'im w'en 'e come on, h'it was in 'im yesterday, an' there's more w'ere it come from. Of course 'e's got it—'is room's floatin' with it!" His shrill voice rang above the heavy roar of the sea, and clinging to a deck-stanchion he faced the gang.

"Are you blokes afraid!" he yelled, bracing his own courage with the strength of his voice. "Ye sneakin' bloody——"

A slap on the back almost knocked his breath away. Dinny Cadogan, who had been all the time staring stolidly ahead of him, was up and laughing. "Matches—ye're all right! We'll do ut—we'll do ut. Ye may have to dhrink water enough before we're out o' this. Come on with ye!"

As the little attacking party sallied down the long aisle toward the foreman's stateroom, the water which had been shipped swashed up and down with the pitching of the vessel, and gurgled ankle-deep around their boots.

The Brazilian not only pitched as all vessels must, but she had a way of rolling that most intelligent logs might have managed to avoid. The terrified cattle, helpless to resist, bumped against one another with every contortion of the ship. Edging slowly along, now pulling himself half hand-over-hand, now holding himself back from running down hill, Dinny led the insurgents.

They had gone half way and were just under the open bunker hatchway, when, with a slow fearful rise, the Brazilian slewed off to one side as though she were taking rapids, then a green torrent swung over the opening and swept them off their feet. Dinny was far enough ahead to miss the worst of it. Clinging to a head-board as the water swashed round him and raced through the scuppers, he yelled exultingly at the men:

"Come on—y're all right—come on! If ye go down ye go down singin'! Come on!" But the gang were scrambling away like frightened frogs.

He turned toward the foreman's door. Seizing the knob in one hand he brought his fist down on the iron panel like a boxer's on a punching-bag.

"Buckerson—O Buckerson!" As he roared through the keyhole, the storm had gone miles and years away, and Dinny Cadogan was leading the gang again.

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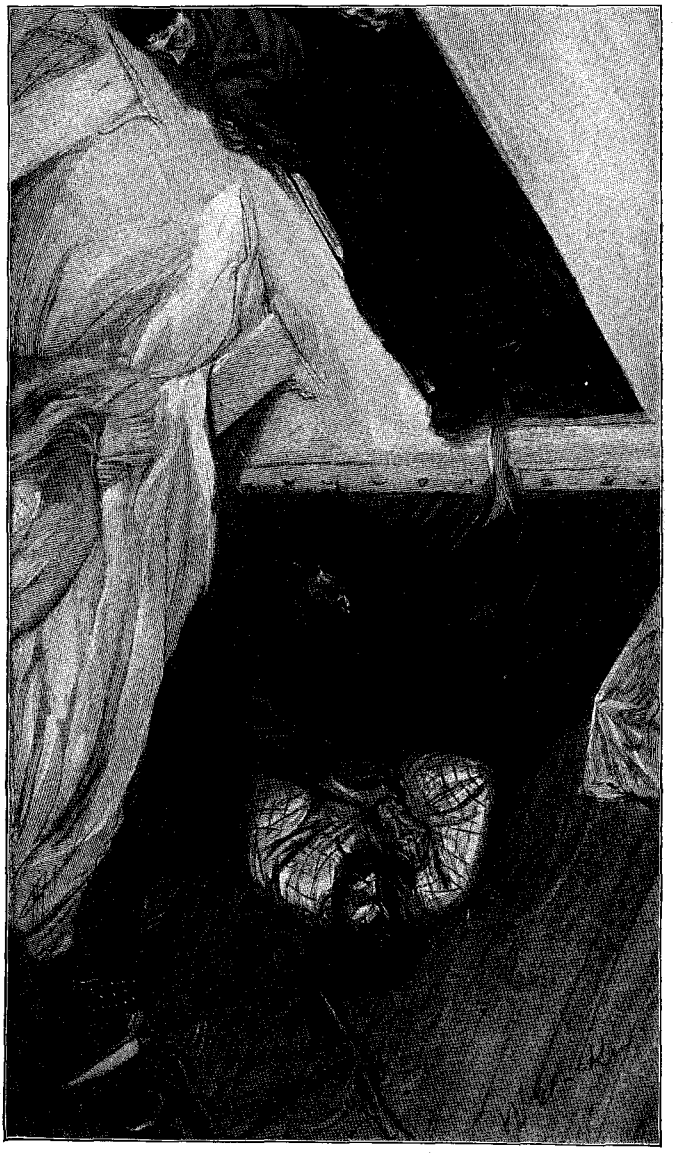
"Buckerson! Ye've got more than is good for ye—d'y' 'ear Buckerson—we're dhroundin' fer thirst!" Before he could dodge, the iron door struck him in the face, and the foreman's heavy arm, brandishing a bread-knife, was thrust through the opening. As he caught sight of it, Dinny lunged forward and the door snapped on the arm like a steel trap.

"Lemme out!" screamed Buckerson, with a torrent of incoherent curses, "I'll kill you—you——"

Seizing the helpless wrist and suddenly letting go the door, Dinny threw himself on the body of the drunken foreman and bore him to the floor. Before Buckerson could bite or kick he was turned over on his belly like a turtle on its back. Ripping the oil-cloth table-cover into strips Dinny tied the foreman's hands behind his back and with the sheets of the berth wrapped him like a mummy. Then wadding a bit of cloth into his mouth he wedged him very neatly underneath his berth. Dinny was too excited and happy to notice that he lay against the wall instead of sitting on the floor, but as he pulled himself to his feet he saw that the starboard list had grown terrific. Without touching the contents of the upper berth he stepped outside, locked the door and took the key. Scarcely had he done so, when, with a long creaking shiver, the laboring vessel heeled over to starboard. There was a sound like falling walls at a fire, a river of water bore down upon him and he was "boiled" like a swimmer in the surf. For an instant it seemed that mountains of water poured into the Brazilian, she lifted groggily, and then, stopping, lay like a log in the trough of the sea. At the moment Dinny Cadogan knew not that other tides than the one which surged round him were at the flood; neither did he know that a poorly packed cargo had shifted. But he saw the



Dinny threw himself on the body of the drunken foreman.

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hatch-cover to the lower deck smashed into firewood, he heard the bellowing and stamping of terrified cattle and he knew that down below some four hundred steers were struggling in the water that gurgled around their necks.

Just what went on inside Dinny Cadogan in those few moments he did not know at the time, and could only guess at afterward. A few seconds later, however, he found himself bursting open the f'o'c'sle door and ordering out of their bunks a lot of men who had shut themselves in from the storm, as frightened children close the door upon the thunder. He saw them stare at him in dumb wonder and fear, saw them stumble ahead of him along the aisle and jump down the hatch to the lower deck, heard his orders and saw them obeyed as though he had not been, ten minutes before, one with those who now received them.

Now the lower deck of a cattle-ship is like a big iron box, with little holes along its upper edges for light, and along the lower for drainage, and when the ship is on her beam ends with water pouring into her at every roll, these scuppers are worth about as much as pinholes in a pail. As Dinny and his gang dropped into the grim twilight 'tween decks, the roar of the hurricane was drowned in the din of bellowings, the straining of ropes, and the splashing of tangled legs. Pitchforks in hand they waded to the clogged scuppers. It was like digging postholes in four feet of water, but there was no time to wait. Cursing his men here and cheering them there, Dinny waded along the headboards, clubbing, forking, and dragging the benumbed and stupid beasts to their feet. Steers have an exasperating habit of lying down and dying, without asking anybody. Dinny had as many ways of meeting that habit as a wrestler has of outwitting his opponent, and humane societies don't count when the water is four feet deep.

Amid the blind, bull-headed, heaving and pulling and crushing of the cattle, Dinny could hear from their black cubby-hole amidships, the more human neighs, and the sharper, fiercer struggles of the horses. Their row of tightly packed stalls was wedged in between the ship's outer wall and the partition that shut off the furnace-shaft. Between their noses and the hot air from the furnace-rooms, was just three feet of space and a wall of sheet iron; the oats which they ate would run warm through your hands like the sand on the beach in summer. There were fifty horses boxed in this dark, low-walled oven, with their heads tied fast, the water over their legs, and the sides of their narrow stalls pressing their flanks like the sides of a coffin. With Hobbs ahead of him, because he was likeliest to bolt, Dinny pushed his way to the starboard side amidships. Through the semi-darkness he could see the terrified animals, rearing and struggling until some hung helpless over their mangers like runaways over the yoke. Pushing Hobbs to the scuppers, he worked along the headboards, untwisting tangled legs. Cadogan was the only man on the boat who could carry two cornsacks at once from the lazarette to the forward hatch, and he took the beasts by the fetlocks and lifted them back as you would lift a man off the ground by taking him by the wrists.

As they worked farther and farther along into this steamy tunnel, the side of the ship, on which they clung, seemed to list at a greater and greater angle. From the open hatch behind them, every now and then, came the splashing crash of tons of falling water. Though the scuppers were doing their best, it seemed to be deepening around them. Hobbs, his waxy face gray in the twilight, his head twitching here and there as though to find a way of escape from his master, crept tremblingly ahead, cursing like a maniac. They had pushed as far as the centre of the row of stalls when the ship swung over sickeningly; the hungry waters closed over the glass of the ports and it became almost dark.

With a shriek, Hobbs threw his arms for an instant about the man beside him, then he stumbled frantically toward the open hatch. Dinny was as quick as he. Snatching him by the belt, he snapped him back, and set him down on his feet on the other side.

"Get along with ye!" he said.

Just what went on down in the reek and roar of that cattle-ship, during the next two days and nights, none but the cattle-men know, and they never tell. The crew could tell how all that day, and the

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Blind, bull-headed, heaving and pulling and crushing of the cattle.—Page 116.

night following, they bumped round in the hold, jettisoning the cargo that loaded the listed side ; the stokers, how, down in their black cave, out of the noise of the gale, and ready at any moment to be drowned like puppies in a bag, they trundled their wheelbarrows from the starboard to the port coal-bins. Four passengers, which were all the Brazilian carried, could tell how they were routed from their prayers and moanings as they knelt together in the tiny saloon, carried below by a strange fierce person to a steamy hades, where they were forced to do things that they thought no human being could ever before have done. The boatswain could tell how this same being, blind to cattle-ship etiquette, had pounced upon his seamen as they were heaving overboard the hay-bales that weighted the star-

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board deck, and had driven them, at risk of their death, to shift the hay to the port side below, on the curious plea that, as the ship would be long overdue, a lot of cows down below might not be half-starved as well as half-drowned.

The cattle-men, however, could tell the strangest tales. With Dinny behind them and beside them and sleepless through it all, they learned to do, in one and the same minute, the work of derricks and battering-rams and doctors and wet-nurses. They learned how to keep a steer's nose out of salt water, while down his throat they urged fresh water and hay. Dinny drove his men as a desperate Arctic explorer drives his last few dogs. He cursed them and cheered them and rested and forced them, and at critical moments fed them, like babies from a bottle, with whiskey. He didn't know what was coming next; and he hoped that the people on the bridge were doing what was best. He knew only that something had happened and a chance had come, and he was fighting the fight of his life, for himself and for the man, a thousand miles behind, whose name was on the hay-bales and whose tag was in each bullock's ear.

Once there came a voice from above—

"How are you doing, Buckerson?" As he looked up he didn't know that the light which was paling the lamps was the light of the second morning.

"We're doin' what we can," yelled Dinny. "We're not dead nor shleepin'!" With the swell that was left there was nothing to suggest 'tween decks that the gale had lulled.

The captain knew as much about what went on beneath the bridge as the conductor of a Pullman car knows about firing a locomotive. Dinny had never before heard him speak to a cattle-man. As he stepped into the open hatchway to look upward he was met by a sound between a snarl and a roar. Buckerson, broken from his bonds, with the shreds of sheet still hanging to his waist, his little eyes red as blood and his great fists churning before his face, was stumbling toward the hatch. Before Dinny could get himself together the foreman had seized a pitchfork and raised it above his head. Buckerson had the courage of anger, but he did not reckon his own weakness nor the ice-covered deck. As he lunged forward, the deck lunged too and his great hulk tottered over the hatch rim and crashed below.

One of his legs had doubled under him as he turned in the air and struck, and when he tried to struggle to his feet he sank back groaning. Dinny was bending over him when the captain's voice came again.

"Buckerson—H'y! foreman!"

"I think, sir," called Dinny, looking upward, "that mishter Buckerson's indishposed."

The captain was staring down at him. "What the devil's the matter?" he snapped, and started down the ladder. The foreman was rolling in pain like a wounded hippopotamus.

"Put it up—put it up!" muttered Dinny, pulling a clasp-knife from the foreman's fist. Then he sat himself calmly on Buckerson's chest and squeezed tightly both his wrists. The foreman's eyes burned at him.

"I'd like to kill you, Dinny Cadogan," he muttered between his teeth. "I'd—like—to—kill—you——"

As the captain stepped off the ladder Hobbs and a young stiff were hurrying up. Without leaving his hold, Dinny turned his head toward them and said "Go back!" They went. The captain looked at him and Buckerson and gasped:

"Who the devil are you," he demanded; "you seem to be running this thing!"

They picked up Buckerson like a corn-sack and carried him to his room. As they dumped him in his berth, a lurch of the ship sent an empty bottle rolling across the floor. The place smelled rank of liquor. The captain peered through the door like the member of a rescue league inspecting the slums.

"This looks bad for you, Buckerson," he said. The foreman, who all this time had been purring curses like a kettle at boil, turned his little red eyes on the captain and yelled a final oath.

Ten days later the battered Brazilian, with half her boats gone and a dizzy list to starboard, was steaming slowly up to Liverpool. The gale which had swung and pummelled her for twelve days had died just off the Fastnet; the Irish Sea was

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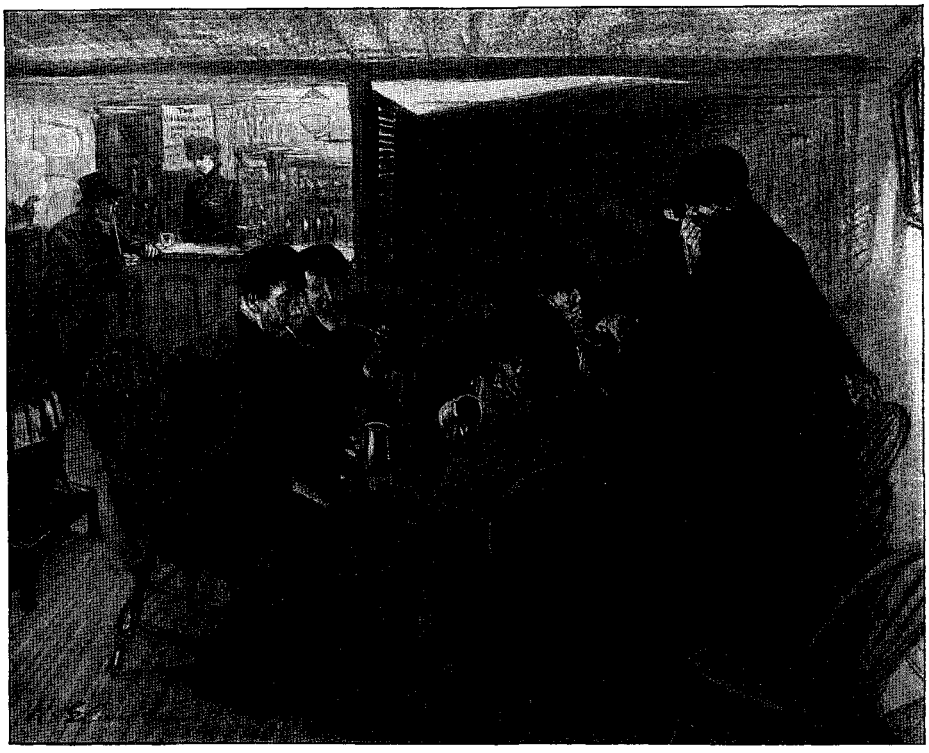

They huddled, with heads bent low over their pewter mugs.

around them, all blue and sparkling, and along the right the brown Welsh hills lay sleeping in the sun. Way forward and way aft where the winch engines rattled, black, bloated bodies showed out against the soft blue as they swung up from below and then fell with heavy splash into the sea. Now and then something gave way and the winch chains, clutching a bodiless head, rattled back angrily to the lower deck—back into the steamy stench and the muck and swash where the men still worked, feeding the living while they dragged off the dead.

Late that afternoon, when he had seen his charges thunder into the landing-stage at Birkenhead, Dinny Cadogan hurried up town to explain how out of eight hundred and ninety-eight, he had saved but eight hundred and seventy-two.

By ten o'clock that night the cattle-crew of the Brazilian were drunk as lords. Behind a red-hot stove in the taproom of a dingy little lodging-house in Derby Road they huddled, with heads bent low over their pewter mugs and sparks from their pipes falling unnoticed upon their clothes. The steamy air was thick with smoke, rank with the smell of beer and tobacco, buzzing with amiable blasphemies, and they were very happy. Once more they had pulled through, and the deep sea and the devil could only wait until next trip. Some cattle-men get worse, some merely die, some stay cattle-men and some don't. In a room above, beside a hot little lamp, sat Dinny Cadogan, a pen in his hand, sweat on his face, and breath coming hard. It was the first letter he had written in two years, but the thought of how Jones might have written it did not bother him. As he wrote, the sound of cheerful roars and poundings came confusedly up from below, but Dinny Cadogan was not worrying about that. In the first place, he was wondering by how many days and hours a mail-boat beats a cattle-boat between Liverpool and Boston; in the second place, dignity of a certain sort is expected of the foreman of the Brazilian.

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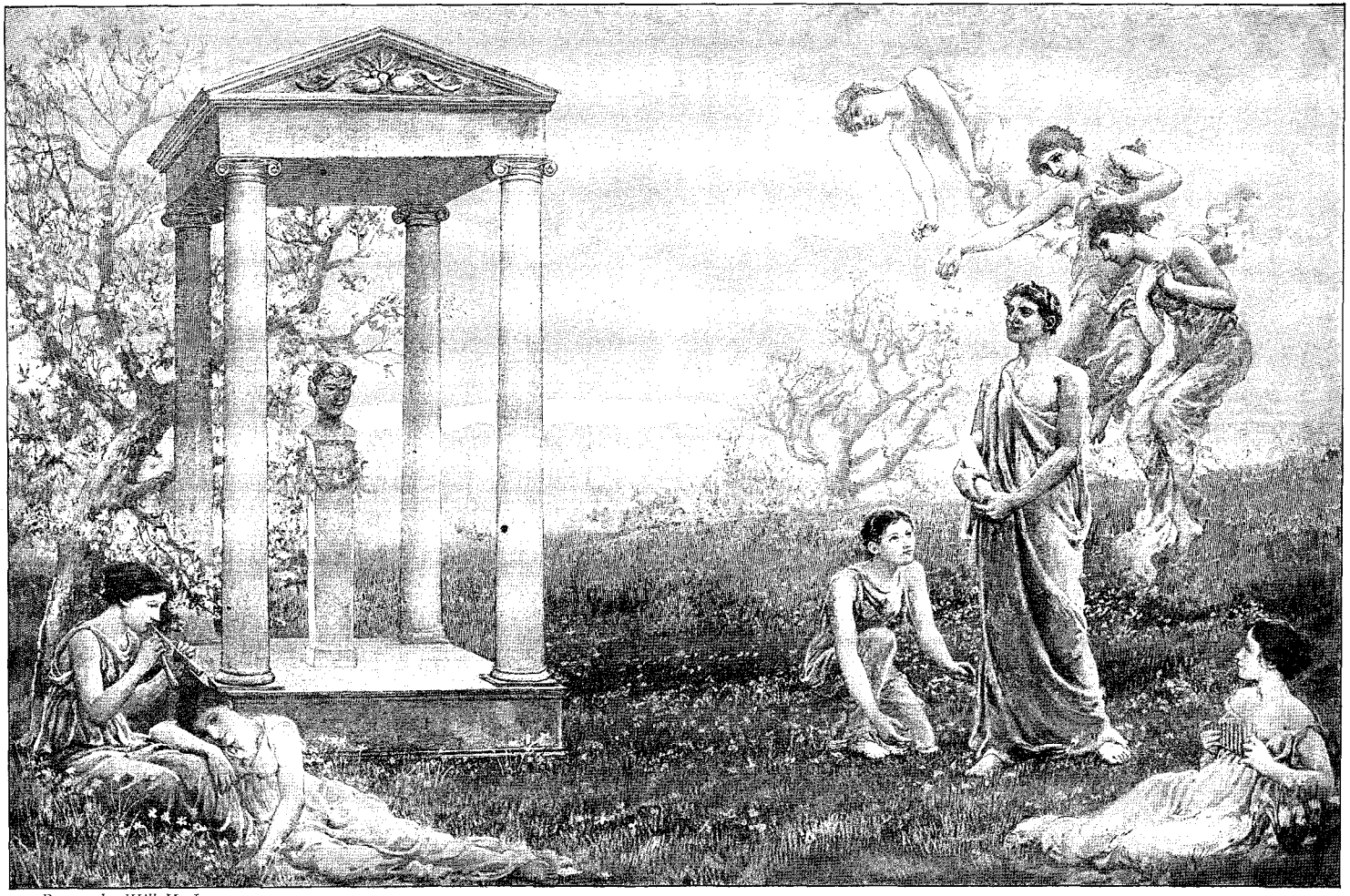

Drawn by Will H. Low.

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BALLADE OF HORACE'S LOVES

By George Meason Whicher

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY WILL H. LOW

"All the ladies who figure in his love-poems are creatures of his fancy."
—Editor of the Odes.

LYDIA, fickle and fair,
Lyce, the faded of hue,
Lalage, Pholoë—there!
Hark, how the l's ripple through.
These were the beauties that drew,
These lilting and lyrical dames!
Leuconoë, Glycera—Pooh!
Why, Horace, they're nothing but names!

Pyrrha, the golden of hair,
Lyde the lyrist, the shrew
Myrtale—well, I declare!
What in the world shall we do?
Must we abandon the crew,
Their gallants and gaddings and games?
Barine, Lycoris, adieu!
Alas! ye are nothing but names!

All were but syllabled air,
Fancies that fluttered and flew,
Innocent Phidyle's prayer,
Chloë the fawn, and the few
Years that your Cinara knew,
Cinara, sweetest of flames!
Ah, Horace, I'm sorry for you;
Alas! they were nothing but names!

Envoi.

Ladies! ye shrink from this view;
But soon all your loves and your fames,
Fun, frailties, frolics, ye too,
Alas! will be nothing but names.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

Letters and Public Life.

WITH "the most literary President since Jefferson" now in the White House, the old question how far a man is helped or hindered in a public career by a sneaking fondness for literature gains a certain fresh pertinence. We put one side the political rewards which come to a writer as such. These have been markedly in our history diplomatic rewards. Mr. Lindsay Swift has written of "Our Literary Diplomats," and is able to make out a long list of distinguished names, from Franklin to Hay, of men who have been sent abroad to represent the republic of letters as well as the republic of the United States. These appointments have made American diplomacy a thing by itself—as has also, and less agreeably, our habit of making an ambassador out of a politician who, as Lowell said, "will at most only bewilder some foreign court with a more desperately helpless French than his predecessor." But this is the exceptional courtesy which American politics makes to the "d——d literary feller." How goes the battle of the books in the ordinary pursuit and attainment of the ordinary political office?

One necessary distinction we are enabled to make from French experience. France has always delighted to honor literary as well as other forms of intellectual eminence with a seat in Senate or Chamber. M. Maurice Barrès is the latest *littérateur* to appear among the Deputies, but he made the sad though excusable mistake of thinking that he might represent letters in the Chamber, just as the others represented fisheries or agriculture or manufactures. This was against the traditions. Barrès undertook to enlighten his fellows concerning an abuse in the publishing business, but at once discovered the truth of Marcel Prévost's remark: "Qu'un député soit littérateur, il semble admis à l'avance qu'il n'a plus le droit de parler littérature." The inference is, and it holds for other politics than French, that literature is not an "interest" which may be "recognized" in public life, as may, for example, tobacco or pork. And this limitation at once suggests the only ways in which literary baggage may prove a help, and not pure *impedimenta*, to a man called to public affairs. His literature he may use as a resource or adornment, and he may fall back upon it as a consolation. The modern politician has to deliver himself to the public a great deal, by voice and pen, and knowing how does not, as the Spanish proverb says, take up any room. The literary gift which Disraeli possessed had a great deal to do with his becoming chief of the Tory Party. "Long files of speechless men," in Bagehot's phrase, needed someone to speak up for them audaciously, and Dizzy was just the man for them. His successor, Lord Salisbury, has not been hurt politically, if he has sometimes given hurt to others, by what has been called his *Saturday-Review* manner. Garfield's acquaintance with good literature enabled him to lend point and pungency to many a speech on a dry subject—as when he made Lady Godiva figure in a discussion of taxation—and even President McKinley, who made no pretension to *belles-lettres*, more and more frequently dropped into quotation in his later addresses.

But I suspect that the books most used by the literary man in office are of the order of "*de Philosophiæ Consolatione.*" A peaceful refuge from the strife of tongues, a cool shadow of a great rock—this is what literature must often stand for to the cultured official in the public service. Matthew Arnold was deeply touched and pleased, readers of his life will remember, at being told by John Morley that the latter was fond of carrying a volume of Arnold's criticism in his pocket on the way to rough-and-tumble encounters with the iron-workers at Newcastle-on-Tyne. President Roosevelt is said to snatch moments from his absorbing occupations, to read Thucydides. One can well believe that, before his term of office is over, he will often find it a mental and moral relief to turn to the calm and noble page of the Greek historian, and

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may even thank Tacitus for supplying so many biting phrases to apply to greed and baseness.

Doctors of Letters.

AT the commemoration exercises held on the final day of the celebration in honor of the 200th anniversary of the founding of Yale College, honorary degrees were conferred by the authorities of Yale University upon some threescore guests who had been invited to New Haven especially to receive this compliment. The degree given to the most of these guests—to those who had distinguished themselves in public life—to the President of the United States, to the Secretary of State, to the Prime Minister of Japan, to the dignitaries of various churches, to the presidents of sister-universities and seats of learning and to important professors of these institutions — was the degree of Doctor of Laws, now emptied of any immediate connection with the legal profession, and conventionally accepted merely as a reward of merit and as a degree of honor. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was bestowed upon a certain number of ministers of the gospel. And, finally, the degree of Doctor of Letters was granted to eight American authors—Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Cable, Mr. Clemens, Mr. Gilder, Mr. Howells, Mr. Brander Matthews, Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, and Mr. Woodrow Wilson.

A consideration of this list of names suggests various reflections. In the first place, there is to be noted that it does not contain the name of any Yale man, as on this memorable occasion the university had scrupulously refrained from conferring any mark of distinction upon any of her own sons. In the second place, whatever the omissions that may be noted in the list when it is examined curiously, it is hardly possible to deny that these eight authors, chosen by a great university to receive the degree of Doctor of Letters, are fairly representative of American literature at the beginning of the twentieth century. And it is because they are representative that the composition of this list is worthy of analysis.

Of these eight authors six have written novels; three have published poems; four have had plays performed with more or less success; six have come forward as essayists and four as critics of literature; one is an historian; and while two are now college professors, three are or have been editors of leading magazines. One of the eight, although he has written stories and plays and essays, is best known as a humorist, and another of the eight has been poet, novelist, critic, essayist, dramatist, and editor. The variety of fields in which these eight authors have sought to express themselves is characteristic of the present condition of American literature, which is marked by a healthy versatility among men of letters.

Of these eight authors, only one is a New Englander by birth, and only two are New Englanders by residence; and this in spite of the fact that the selection of these men of letters was made by the officers of a New England institution. No one of them is a New Yorker by birth, and four of them are now living in New York City. Five of them were born south of Mason and Dixon's Line, and no one of them is now a resident of any Southern State. Two of them were born in the middle West, and both of these now live in New York, after having dwelt for years in New England.

Of these eight authors, only three are college graduates, and they are the three youngest. For the honorable reason already given there is no graduate of Yale among the eight; but what is rather unexpected is the discovery that the list contains the name of no graduate of Harvard, the mother of so many American authors of the last generation. The three institutions of learning where these youngest men of letters spent their undergraduate days are Princeton, Columbia, and the University of Virginia. The remarkable fact that only the three youngest of these eight authors received their early instruction in the scholarly walls of a college, and that the other five managed to acquire their own culture without the benefit of the foundation regularly laid in the usual four-years course, may serve to draw attention again to the singular alternation in the history of American literature, of groups of college-bred men with groups of men without college training.

Of the so-called Knickerbocker writers, Irving prepared for Columbia, but did not enter. Cooper entered Yale and was expelled. Bryant spent a year at Williams and did not care to complete his course. Of the New England men of letters who took over the supremacy from the New Yorkers, the majority were graduates of Harvard, although two of the most distinguished are to

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be credited to Bowdoin. When this most important group in the history of American letters left the scene one by one, the men who came forward to take their places, and who are now the foremost figures of our literature, are most of them Southerners and Westerners. Very few of them are from New England or New York; and very few of them are college-graduates. But the younger men of the generation now advancing are most of them men who have enjoyed the early advantage of college training. In other words, the most prominent American authors of the present day who happen to be over fifty years of age, are—by a large majority—not college-bred men, whereas it is from the colleges that have come many of the most promising of the American men of letters who have not yet attained the dignity of half a century.

Perhaps the explanation of this fourfold alternation in the brief history of American literature is not far to seek. In the very beginning a college education was hard to get, and often was hardly worth the having. Then in time, with the settling of the country, the advance of our civilization, and the improvement in our educational facilities, there came to the front a group of men trained in the humanities and ready to supply to a new people the olden culture and the classical tradition. But the land kept on expanding and its population having crossed the great river and the great plains and the great mountains, and pushed on to the Pacific coast, a new generation thrust themselves forward, in whom native ability was abundant, and who applied exact observation and a large vision to the wealth of new material displayed on every hand. Now at last the conditions seem to be becoming a little too complicated either for the academic artist or for the gifted student of life; and this is the reason why some of the best of the younger men are seeking to combine in a measure the qualities of the successive groups of their predecessors.

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THE FIELD OF ART

THE EXHIBITION AT BUFFALO — THE COLOR SCHEME, BY THE DIRECTOR OF COLOR *

AT a meeting held in Buffalo of the Board of Architects, to which were invited Mr. Bitter, the Director of Sculpture, and myself, a general plan of treatment was discussed. A number of small models and drawings of the horticultural group of buildings were presented by Robert Peabody, of Boston, and these were treated in color according to a very elaborate scheme. The drawings of the various buildings, then completed or under way, were also accessible. I was able to say that I believed that the body of the buildings should be colored in some shade of warm white and the ornamental portions enriched with color. The suggestion was adopted by the Board of Architects, and I was instructed to proceed with the work in consultation with the individual architects. With this idea in view I proceeded to make my own studies, and, returning to New York, took up the matter and laid out a general plan for coloring the buildings of the Exposition. Mr. Bitter's scheme † for the arrangement of the sculpture according to a cumulative general plan commended itself to me, and I assumed that the grounds would be entered by the visitor going through the beautiful Delaware Park and then, entering through the forecourt, seeing the electric tower at the extreme northern end of the grounds and completing their architectural disposition. I concluded that the strongest primary colors should be applied at and near the entrance, and that as the visitor advances up the grounds, going generally from south to north, the colors should be more refined and less sharply contrasting, while the tower, which is to suggest the triumph of man's achievement up to the present epoch, should be the lightest and most delicate in color of all the buildings in the group. Moreover, as I wished to emphasize in some way the great power which was being used to run the mechanical part of the Exposition — its machinery and its lighting—which power is taken from the Niagara River with its sudden 160 foot change of level, it was impossible to avoid reference to the beautiful emerald green hue of the water as it curls over the crest of the American falls near at hand. This combination of green and white seemed to me the most fitting note to carry throughout the chromatic scheme adopted for the Exposition.

In the tower this scheme has received marked emphasis, and the general tone of the tower is ivory white, green, and gold. The other buildings when seen together will be found to tend toward a culmination in the great tower already named.

My first step was to make a small sketch in color; and then I took a photographic enlargement of the bird's-eye view which had been executed by Mr. Bosworth in the office of Carrère and Hastings, and colored that; but before completing this drawing I became satisfied that I must have something larger and more in detail. Therefore, I applied to the director-general for permission to have made models of the various buildings, all carefully made to scale. This was accomplished in time, and the whole model when set up in my studio covered a space of about twelve by sixteen feet in horizontal dimensions; the models being on a scale of one-sixteenth of an inch to the foot. This model I could then color, and I could change the coloring as often as might be necessary. Of course, only the general tints of the bodies of the buildings and the roofs could be given, with such slight suggestion of the coloring of doors and pinnacles as my scheme would allow. It was, of course, necessary to make large-scale drawings of each building to be colored in detail, the general elevations being themselves on a very large scale, and the details still larger; but all this has been shown at the exhibition of the Architectural League of New York, held in the spring of 1901.

As the style of architecture approved by the Board of Architects was Spanish-American, suggested by the buildings of Mexico, and the simple but still interesting structures

* See Field of Art, June, 1901. † Ibid.

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of the Missions of the Southwestern States and Territories of the Union, this style itself suggested the use of brilliant colors in external decoration, for the buildings of Mexico especially excel in the beauty of glazed tile used in wall, roof, and cupola. I was able to familiarize myself to some extent with the manner of the Hispano-American design, and pursued the course of aiming at a result which might resemble as near as possible the work of that school.

The horticultural group has orange as a basis for the color of the body of the building. The Government Building has for its plain surfaces a warm yellow. For the Music Hall I have used red, quite pure, as the foundation color. For the Ethnological Building, an orange red; for the Machinery and Transportation Building, green as the basis, and for the Liberal Arts Building across the court, chocolate color or golden brown as the general tone. For the buildings of Electricity and Agriculture forming pendant to one another toward the northern end of the grounds, different shades of light yellow are used, while the restaurants and the entrances to the Stadium are treated with French gray for the basis, while a lighter shade of the same is reserved for the Propylæa, which stands beyond the tower and almost wholly concealed by the tower and its flanking colonnades. The coloring of the tower itself has been already named.

In this way the scale of diminishing the intensity but increasing the refinement of the coloring from the southern entrance to the northern termination of the grounds has been carried out.

As for the details of the color, it will be difficult to express this in words except at great length. Thus, in the horticultural group of buildings on the extreme left and surrounding the west esplanade fountains, the five cupolas were to be blue.

Coming now to the two great buildings which face one another, standing at the west and at the east of the Court of Fountains, that on the left, Machinery and Transportation, has much brilliant color used in small details. Rich yellow and green are freely employed to pick out the architectural mouldings and relief ornament of the great doorways, especially those in the corner pavilions. Moreover, in the Electricity Building immediately to the north of this and so near it that it seems part of the same composition, the yellow of the walls is relieved by much painting in gray and green. Across the great court and fronting it upon the east the buildings of Manufacturers and Liberal Arts are strongly painted in blue and gold wherever the architectural details allow it, especially in ceilings of colonnades and in the great entrances to the east and the west. Immediately to the north of these buildings, and corresponding on that side of the court to Electricity on the other side, the Agricultural Building is treated in a warmer key with blue, yellow, and ivory white, and stronger notes of red and green in the entrances. This brings us to the northern end of the buildings, and once more to the electric tower, accompanied by a propylæa behind it, and the two restaurant buildings with their great porticoes, one on either side. The Stadium, half concealed by one of these two restaurant buildings, is so removed from the general effect of the grounds that it is not here included in my statement of the general scheme of color. The three buildings that are most plainly seen and which are named above have each large open arcades or porticoes for their ground story. The ceilings of these are generally blue; but the walls and columns, which are the parts that show most distinctly from the grounds, are warmer in tone, and in particular the fluted or channelled shafts are generally painted yellow and the large surfaces of the propylæa where the reproductions of classical statues are placed are of Pompeian red; although this color is not especially intended to relieve the statues, as they have in each case an open arch for a background, through which the green of natural foliage is seen.

The tower alone of all the buildings is treated with metallic gold in considerable abundance, and its panels have received the brightest blue-green we could procure. All this is intended to suggest the color and the brilliancy of the water at the crest of Niagara Falls. The statuary is treated in white, as it was my belief that this would form a pleasant contrast and make the color more apparent. Lamps and urns are treated as green bronze, and the flag-staffs are treated in a similar way, except the greater ones, which have been made to harmonize with the buildings in their immediate neighborhood—cool at the north ends of the grounds and warmer in color at the south. The great piers at the entrance and which sup-

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port sculptured groups, are soft, warm gray, but the neighboring pergolas being small in their parts, slender and light, are treated in much brighter colors. The notes of green, gold, ivory, blue, and red are distributed throughout all the buildings, so that the remark was just which a critic made to me: "I see you are using the Pan-American colors on buildings, red, white, blue, green and yellow."

This is the first time, to my knowledge, that a general scheme of color has been undertaken and carried out in any exposition; and it is the sincere hope and belief of all concerned in the work that the result warrants the time, labor, and expense involved in it, and has given and will give pleasure besides exercising a good influence on the art of our country in the immediate future.

The interior decorations, designed and carried on under the direction of Miss Adelaide J. Thorpe, Assistant Director of Interior Decoration, conform in general plan to the exterior coloring of the buildings, and relate as far as possible to the exhibits contained therein.

C. Y. Turner.

NOW that the buildings are dismantled and the site is returning to its natural condition as Unimproved Property, the chief interest of Mr. Turner's color scheme is in the possibility of its influencing future architectural design. The condition of modern artistic building is such that it needs every help that can be brought to it; and, even if this were not so terribly true, there would still be room to ask, even as one might have asked the European architects of the sixteenth century, or of any subsequent epoch, whether the use of color was not as important to them as the use of form. As important? Not as essential! When one has to build, form is a necessity. Form, ugly or beautiful, refined or vulgar, carefully thought out or as it were accidental—form must be: and therefore it will be always the first thing to think of. When, however, it has been thought of—when the general scheme of mass and of the larger details is determined—when the character of your building as a solid object is clear to you, then the development of the building and of its details into an architectural whole is perhaps as much a matter of color as of form. The color of the building can only be effective when it is closely united to the details of form, and when larger surfaces, if they are treated with reference to their chromatic effect, are so adapted to the requirements of the case that there shall be no forcing of the situation. Thus the builders of the Romanesque churches of middle France had sandstone of many shades which might be classified roughly as dark reddish-brown, yellow-gray, and ivory-white; and they combined these colors skilfully. Now, had they been desirous (as indeed some of them were) to make a much more elaborate piece of color decoration than these few tints alone would furnish, they would have been unwise to have denied or accepted reluctantly that almost necessary series of colors. The nature of their material dictated to them what should be the general character of their polychromatic scheme, nor in a time when building was as a matter of course a thing to be treated in color would they have ventured to refuse to accept that which nature had, as it were, provided in advance.

As to the effect of temporary exhibition buildings upon the architectural world, it is not to be doubted that this influence is very great. The temporary structures of these large fairs appeal to thousands of people who would never notice in a critical spirit the buildings of their own towns. Indeed it was urged by those architects who designed buildings for the Chicago Fair of 1893, and who were troubled by the very unfavorable remarks of foreign critics upon the non-employment of new principles of design for the new conditions, that the one important thing had seemed to them to be this—to accustom Americans to good traditional architecture. The porticoes and peristyles were assumed to be instructive architecturally, even if they were only a simulacrum of building. In like manner, the free use of decorative color upon the Buffalo buildings will develop certainly a new popular consciousness of the fact that architecture has to do with color as well as with form.

Architectural coloring in the stricter sense may be simple or elaborate; and many of the buildings at Buffalo have merely that generally agreeable contrast of dark-red roofs, reddish-brown eaves, cream-white walls and pale-green trellises which as an obvious color scheme is presented in a good many American suburban neighborhoods. And yet as the design of the forms of these

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buildings is all Spanish-American in its suggestion, as the roofs are low pitched, the towers low and fantastic in outline, even the great Tower of Electricity not of a soaring but of a set-fast and enduring type, so it is avowed as the Director's purpose to give something of Hispano-Colonial brilliancy and variety of colored detail. This, however, has been done with extreme reserve. There is nothing in these buildings to correspond with the cupolas of Mexico, covered with brilliantly glazed tiles of green, bluish green, or yellow. The colors at Buffalo are subdued, they are matt or non-lustrous, as being of pigment applied to plaster and wood, they are pale and high-keyed, and they are most commonly flat tints without gradation of their own or even that gradation which nature furnishes when light and shade play over rounded surfaces. Mr. Turner had to remember that his work would not be exposed long enough for it to "weather" properly, and therefore he dared not use strong color: nor would the funds have held out if seriously harmonized coloring had been taken into his scheme.

Moreover, it is only in a few cases that the architectural details of staff are reinforced with color. In the great doorways of the Transportation Building red is used judiciously to strengthen and throw out the mouldings, and those relief ornaments which, if not exactly sculpture, are at least somewhat elaborate breaking-up of the surface. In like manner, the extremely well-imagined pierced pattern which fills the great surfaces of the Electrical Tower is strengthened and enforced by very judicious coloring, this time in pale green and gold. Here are two instances of coloring used in connection with form with strict attention to the influence of the details upon the whole design. Where, however, the soffit of an arch is panelled in the familiar way with circles and parallelograms alternating, and the sunken ground of those panels is treated with a color slightly different from that of the frame around, that can hardly be called attention to the details, because those panels and their treatment with flat tints has become so vulgarized by constant repetition in the commonest domestic work and in all the hotels and steamboats of the land that it has lost its effect. It can never be of interest to the public unless it is combined with very elaborate color decoration indeed and forms a mere foil to it.

The most effective use of architectural color is that in which the minor forms themselves are closely united with the contrasting hues. Thus the glazed earthenware friezes of Luca della Robbia, the *épis* and crestings of the early Renaissance, the relief-patterned tiles of the Moors in Spain, the bricks with moulded surface of the builders at Persepolis, the terra-cotta antefixes of the Etruscans, the gutters of the Græco-Roman builders at Pompeii, the fourteenth century friezes, architraves and rondels of the Certosa in Lombardy, the contemporary open-work traceries of Brandenburg and Tangermünde, are all combinations of delicate and minute form with varied and brilliant color. In each of these instances the color is immeasurably more powerful because it is applied to details of form. No flat pattern of tiles, even where the color avoids flatness, can be compared for a moment with such examples of color combined with softly rounded and sharply contrasted surfaces. But to have painted the staff buildings of Buffalo in this way would have cost thousands of dollars more than Mr. Turner had at his disposal. No one who finds the painting of the Buffalo buildings a trifle ineffective, as he sometimes will, need be discouraged on that account. When there is question of building not twenty buildings but one, and of making that a structure to last for some centuries, there will not be that difficulty of cost. The use of color in carved stone and in ceramic ware will not prove more expensive than the use of form without color. It is only the architect who will have to suffer. It is only the controlling designer who will have to give hours of thought to design invested with this increased splendor and therefore with this increased complexity. It is only the decorative designer who dares break ground in a new field who will have to pay high for his enjoyment; and it will not be he whose regrets will be poignant or outspoken. R. S.

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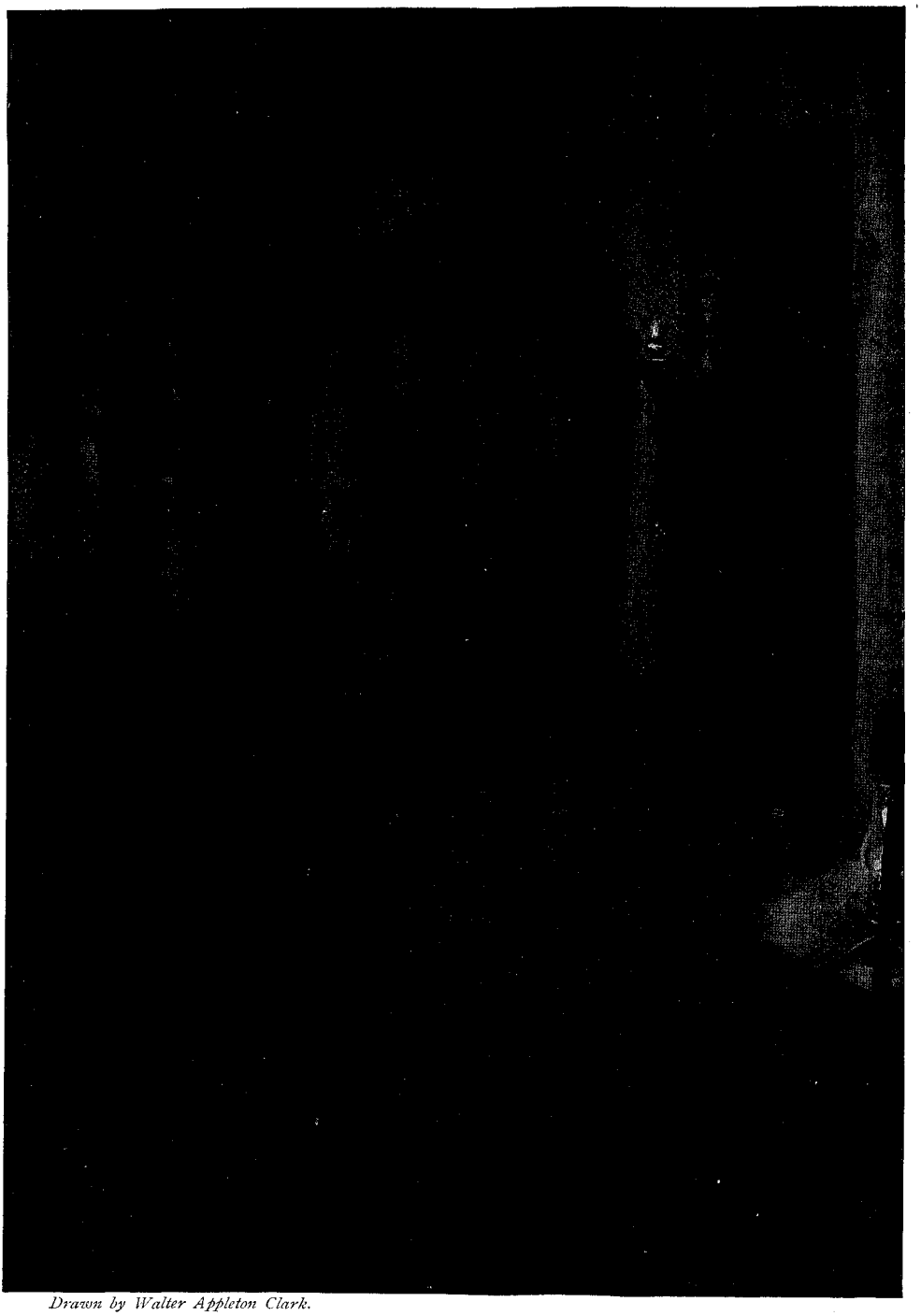

Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

"GENTLEMEN, THIS IS OUTRAGEOUS!"

—"The Fortunes of Oliver Horn," page 222.

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